The Secret

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The Secret

Chapter #1

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A MAN CAME TO BAHAUDIN NAQSHBAND, AND SAID, "I HAVE TRAVELED FROM ONE TEACHER TO ANOTHER, AND I HAVE STUDIED MANY PATHS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE GIVEN ME GREAT BENEFITS AND MANY ADVANTAGES OF ALL KINDS.
"I NOW WISH TO BE ENROLLED AS ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLES, SO THAT I MAY DRINK FROM THE WELL OF KNOWLEDGE, AND THUS MAKE MYSELF MORE AND MORE ADVANCED IN THE TARIQA, THE MYSTIC WAY."
BAHAUDIN, INSTEAD OF ANSWERING THE QUESTION DIRECTLY, CALLED FOR DINNER TO BE SERVED. WHEN THE DISH OF RICE AND MEAT STEW WAS BROUGHT, HE PRESSED PLATEFUL AFTER PLATEFUL UPON HIS GUEST. THEN HE GAVE HIM FRUITS AND PASTRIES, AND THEN HE CALLED FOR MORE PILAU, AND MORE AND MORE

COURSES OF FOOD, VEGETABLES, SALADS, CONFITURES.

AT FIRST THE MAN WAS FLATTERED, AND AS BAHAUDIN SHOWED PLEASURE AT EVERY MOUTHFUL HE SWALLOWED, HE ATE AS MUCH AS HE COULD. WHEN HIS EATING SLOWED DOWN, THE SUFI SHEIKH SEEMED VERY ANNOYED, AND TO AVOID HIS DISPLEASURE, THE UNFORTUNATE MAN ATE VIRTUALLY ANOTHER MEAL.

WHEN HE COULD NOT SWALLOW ANOTHER GRAIN OF RICE, AND ROLLED IN GREAT DISCOMFORT UPON A CUSHION, BAHAUDIN ADDRESSED HIM IN HIS MANNER.

"WHEN YOU CAME TO SEE ME, YOU WERE AS FULL OF UNDIGESTED TEACHINGS AS YOU NOW ARE WITH MEAT, RICE, AND FRUIT. YOU FELT DISCOMFORT, AND, BECAUSE YOU ARE UNACCUSTOMED TO SPIRITUAL DISCOMFORT OF THIS REAL KIND, YOU INTERPRETED THIS AS A HUNGER FOR MORE KNOWLEDGE. INDIGESTION WAS YOUR REAL CONDITION.

"I CAN TEACH YOU IF YOU WILL NOW FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND STAY HERE WITH ME DIGESTING BY MEANS OF ACTIVITIES WHICH WILL NOT SEEM TO YOU TO BE INITIATORY, BUT WHICH WILL BE EQUAL TO THE EATING OF SOMETHING WHICH WILL ENABLE YOUR MEAL TO BE DIGESTED AND TRANSFORMED INTO NUTRITION AND, NOT WEIGHT."

THE MAN AGREED. HE TOLD HIS STORY MANY DECADES LATER, WHEN HE BECAME FAMOUS AS THE GREAT TEACHER SUFI KHALIL ASHRAFZADA.

LA ILLAHA ILL ALLAH -- There is no god but God. This is the fundamental essence of the way of the Sufis. This is the seed. Out of this seed has grown the Bodhi Tree of Sufism. In this small proclamation, all that is valuable in all the religions is contained: God is and only God is.

This statement makes God synonymous with existence. God is the very isness of all that is. God is not separate from his creation. The creator is in his creation; there is no duality, there is no distance, so whatsoever you come across is God. The trees and the rivers and the mountains, all are manifestations of God. You and the people you love, and the people you hate, all are manifestations of God.

This small statement can transform your whole life. It can change the very gestalt of your vision. The moment one recognizes that all is one, love arises on its own accord. And love is Sufism.

Sufism is not concerned with knowledge. Its whole concern is love, intense, passionate love: how to fall in love with the whole, how to be in tune with the whole, how to bridge the distance between the creation and the creator.

The so-called, organized religions of the world teach a kind of duality that the creator is separate from the creation, that the creator is higher than the creation, that there is something wrong with creation, it has to be renounced. Sufis don't renounce, they rejoice. And that's what I am teaching you here: Rejoice!

My sannyas is a way of rejoicing, not a way of renunciation.
Rumi has said:

If you are not one with the Beloved
Seek!
And if you are in Union,
Rejoice!

This assembly is a Sufi assembly. You are my Sufis, the Sufis of the new age. I am introducing you to the world of love. I am initiating you into the ways of love.
Sufis talk about two kinds of love. One they call muhabbah; it means the ordinary love, lukewarm, momentary, partial. One moment it is there, another moment it is gone. It has no depth, no intensity. You call it passion, but it is not passionate. It is not such a flame which can burn you. You don't become aflame with it; it remains something under your control. You don't become possessed by it, you don't lose yourself in it. You remain in control.
The other kind of love, the real love?. the authentic love, Sufis call it ishq; ishq means love with total intensity. One is lost in it, one is possessed by it. One goes mad in it.
I have heard, the great Sufi Master Ruzbihan was once on the roof of his khaniqah while in a state of WAJD....
The khaniqah is the place where Sufis meet; it is a temple of love. It is a temple of madness, of utter rejoicing. This is a khaniqah. No other god than love is worshiped, no other prayer than love is preached. In a khaniqah, only those who are becoming aflame with love are invited, who are on the verge of madness.

Ruzbihan was on the roof of his khaniqah while in a state of wajd. Wajd is a moment when you are not and God is, a moment of absolute harmony. A window opens, and you can see the whole sky, you are no more confined within the walls of your body and mind. For a moment, a lightning happens and all darkness disappears. Wajd is a momentary samadhi, a glimpse, a satori. It comes and goes. Slowly, slowly, it establishes itself.
But even to know God for a moment is of immense beauty and benediction. Even to know for a single moment that you are not separate from existence, that there is no ego, that all is one -- La illaha ill Allah -- even to know this just as a passing experience, just like a breeze that comes and is gone -- by the time you become aware of it, it is no more there, but it has been there, it has refreshed you, rejuvenated, resurrected you...
Ruzbihan was on the roof of his khaniqah in a state of wajd -- in a state of oneness with existence...

... It happened that a group of young people was passing by in the alley below, playing musical instruments and singing...
They were singing:
"O heart, in the neighborhood of the Beloved there is no wailing,
nor are the roof, door, or windows of her house guarded.
If you are ready to lose your soul,
get up and come now, for the field is empty. "

They were completely unaware of Ruzbihan. They were just singing. They were even unaware of what they were

singing, what they were saying. It is a Sufi provocation; it is a Sufi song. The moment Ruzbihan heard it -- "If you are ready to lose your soul, get up and come now, for the field is empty" -- and he was in a state of wajd, of unity, oneness, unio mystica -- his ecstasy was such that he was not there in that ecstasy at all; when Ruzbihan heard this, something possessed him, something from the beyond, and he flung himself from the roof...

... whirling and turning in the air, to the ground below.
On witnessing this, the group of young people cast away their instruments, left their former ways, entered the khaniqah, and became Sufis.

What happened to that group of young people? For the first time, they saw ecstasy, wajd, love, madness for God. For the first time, they came across a man who could risk his very life. This is ishq. Ishq means you are ready to lose your life for your love. Ishq means love has become a higher value than life itself.
Hence the people who are in love are thought to be mad by people who have not known love, are thought to be blind by people who have not seen through the eyes of love. The intellectual condemns the ways of love; he is afraid. Love is dangerous. To go through the heart is risky because the heart is non-calculative, illogical.
Just remember this man, this madman Ruzbihan, jumping from the roof of the khaniqah just because a few people were singing a song and they said, "If you are ready to lose your soul, get up and come now, for the field is empty" -- and he jumped, without hesitating for a single moment.

This is madness. The calculative mind is going to condemn it. But he was not hurt. He was so drunk, he was not even aware of what was happening. Nothing was happening to him, because he was not there: as if God jumped through him. He was possessed by God, he was utterly drunk. Seeing him coming from the roof, turning, whirling in the air... They had seen many dervishes, whirling dervishes, but not a man like this. And when he came onto the ground, he was so innocent, he was so silent, his joy was such, seeing him, just seeing him, was enough for them to renounce their old ways. They threw down their instruments, entered the khaniqah, and became Sufis.
That's how you have become Sufis with me. You have also jumped from your roofs. To become a sannyasin is a quantum leap: it is a non-calculated step. It is only for the mad ones. But God is only for the mad ones. Those who calculate remain part of the marketplace. Calculation keeps you in the world.
One needs to be in such love that one is ready to risk all. That love is called ishq. You have all known muhabbah, the so-called ordinary love, which is just an emotion, a sentiment, superficial. One day you are in love, another day you are in hate. One day you love the person and you are ready to die for the person, and another day you are ready to kill the same person. One moment you are so nice, so beautiful, another moment you are so nasty, so ugly to the same person. This is not ishq, ishq has depth. This is only circumference. This is just a mask; this is part of your personality. Ishq, passionate love for God, is not of the personality. It is of the essence. It comes from jour center; from the very ground of your being it arises and possesses

you. It is not within your control; on the contrary, you are in its control. Yes, you are drunk and you are mad.
Sufis have found ways and methods of how to create ishq. That is the whole sufi alchemy: how to create ishq in you, how to create such passion that you can ride on the wave of it and reach to the ultimate.
It is said about Majnu... The story of Majnu and Laila is a sufi story, a great love story. No other love story can be compared with it. There are many in the world, almost every country has its own love stories, but nothing compared to Laila and Majnu because it has a sufi message in it. It is not just an ordinary story of muhabbah, it is the story of ishq.
It is said that Majnu decided one day that, seeing Laila, he had seen all that was worth seeing, so what was the use of keeping his eyes open anymore? He decided that whenever Laila would come he would open his eyes; otherwise he would remain blind because there was nothing else worth seeing.
For months Laila could not come -- the parents were against, the society was against -- and Majnu waited and waited under the tree where they used to meet, with closed eyes. Days passed, weeks and months passed, and he would not open his eyes.
And the story says God took compassion on him. He came to Majnu and said, "Poor Majnu, open your eyes. I am God himself. You have seen everything in the world, but you have not seen me. Look who is standing before you. "
Majnu is reported to have said, "Get lost. I have decided only to see Laila; nothing else is worth seeing. You may be

God, but I am not concerned. Just get lost, don't disturb me."

Shocked, God said, "What are you saying? I have never come to anyone on my own. Seekers and devotees pray and search and practice -- then too it is very, very difficult to see me -- and I have come on my own and you have not even asked for me. I am coming just as a gift, and you are rejecting?"

And Majnu said, "If you really want to be seen by me, come as Laila, because I cannot see anything else. Even if I open my eyes I cannot see anything else. I look at a tree, and Laila is there. I look at the stars, and Laila is there. Laila is in my heart and she has possessed my whole heart, and whatsoever I see I see through my heart. I am sorry, but there is no possibility, because there is no space left in my heart for anything else. I am sorry. Excuse me, but go away. Don't disturb me."

This is ishq. Even God... yes, even God can be renounced. When you love, when you really love, there are no conditions. It is unconditional. You love for the sheer joy of it. And love is absolute -- it knows no wavering, it knows no hesitation.

Sufism is a great experiment in human consciousness: how to transform human consciousness into ishq. It is alchemy. And this is what I am doing here with you. You may be aware, you may not be aware of it, but this whole experiment is to create in you as much love energy as possible. Man can be transformed into pure love energy. Just as there is atomic energy discovered by physics, and a small atom can explode into tremendous power, each cell

of your heart can explode into tremendous love. That love is called ishq. Sufism is the path of love.
Remember that it is a path, it is not a dogma. Mohammedans have a particular word for dogma: they call it shariat. Dogma, doctrine, religion, morality, philosophy, theology, all are contained in shariat. Sufism is not a shariat, it does not depend on books. Sufis are not the people of books. Sufism is a tariqat: a methodology, a technique, a science, a path, a way to truth, to haqiqat, to that which is. Remember the difference between shariat and tariqat.
Theology thinks about God. That is the very meaning of "theology"; it consists of two words, theo and logy: logic about God, contemplation, thinking, philosophizing, speculation about God. Sufism does not think about God, because, Sufis say, how can you think about God? Thinking is utterly inadequate. You can think about the world, but you cannot think about God. You can only be in love with God, so it is not a theology, but it is a method. It is an experiment in your consciousness, an experiment to transform it from gross energy into subtle energy, from material energy into divine energy.
Tariqat is the way by which the Sufi comes into harmony with the whole.
And two things are basic requirements to follow this method. One is FAQR :FAQR means spiritual poverty, simplicity, egolessness. When Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," he is exactly talking about faqr. It does not mean poverty, it means spiritual poverty. Even a king can be spiritually poor, and even a beggar may not be. If the beggar is egoistic he is not spiritually poor, and if the king

is egoless he is spiritually poor. Spiritually poor means there is nobody inside, utter emptiness, a silence prevails. This poverty has nothing to do with outer poverty. Outer poverty can be easily imposed; that is not going to help. An inner poverty is needed.

If you follow faqr, if you slowly, slowly dissolve the idea of separation from existence, the ultimate result is fana. Fana means a state of non-being, what Buddha calls nirvana. You simply disappear, but your disappearance is the appearance of God. If you are in the state of fana, then suddenly, out of the blue, another state is born, that is called baka. Baka, means being. Sufism is the bridge between fana and baka. First you have to be dissolved as an ego, then you are born as God. The dewdrop has to disappear as a dewdrop, into the ocean; this is fana. But the moment the dewdrop falls into the ocean, it becomes the ocean; that is baka.

Non-being is the way to being, and love is the most adequate method to disappear.

That's why millions of people have decided not to love. If you decide in favor of the ego you will have to remain loveless. Love and ego cannot go together. Knowledge and ego go together perfectly well, but love and ego cannot go together, not at all. They cannot keep company. They are like darkness and light: if light is there darkness cannot be. Darkness can only be if light is not there. If love is not there the ego can be; if love is there the ego cannot be. And vice versa, if ego is dropped, love arrives from all the directions. It simply starts pouring in you from everywhere. Just as nature abhors a vacuum, God also abhors a vacuum. You become a vacuum, and God rushes into you.

The first thing is faqr, and the second thing is zikr. Faqr means spiritual poverty, egolessness, simplicity, dissolving the idea of "I". And zikr means remembrance. Disappear as a person, then presence is left; in that presence, remember God, let God resound in you -- La illaha ill Allah. Let this remembrance arise in your nothingness. In that purity of non-being let there be only one music heard -- La illaha ill Allah. Repeat it, sway with it, dance with it, twirl, turn, whirl, and let this music fill yoU. Each cell of your body should start repeating La illaha ill Allah, La illaha ill Allah, La illaha ill Allah....
And you will be surprised, it creates a kind of drunkenness. The very sound of this mantra is such, it is one of the most potential mantras ever invented by man, discovered by man. Just repeating it, and you will find that something inside you is becoming psychedelic, something in you is changing. You are becoming light, you are becoming love, you are becoming divine. And not only that you will feel it, even others will feel it.
Meditate on these beautiful words of Nurbakhsh:

Those who suffer for you sit waiting for relief. They have renounced themselves, their hearts, and religion. In good faith your lovers have traveled the road of loyalty. Now sit waiting on your threshold, pure of heart. The beggars sit in the royal court of your grace, hearts content, needs fulfilled. Your dependents, they have nothing to do with worldly kings, but prefer to sit in total poverty within your kingdom. Worshipers of your wine circle the cask, take up the glass and sit there, no longer questioning, serene. Afflicted, wounded by you, they judge their souls

worthless. Why then should they sit waiting for medicine? In God's house God's men Cannot sit negligent, like you false pretenders. Light shines to the highest heavens from the gathering of the Sufis, wild ones, sitting for God, by God, in God.

A very significant statement by a great mystic, Nurbakhsh. He says, wherever Sufis are, "Light shines to the highest heavens from the gathering of the Sufis, wild ones, sitting for God, by God, in God."

If only God is, then Mansur was right when he declared, "Ana el haq!" -- I am the reality, I am the truth! Then the Upanishadas are right when the seers declared, "Aham Brahmasmi!"I am the absolute! Buddha is right when ke declared, "Not only I have become enlightened, but the moment I became full of light I saw the whole existence as enlightened. I declare the whole existence as enlightened! You may not be aware, but I can see the light in you." That's the function of a Master -- to see the potential, to see that which can become at any moment actual, and to help to make it actual. You are gods in disguise.

And when I said this is a Sufi assembly, I literally meant it. See this silence, this grace, this benediction that is showering on you? See this stillness? See this faqr? In this moment there is no ego in you, but only a pure silence. The personality has disappeared, there is only presence, and the light rises to the highest heavens. Wherever the wild ones meet, the mad ones meet, wherever there is simplicity and love, and wherever there is prayer, zikr, remembrance of God, this miracle happens. You may not be able to see it. It

is happening. You will have to become tuned to this miracle that is happening here.
I am not just teaching you about God. I am not interested in giving you knowledge about God. I am sharing my God with you; it is a sharing. I want to challenge your God which is asleep inside you, to provoke it. And that is the work Sufis have been doing down the ages: provoking the potential into the actual.
Khwajah Esmat Bokhari says:
This is no Kaaba
For idiots to circle
Nor a mosque
For the impolite to clamor in.
This is a temple of total ruin.
Inside are the drunk, from pre-eternity
to the Judgement Day,
gone from themselves.

The Sufis call their assemblies "temples of total ruin" kharabat -- because you have to die, you have to disappear. When Sufis really meet, there is nobody to meet. The Sufi assembly is utterly empty of persons. Only God is. It is a kharabat, a temple of ruin. Very revolutionary words of Bokhari: "This is no Kaaba for idiots to circle."
I also say the same about this assembly: this is no Kaaba for idiots to circle -- hence idiots are very much angry with me"nor a mosque for the impolite to clamor in." This is not a place for the mob and the crowd. This is a place only for the chosen ones, only for those who are ready to die in their love, only for those who are ready to risk all in their search for God.

This is a temple of total ruin -- kharabat. If you come close to me, remember, you are going to die.
Mohammed has said, "Die before you die." That is a Sufi statement: die before you die. Death is coming, death will take you away, but that will not be a voluntary death. It will not be a surrender. You will be forced to die. A Sufi dies voluntarily; he dies in love. He does not wait for death to come, love is enough to die for. And to die in love is beautiful because to die in love is to go beyond death.
Listen to Mohammed: die before you die.
If you can die here with me... I am a dead man. I have died. And all that I am teaching you is an art of dying so that you can move into the state of fana, you disappear. If you fulfill that condition of disappearing, God immediately rewards you with baka -- being descends in you -- and that being is eternal.
The door that you have to pass through is the door of love because only a lover is ready to die voluntarily. Nobody else can die voluntarily, only a lover, because the lover knows that death is not death, but the beginning of an eternal pilgrimage.
We are not creating a Kaaba here for idiots to circle, not a mosque for mobs to clamor in. We are creating a scientific energy field, where your energies can be transformed into their optimum potential. And when a man is really aflame with love, God has happened. And only with the happening of God can you be contented and can you be blissful. Only with the happening of God does misery disappear and do hells become non-existent.

God is already the case! But you have not been able to gather courage enough to die in love. Sufism will persuade you, will seduce you to die in love.
A Sufi mystic says:

l thought of You so often
that I completely became You.
Little by little You drew near
and slowly but slowly I passed away.

If you remember God.... And to remember God means to see God in the trees and the birds and the people and the animals. Wherever life is look for God, wherever existence is search for God, because only God is -- La illaha ill Allah. So he can be found anywhere. He has to be found everywhere. Don't look for God as a person, otherwise you will go on missing.
That's why millions of people search for God but go on missing. They are searching for a certain image. God has no image; God is not a person. God is this wholeness, this totality. So don't start looking for a certain personage, otherwise you will never find him, and, not finding him, you will start thinking there is no God. You started from a wrong vision.
Because God has been thought of as a person, there are so many atheists in the world. The atheists are there because of your so-called religious people. The so-called religious people talk about God as if God is a person, and they cannot prove him. They naturally create a climate in which atheism flowers. Almost half of the earth has become atheist. All the communists are atheists, and the remaining

people are only so-called religious; they are ready to turn to atheism any moment.

Do you know? Before the Russian revolution, Soviet Russia was one of the most religious countries of the world? It was as religious as India is. And just after the revolution, within five years, all religions simply disappeared. What kind of religion was this which took only five years to disappear? And when the atheists came into power, people simply surrendered to atheism. That religion was false; it was pseudo.

The same is going to happen in India. Any day this country will become irreligious; just let the irreligious people come into power, and all the temples and all the gurudwaras and all the mosques will start disappearing because this religion is not real religion.

In fact, the very idea of God as a person creates doubts in you. How many hands has he? What kind of face? Is he black or white? Does he look like a Chinese or an American? What height? Old or young? Man or woman? How many faces has he? A thousand and one questions and not a single question is answerable, because you have taken the very first thing wrongly. God is not a person at all. God is this impersonal existence.

Keep this continuously in your heart -- that in Sufism God is synonymous with existence, synonymous with isness, the suchness of existence is God -- and then things will become easier for you to understand.

Now the story.

A MAN CAME TO BAHAUDIN NAQSHBAND, AND SAID, "I HAVE TRAVELED FROM ONE TEACHER TO ANOTHER, AND I HAVE STUDIED MANY PATHS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE GIVEN ME GREAT BENEFITS AND MANY ADVANTAGES OF ALL KINDS."

Bahaudin is one of the greatest Sufi Masters ever. He is of the same status as Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed, Christ. "Naqshband" means "a designer"; and he was a designer, and this story is a design. He used to create situations because people can only be taught through real situations. And he was one of the greatest designers.
Gurdjieff learned his devices from the Order of Naqshbandis, the followers of Bahaudin Naqshband. They are called Naqshbandis, "The Designers", still. No other school of human transformation has created so many devices. Bahaudin used to say that people are so asleep that if you simply talk with them, they will listen and yet they will not listen. They will only hear, and they will not listen. And even if they hear, the meaning that they will give to you and your words will be their own. They have to be brought to actual situations. People are so asleep, they have to be hit by actual realities; only then can something penetrate into their thick, dense, insensitive, unintelligent heads.

A MAN CAME TO BAHAUDIN NAQSHBAND, AND SAID, "I HAVE
TRAVELED FROM ONE TEACHER TO ANOTHER..."

There are many people who go on traveling from one teacher to another, from one philosophy to another philosophy, from one school to another school, and these people think they are gathering much knowledge. They are gathering just rubbish. Knowledge cannot be attained in this way. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A spiritual seeker has to be in an intimate love relationship with a Master. It is a delicate phenomenon, it takes time. You cannot just go from one door to another; you will remain a beggar. Yes, you can collect some information, but all that information inside you will become chaotic because each school has its own methods, and those methods are perfectly right in that school, in that particular milieu. They have been designed by Masters; there is a pattern which has to be followed. Those methods cannot be mixed by other methods, with other methods.

If a person goes from one teacher to another teacher thinking that this way he is going to accumulate much knowledge, he will go neurotic, because all those methods are right in their own context, but without the context they are dangerous. And the context exists with the Master because only the Master is fully aware of what is being done.

A few people come here, and they will watch and they will try to collect a few fragments, and then they think they will try on their own. They are doing something very dangerous. I would like them to be alert, beware: these methods can be dangerous without the context. And the context exists in me, and the context exists here in the total situation that is being created. You have to be here to know something which can be beneficial. And you have to be

very, very patient, because these things cannot be delivered to you like goods, and these things take time.
The love that exists between a Master and a disciple is not like seasonal flowers. That love needs long, long periods of intimacy. The disciple needs to be in immediate contact with the Master as long as possible; only then slowly, slowly something dawns on his consciousness; slowly, slowly a ray starts penetrating him.
Now, this man is like almost all so-called seekers."I have traveled," he said to Bahaudin Naqshband, "from one teacher to another, AND I HAVE STUDIED MANY PATHS." Now this is foolish, this is utterly foolish. You need not study many paths, one path is enough to follow. Why waste time studying paths? Follow, travel. If you want to go to the Himalayas you don't study all kinds of roads, you simply choose one and you follow it. Why waste time? Life is very short. Nobody knows, tomorrow may be the end. One cannot go on throwing time and energy into unnecessary things.
If you come across a Master and you feel, "Yes, this is my home, " then be drowned. Then forget that any other methods exist, that any other paths exist. Then let love possess you. Only then, slowly, slowly, patiently waiting, something starts growing.
It is like a child growing in the womb. If the mother is not ready to wait for nine months the child will not grow. And the child that grows between a Master and the disciple may take more than nine months -- nine years, ninety years? One never knows because with each disciple it is going to be different. It depends on the pace of the disciple.

But this man is a representative of the so-called seekers. They go from one teacher to another, studying all paths. "... ALL OF WHICH HAVE GIVEN ME GREAT BENEFITS," he said, "and MANY ADVANTAGES OF ALL KINDS." That is all nonsense; that is just consolation. You are collecting dregs. You are begging, and a few pieces from here and a few pieces from there... just dregs. You have never been an invited guest to any Master's world. And one has to earn it, to become an invited guest to a Master's table. One has to pay for it; it is not cheap.
People come here also. They will do one group, and they are finished and they say they have learned and now they are going somewhere else. For two, three days they have done meditations, and they think that they have known what meditation is. Now they will go somewhere else to learn some other methods. These are stupid people.
And these people create neuroses for themselves and for others too because when they start gathering too much, they start advising others. Sooner or later these kinds of people become teachers on their own. The world is in too much of a chaos because of false teachers. And who is a false teacher? The false teacher is one who went from one teacher to another, never stayed anywhere, never got rooted into any path, but has gathered much information, has become knowledgeable. Now he can teach. All that he teaches is gibberish, but he can enjoy teaching it; it is very ego-fulfilling. You are the knower, and the other is ignorant. It is very gratifying.
Beware of these pitfalls; they are on every seeker's path. And one can always convince oneself that many have been

the benefits, many advantages. Man's ego is such that he cannot confess that he has been foolish.

Just a few days before, one man took sannyas. He is a Jaina, has followed Jaina monks for many years. He is an old man. After taking sannyas, he said, "Should I start your meditations, or can I continue my meditation that I have been doing for at least thirty years?" I looked into the man; there was not even a trace of meditation. I asked him, "How have those meditations been? Have they been of some help, have you been growing through them? Have you become silent, blissful, contented? Are you fulfilled? Has some light penetrated you through those meditations? Have you become aware of that which is?" He said, "Yes. They have been of great benefit. I have learned much; I have grown through them. "

So I said, "Then it is okay, you continue your old meditations. There is no need. But why have you taken sannyas?" He said, "I thought maybe something more, or maybe something is missed -- although I have been doing perfectly well on my own -- but maybe something more can be gathered." I said, "You continue with your old meditations. Ask only when you see that they have not given you anything. I will not tell you to do my meditations before that. "

And the next day he wrote a letter: "I am sorry. I could not sleep the whole night. What a fool am I? Nothing has happened. And how was it that I could say in front of you, 'Yes, much has happened'? I was thinking," he wrote, "that even if I am saying that much has happened, you will still say to me to do my meditations, but you simply said okay, then continue. Then I pondered over it. I went back, looked

into my past, and those thirty years have been a wastage. Really that's why I have come to you to take sannyas, but my ego would not permit me to say that I have been stupid continuously for thirty years, doing some unnecessary things, meaningless things. "

This has been happening to many people. Whenever people who have been doing something in their past come, they always pretend that much has happened. It is so difficult for the ego to confess.

But when you come to a Master you have to be true. If you are not true to your own Master, where else are you going to be true? And how can the Master help you if you are untrue? I could see that man was almost a desert; not even a single flower had bloomed in him, he had not known anything of the spring, but still he said what he said. Watch. This man is in everybody. This ego is hiding in everybody's being. It goes on pretending.

This man said, "Yes, many kinds of benefits and advantages have happened.... "

"I NOW WISH TO BE ENROLLED AS ONE OF YOUR DISCIPLES, SO THAT I MAY DRINK FROM THE WELL OF KNOWLEDGE, AND THUS MAKE MYSELF MORE AND MORE ADVANCED IN THE TARIQA, THE MYSTIC WAY. BAHAUDIN, INSTEAD OF ANSWERING THE QUESTION DIRECTLY, CALLED FOR DINNER TO BE SERVED....

This is a design. In the modern age, Gurdjieff designed many things, exactly on the same lines as Bahaudin. The

people who are not aware of the designs of a Master will not be able to understand at all.

For example, a man will come to Gurdjieff who has never eaten meat, and Gurdjieff will force him to eat meat. Now, just think of a vegetarian. He will simply escape; he will say, "What kind of religion is this?" But by giving meat, Gurdjieff wants to disturb your whole status quo, your whole chemistry, because only in a disturbed state can your reality be known; otherwise you are too cunning. If a non-vegetarian comes to Gurdjieff, he says, "Wait. For thirty days be a vegetarian, and then for three days fast, and then I will start work on you." Neither is Gurdjieff for vegetarianism nor against; he is a designer.

He will give parties for his disciples, particularly the new disciples, and will prepare many kinds of foods, and then all kinds of alcoholic beverages; and this will continue almost to the middle of the night, eating and drinking. And when everybody is utterly unconscious, then he will watch. Then he will sit silently, will go to people, and watch, because people are so cunning -- unless they are drowned in a drug they will not reveal their truth.

Just the man who was pretending to be a celibate, when he is drunk, starts flirting with the woman who is sitting by his side. And he is a celibate and he is pretending that he is a monk and he has remained celibate -- he is a brahmachari -- but once he is drowned in alcohol, he forgets all celibacy, all brahmacharya. His reality surfaces.

The woman who was pretending to be very elegant, ladylike, sophisticated, cultured, holier-than-thou, far above the ordinary human beings, once she is under the impact of

alcohol, she is just the opposite; she starts behaving almost like a prostitute.
Gurdjieff will watch his disciples only when they are unconscious. And once he has known their situation, then he knows. Then he will not bother with what they say; he will start working on what they are.
BAHAUDIN, INSTEAD OF ANSWERING THE QUESTION DIRECTLY, CALLED FOR DINNER TO BE SERVED.... And this is one of the Sufi methodologies: they never answer directly. Their work is indirect because you have become so cunning that there is no way to change you directly. You have to be hit from the back door.

... WHEN THE DISH OF RICE AND MEAT STEW WAS BROUGHT, HE PRESSED PLATEFUL AFTER PLATEFUL UPON HIS GUEST. THEN HE GAVE HIM FRUITS AND PASTRIES, AND THEN HE CALLED FOR MORE PILAU, AND MORE AND MORE COURSES OF FOOD, VEGETABLES, SALADS, CONFITURES. AT FIRST THE MAN WAS PATTERED...

That's what happens when you start gathering knowledge: you are flattered, you start thinking now you know, you become very, very egoistic. You don't know a thing, but the knowledge that you have gathered gives you a false impression, as if you know. And slowly, slowly you forget that "as if" completely; you become knowledgeable. You start pretending -- to others and finally to yourself. You deceive others in the beginning, and then you are deceived by the impression that you create in others. When others

start thinking that you know, you start believing. How can so many people be wrong? If so many people think that you know, you must be knowing. Alone you may have doubts, but when you gather many disciples, doubts disappear. "So many people believe in me, I must be right." First deceive others, and then be deceived by those who are deceived by you. It is a mutual arrangement.

IT FIRST THE MAN WAS PATTERED, AND AS BAHAUDIN SHOWED PLEASURE AT EVERY MOUTHFUL HE SWALLOWED...

Bahaudin was creating a perfect situation. That's what happens if you go to the so-called teachers. They will be very happy when they see that you have started learning, that you have started repeating like parrots; they will be very happy. When they see that you are repeating them, they are gratified, their egos are more fulfilled. Now they have many people who have become "his master's voice", who have become imitators. They will be very happy, just as parents are happy when they see their children are growing, looking just like them. And if somebody says, "Your boy looks just like you," the father is gratified. He may be stupid and the boy may look stupid and just like him, but that is not the question. He is very gratified that he will not leave the world alone. He will leave this child in the world to remind it that he has been here; he is going to leave a signature on the world. And every parent tries to mold the child just in his own image. Down the ages that's what parents have been doing with children.

Children are the most exploited class in the world, and utterly helpless. And there seems to be no way to help them to get out from the imprisonment that parents create for them in the name of love, in the name of the children's welfare, for their future. And all that is being done is the parents are trying to leave replicas in the world, imitators in the world. That is what their parents had done to them, and so on, so forth. It must go back to Adam and Eve: they created children in their own image. And the Bible says God created man in his own image. He is the father, he must create children in his own image. Then Adam and Eve must have created in their own image, and it has gone on and on.

So you are not only a carbon copy. You are a carbon copy of carbon copies of carbon copies. The original seems to have never existed.

And then there is no wonder if you are in misery, because only an original person can be in bliss -- because truth brings bliss. You are false.

But a teacher will be very happy when he looks at his disciples and they start repeating what he is saying. He pats them. That's what Naqshband was doing with this poor man.

AT FIRST THE MAN WAS FLATTERED, AND AS BAHAUDIN SHOWED PLEASURE AT EVERY MOUTHFUL HE SWALLOWED, HE ATE AS MUCH AS HE COULD.

And just to satisfy the so-called teachers, people go on accumulating knowledge as much as they can.

WHEN HIS EATING SLOWED DOWN...

but there is a limit to everything --

... THE SUFI SHEIKH SEEMED VERY ANNOYED.

And that's what happens with teachers. They are happy only up to the point you are swallowing, repeating. And when you are really fed up, literally fed up, and you are too full and on the verge of vomiting, they start becoming annoyed: "So you have stopped growing." And now out of fear, out of their annoyance, out of their anger, you will try a little more, whatsoever you can manage.

... THE SUFI SHEIKH SEEMED VERY ANNOYED, AND TO AVOID HIS DISPLEASURE, THE UNFORTUNATE MAN ATE VIRTUALLY ANOTHER MEAL. WHEN HE COULD NOT SWALLOW ANOTHER GRAIN OF RICE, AND ROLLED IN GREAT DISCOMFORT UPON A CUSHION, BAHAUDIN ADDRESSED HIM IN THIS MANNER...

Now he has created the perfect situation. Now even the most mediocre mind will be able to see the point.

"WHEN YOU CAME TO SEE ME, YOU WERE AS FULL OF UNDIGESTED TEACHINGS AS YOU NOW ARE WITH MEAT, RICE, AND FRUIT. YOU FELT DISCOMFORT, AND, BECAUSE YOU ARE

UNACCUSTOMED TO SPIRITUAL DISCOMFORT OF THE REAL KIND, YOU INTERPRETED THIS AS A HUNGER FOR MORE KNOWLEDGE. INDIGESTION WAS YOUR REAL CONDITION. "...

Now he has created a condition to hit the point deep into the heart. He has hammered this situation. He has exactly created the situation in which the man was, but only now can he understand. It could have been said, but then he would not have understood.

Let me remind you of a Zen story. The path of Zen and the Sufis are not very different. Their methods are different, but their working is very similar. Zen Masters also create situations; of course, their path is of meditation, not of love, and Sufism is the path of love, not meditation -- but let me add one thing more, otherwise you will misunderstand.
If you follow the path of meditation, love comes as a shadow, and if you follow the path of love, meditation comes as a shadow. They are always together; if you can manage one, the other has been managed without managing it. But as far as devices, designs are concerned, Sufis and Zen Masters are alike.
A professor of philosophy went to a Zen Master, Nan-in, and he asked about God, about nirvana, about meditation, and so many things, and the Master listened silently -- questions and questions and questions. And then he said, "You look tired. You have climbed this high mountain; you have come from a faraway place. Let me first serve you tea." And the Zen Master made tea. The professor waited. He was boiling with questions. And when the Master was

making tea and the samovar was singing and the aroma of the tea started spreading, the Master said to the professor, "Wait, don't be in such a hurry. Who knows? Even by drinking tea your questions may be answered... or even before that. "

The professor was at a loss. He started thinking, "This whole journey has been a wastage. This man seems to be mad. How can my question about God be answered by drinking tea? What relevance is there? This man is a madman. And it is better to escape from here as soon as possible because who knows how and what he is going to do next. And he says, 'Even before that, who knows, your questions may be answered.' "

And that's how it happened. But he could not escape either, because he was also feeling tired and it was good to have a cup of tea before he started descending back down the mountain.

The Master brought the kettle, poured tea in the cup -- and went on pouring. The cup was full, and the tea started overflowing in the saucer, but he went on pouring. Then the saucer was also full. lust one drop more and the tea would start flowing on the floor, and the professor said, "Stop! What are you doing? Are you mad or something? Can't you see the cup is full? Can't you see the saucer is full?"

And the Zen Master said, "That's the exact situation you are in: your mind is so full of questions that even if I answer, you don't have any space for the answer to go in. But you look like an intelligent man. You could see the point, that now even a single drop more of tea and it will not be contained by the cup or the saucer; it will start overflowing on the floor. And I tell you, since you entered this house,

your questions are over-pouring on the floor, overflowing all over the place. This small but is full of your questions I Go back, empty your cup, and then come. First create a little space in you."

To create space is meditation. The Master had created a perfect situation.

Bahaudin has done it in a similar way. He says, "You were in great discomfort, exactly like the discomfort that you are suffering from now, but you thought that discomfort was coming because of your spiritual thirst. You were suffering, but you thought that suffering was just because you wanted more knowledge; you were suffering because you didn't have enough knowledge.

"You were suffering because you already had more than enough! You were suffering from overburdening, you were suffering from undigested knowledge, but you thought your suffering was because you needed more knowledge and you didn't have enough, hence the suffering. You misunderstood your discomfort.

"This exactly is your situation. Now the situation is in the body, but it has been in your inner being for many years, maybe your whole life. You have suffered from indigestion. "

Remember, knowledge has also to be digested; only then does it become wisdom. If you go on eating and you cannot digest it, it will not become your blood, your bones, it will not become your marrow. It will become a problem. You will gather weight; you will become heavy, dull. You will not become more intelligent through it, you will become more stupid. You will lose awareness, you will become

more unconscious. You will become more like a rock. You will become stagnant. You will lose your flow.

"... LNDIGESTION," SAID BAHAUDIN, "WAS YOUR REAL CONDITION. "I CAN TEACH YOU IF YOU WILL NOW FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND STAY HERE WITH ME DIGESTING BY MEANS OF ACTIVITIES WHICH WILL NOT SEEM TO YOU TO BE INITIATORY, BUT WHICH WILL BE EQUAL TO THE EATING OF SOMETHING WHICH WILL ENABLE YOUR MEAL TO BE DIGESTED AND TRANSFORMED INTO NUTRITION, NOT WEIGHT. "

Eating is right if it gives you nourishment. It is wrong if it only gives you weight. Eating is right if it gives you vitality; eating is wrong if it just makes you heavy. It is meaningless. To be heavy is not to be vital. The vital person is not heavy, he is light, he is almost weightless. He moves on the earth, but his feet never touch the earth. He can fly any moment -- any moment. Gravitation has no affect on him.

Bahaudin is saying, "But you will have to fulfill a few things, only then can I teach. " A real Master can teach you only if you fulfill certain conditions. From your part that shows that you are ready to receive.

Many people ask me, "Why can't we be here without being sannyasins, and learn?" I say, "You can be here, and whatsoever you can learn you can learn, but unless you are an insider you will not be able to receive the grace that I am making available to you." By being a sannyasin you simply

show a gesture, that "My doors are open for you," that "I am ready to become a host for your energy," that "Come, and be my guest." That's what sannyas is, and that's what a Sufi needs to be.

"I CAN TEACH YOU IF YOU WILL NOW FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND STAY HERE WITH ME...". Now, there are many people here also...

Just a few days ago, a sannyasin came and he asked, "What groups should I do ?" and I suggested some. He dropped out of the first group. He thought that I had not understood his real condition; I had given him a wrong group, this was not for him. I had given him two other groups. He never went, because if the first was wrong, naturally the other two were also going to be wrong. Then he inquired, "What should I do, because I feel the groups that you have given me are wrong? Can I choose my own groups?" I said, "Okay, you can choose your own groups. "

Now he has chosen his own groups, but he is disconnected from me. Now he is alone. He is a sannyasin, but only on the surface.

Yes, I gave him the first group knowing perfectly well that it was not for him. But that was the design. Can he trust me, just for three days being in a group? Can he trust me? Yes, it was true that the group was not meant for him. It was just something to create a situation. The situation was that he started feeling discomfort in the group, and could not tolerate it even for three days -- could not even trust me for three days? Had he trusted, he would have shown that he was a real disciple.

Now, he is a sannyasin, but just because he is in orange and has a mala. But the contact with me is no more there. I

cannot find him; his doors are closed. Now he will be here, but without me, and all that he will do he could have done anywhere else. Now he wants to do the Encounter group. He could have done Encounter anywhere else.
If he is not with me he will not be available to Teertha's energy either, because Teertha, the Encounter group leader, has no other energy. He simply functions as my energy. He is in that state where he has become just a vehicle. He is no more. He is in the state of fana; the disciple has disappeared in him. Now he simply functions as me. His hands are my hands, his energy is my energy. He is just a passage. If this sannyasin is not available to me, he will not be available to Teertha either.
You could have done an Encounter group in the United States, in England, in Europe, anywhere.
You will miss the special quality of the Encounter group that is available here. This is a totally different phenomenon that is happening here. This Encounter group is not led by a groupleader; the groupleader does not exist. He is just a functionary, just a hollow bamboo. It is my song that filters through him to you.
There is no need to come here if you cannot follow my instructions. And these are small instructions. If I send you into some more difficult task you will escape. He could just not do a three-day Intensive Enlightenment group. What kind of search is this? You don' t have any passion for truth, and you don't have any understanding of the workings of a Master.
You see this chair I am sitting on? Just four days before, I ordered Asheesh and Veena to prepare it for the Sufi lectures specially. They have worked day and night. They

could complete the chair at only one o'clock in the night, just a few hours ago. They could have thought that why could I not have said so a few days earlier, why just four days before? But they enjoyed, they understood the design. And they went higher and higher in energy. Last night when they completed the chair, they were almost on a psychedelic trip! As they moved in surrender.... It was difficult to complete it in four days, but they did.

The chair was not the question at all.It was a naqshbandi, it was a design.They learned something out of it -- that if you surrender, you can go high. The deeper you go in surrender, the higher you go in consciousness. They could have said that this is not possible. They would have missed -- and they would have never known what it was meant for. But I am happy that Asheesh and Veena both understood the point. They went in deep trust into it, and they thought, when I have said four days then it must be possible, and they poured their total energy into it.

And when you pour your total energy into anything in trust, it becomes meditation. It brings ecstasy. Last night they must have moved into a kind of wajd, a glimpse.

When you are with a Master you have to be very, very conscious, because each and every thing is managed in such a way that it helps your spiritual growth.

"I can teach you if you will now follow my instructions," said Bahaudin, "and stay here with me DIGESTING, BY MEANS OF ACTIVITIES WHICH WILL NOT SEEM TO YOU TO BE INITIATORY...".

And many times... For example, preparing a chair, how is it concerned with sannyas? And how is it concerned with meditation? And can't I speak on sufism on another chair?

We have many chairs. How is it concerned with Sufism? If you think about it, it is utterly irrelevant.
But that is not the point at all. If you think that way, you will miss the whole point.
Bahaudin says,,"You may not understand that what I am saying to do is in any way initiatory... BUT WHICH WILL BE EQUAL TO THE EATING OF SOMETHING WHICH WILL ENABLE YOUR MEAL TO BE DIGESTED AND TRANSFORMED INTO NUTRITION, NOT WEIGHT. "
But if you are suffering from indigestion, then, just a tablet that can help digestion; it may not appear to you that it is going to help because you don't understand the inner chemistry of the body. But you have to follow the instruction of the Master. That's what trust is all about. And sometimes Masters ask impossible things, but blessed are those who can even go into impossible things. The more impossible a thing is, the greater is going to be your maturity through it, attainment through it, enlightenment through it.
The whole point is that the food should become nutrition, nourishment, not weight. And whatsoever the Master is giving you has to become wisdom, not knowledge. Knowledge is weight, wisdom is nourishment. Knowledge is intellectual, just your memory is overflowing with information. Wisdom is not part of your memory, wisdom becomes spread all over your being. You need not remember your wisdom; knowledge has to be remembered. Wisdom need not be remembered at all, it is you. Knowledge remains separate; if you don't remember, you will forget. Wisdom you cannot forget; it is you, remembrance is not needed, hence it never creates weight.

When Buddha speaks it is not a weight on him. When I am speaking to you it is not a weight on me. No effort is there; it is utterly effortless. It is a sharing. I am not trying to teach you something, but simply overflowing towards you. Wisdom is natural, like digested food which has become your vitality. Knowledge is unnatural -- like undigested food which is hanging, burdening your chemistry -- is destructive.

THE MAN AGREED. HE TOLD HIS STORY MANY DECADES LATER, WHEN HE BECAME FAMOUS AS THE GREAT TEACHER SUFI KHALIL ASHRAFZADA.

He himself became a greater Master in his own time, but he could become that only because he agreed.
The same I say to you: if you agree with me, sooner or later great light will be released from you. You will become a light unto yourself, and not only unto yourself, but for others also. You will become a lighthouse for all those who are wandering in darkness. But the first requirement is agreement with me -- with no hesitation, with no condition from your side, an unconditional trust. Then this miracle is possible in your life too....

LA ILLAHA ILL ALLAH!

The Secret

Chapter #2

Chapter title: A Chance To Pour My Grace Into You

12 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
WHY IS LOVE SO PAINFUL?

Latifa, love is painful because it creates the way for bliss. Love is painful because it transforms; love is mutation. Each transformation is going to be painful because the old has to be left for the new. The old is familiar, secure, safe, the new is absolutely unknown. You will be moving in an uncharted ocean. You cannot use your mind with the new; with the old, the mind is skillful. The mind can function only with the old; with the new, the mind is utterly useless. Hence, fear arises, and leaving the old, comfortable, safe world, the world of convenience, pain arises. It is the same pain that the child feels when he comes out of the womb of the mother. It is the same pain that the bird feels when he comes out of the egg. It is the same pain that the bird will feel when he will try for the first time to be on the wing. The fear of the unknown, and the security of the known, the insecurity of the unknown, the unpredictability of the unknown, makes one very much frightened.
And because the transformation is going to be from the self towards a state of no-self, agony is very deep. But you Cannot have ecstasy without going through agony. If the gold wants to be purified, it has to pass through fire.
Love is fire.

It is because of the pain of love, millions of people live a loveless life. They too suffer, and their suffering is futile. To suffer in love is not to suffer in vain. To suffer in love is creative; it takes you to higher levels of consciousness. To suffer without love is utterly a waste; it leads you nowhere, it keeps you moving in the same vicious circle.

The man who is without love is narcissistic, he is closed. He knows only himself. And how much can he know himself if he has not known the other, because only the other can function as a mirror? You will never know yourself without knowing the other. Love is very fundamental for self-knowledge too. The person who has not known the other in deep love, in intense passion, in utter ecstasy, will not be able to know who he is, because he will not have the mirror to see his own reflection. Relationship is a mirror, and the purer the love is, the higher the love is, the better the mirror, the cleaner the mirror. But the higher love needs that you should be open. The higher love needs you to be vulnerable. You have to drop your armor; that is painful. You have not to be constantly on guard. You have to drop the calculating mind. You have to risk. You have to live dangerously. The other can hurt you; that is the fear in being vulnerable. The other can reject you; that is the fear in being in love.

The reflection that you will find in the other of your own self may be ugly; that is the anxiety. Avoid the mirror. But by avoiding the mirror you are not going to become beautiful. By avoiding the situation you are not going to grow either. The challenge has to be taken.

Latifa, one has to go into love. That is the first step towards God, and it cannot be bypassed. Those who try to bypass

the step of love will never reach God. That is absolutely necessary because you become aware of your totality only when you are provoked by the presence of the other, when your presence is enhanced by the presence of the other, when you are brought out of your narcissistic, closed world under the open sky.

Love is an open sky. To be in love is to be on the wing. But certainly, the unbounded sky creates fear.

And to drop the ego is very painful because we have been taught to cultivate the ego. We think the ego is our only treasure. We have been proteCting it, we have been decorating it, we have been continuously polishing it, and when love knocks on the door, all that is needed to fall in love is to put aside the ego; certainly it is painful. It is your whole life's work, it is all that you have created -- this ugly ego, this idea that "I am separate from existence. "

This idea is ugly because it is untrue. This idea is illusory, but our society exists, is based on this idea that each person is a person, not a presence.

The truth is that there is no person at all in the world; there is only presence. You are not -- not as an ego, separate from the whole. You are part of the whole. The whole penetrates you, the whole breathes in you, pulsates in you, the whole is your life.

Love gives you the first experience of being in tune with something that is not your ego. Love gives you the first lesson that you can fall into harmony with someone who has never been part of your ego. If you can be in harmony with a woman, if you can be in harmony with a friend, with a man, if you can be in harmony with your child or with your mother, why can't you be in harmony with all human

beings? And if to be in harmony with a single person gives such joy, what will be the outcome if you are in harmony with all human beings? And if you can be in harmony with all human beings, why can't you be in harmony with animals and birds and trees? Then one step leads to another.

Love is a ladder. It starts with one person, it ends with the totality. Love is the beginning, God is the end. To be afraid of love, to be afraid of the growing pains of love, is to remain enclosed in a dark cell.

Modern man is living in a dark cell; it is narcissistic. Narcissism is the greatest obsession of the modern mind. And then there are problems, problems which are meaningless. There are problems which are creative because they lead you to higher awareness. There are problems which lead you nowhere; they simply keep you tethered, they simply keep you in your old mess.

Love creates problems. You can avoid those problems by avoiding love. But those are very essential problems! They have to be faced, encountered; they have to be lived and gone through and gone beyond. And to go beyond, the way is through. Love is the only real thing worth doing. All else is secondary. If it helps love, it is good. All else is just a means, love is the end. So whatsoever the pain, go into love.

If you don't go into love, as many people have decided, then you are stuck with yourself. Then your life is not a pilgrimage, then your life is not a river going to the ocean; your life is a stagnant pool, dirty, and soon there will be nothing but dirt and mud. To keep clean, one needs to keep

flowing. A river remains clean because it goes on flowing. Flow is the process of remaining continuously virgin.
A lover remains a virgin. All lovers are virgin. The people who don't love cannot remain virgin; they become dormant, stagnant; they start stinking sooner or later -- and sooner than later -- because they have nowhere to go. Their life is dead.
That's where modern man finds himself, and because of this, all kinds of neuroses, all kinds of madnesses, have become rampant. Psychological illness has taken epidemic proportions. It is no more that a few individuals are psychologically ill; the reality is the whole earth has become a madhouse. The whole of humanity is suffering from a kind of neurosis.
And that neurosis is coming from your narcissistic stagnancy. Everyone is stuck with one's own illusion of having a separate self; then people go mad. And this madness is meaningless, unproductive, uncreative. Or people start committing suicide. Those suicides are also unproductive, uncreative.
You may not commit suicide by taking poison or jumping from a cliff or by shooting yourself, but you can commit a suicide which is a very slow process, and that's what happens. Very few people commit suicide suddenly. Others have decided for a slow suicide; gradually, slowly, slowly they die. But almost, the tendency to be suicidal has become universal.
This is no way to live, and the reason, the fundamental reason, is we have forgotten the language of love. We are no more courageous enough to go into that adventure called love.

Hence people are interested in sex, because sex is not risky. It is momentary, you don't get involved. Love is involvement; it is commitment. It is not momentary. Once it takes roots, it can be forever. It can be a lifelong involvement. Love needs intimacy, and only when you are intimate does the other become a mirror. When you meet sexually with a woman or a man, you have not met at all; in fact, you avoided the soul of the other person. You just used the body and escaped, and the other used your body and escaped. You never became intimate enough to reveal each other's original faces.

Love is the greatest Zen koan.

Latifa, it is painful, but don't avoid it. If you avoid it you have avoided the greatest opportunity to grow. Go into it, suffer love, because through the suffering comes great ecstasy. Yes, there is agony, but out of the agony, ecstasy is born. Yes, you will have to die as an ego, but if you can die as an ego, you will be born as God, as a Buddha. And love will give you the first tongue-tip-taste of Tao, of Sufism, of Zen. Love will give you the first proof that God is, that life is not meaningless.

The people who say life is meaningless are the people who have not known love. All that they are saying is that their life has missed love.

Let there be pain, let there be suffering. Go through the dark night, and you will reach to a beautiful sunrise. It is only in the womb of the dark night that the sun evolves. It is only through the dark night that the morning comes.

My whole approach here is that of love. I teach only love and only love and nothing else. You can forget about God; that is just an empty word. You can forget about prayers

because they are only rituals imposed by others on you. Love is the natural prayer, not imposed by anybody. You are born with it. Love is the true God -- not the God of theologians, but the God of Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, the God of the Sufis. Love is a tariqa, a method, to kill you as a separate individual and to help you become the infinite. Disappear as a dewdrop and become the ocean, but you will have to pass through the door of love.
And certainly when one starts disappearing like a dewdrop, and one has lived long as a dewdrop, it hurts, because one has been thinking, "I am this, and now this is going. I am dying. " You are not dying, but only an illusion is dying. You have become identified with the illusion, true, but the illusion is still an illusion. And only when the illusion is gone will you be able to see who you are. And that revelation brings you to the ultimate peak of joy, bliss, celebration.

The second question:

Question 2
DEAR OSHO, DID THE REAL MASTER JESUS, THE ONE BEYOND ALL THE CHRISTIAN DISTORTIONS, TO WHOM I ONCE OPENED MY HEART, DID HE SEND ME TO YOU?
ALL THE WAY BACK THIS TIME, TENTATIVE AND UNSURE, I COME TO YOU. I WOULD HOLD THIS MALA AND LOOK AT YOUR PICTURE AND YOU WOULD SAY TO ME, USING JESUS' WORDS, " COME UNTO ME YE WHO LABOR AND ARE HEAVY

LADEN AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST, FOR MY YOKE IS EASY AND MY BURDEN LIGHT."
I WAS SURPRISED BY SUCH HAPPINESS TO BE BEFORE YOU IN DARSHAN AND WAS TRANSPORTED BY THE ETERNAL NOW OF YOUR PRESENCE. YET UNDERNEATH SOMEWHERE I HAVE HELD BACK. I HAVE A BITTER HATRED TOWARDS FALSE TEACHERS AND HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO BE DUPED AGAIN.
I COME CLUTTERED WITH MY FEAR, DOUBT, PRIDE, REBELLION, GUILT, AND WRATH WHICH ERUPTS EVEN AT YOU. I COME WITH THE HARD GROWTH YOU HAVE FOSTERED IN ME.
BHAGWAN OF GOD, I LONG TO TRUST AND SURRENDER, SOMEHOW KNOWING IT IS THE BEST WAY FOR COMING HOME TOTALLY, TO YOU, TO MYSELF, TO JESUS, TO THE UNIVERSE.

Alok, neither have I spoken to you nor has Jesus. It is only your Christian conditioning. You don't know a thing about Jesus -- you can't know.
And to come to me through Jesus is not to come to me. If Jesus remains between me and you, there will be no connection, no contact, no communion. If you understand me, then there is no distinction between me and Jesus, so why go on carrying this Jesus of your mind? This is just your past speaking to you, and you are trying to hide your past behind a beautiful name, Jesus. You don't know a thing about Jesus.
I am here, you are with me, and you cannot understand me. How can you understand a Jesus? The gap between you and

Jesus is that of two thousand years. All that you know about Jesus is what you have been taught. Although you say that you don't believe in the Jesus that has been given to you by the Christians -- but what other Jesus do you know? If there had not been a Christian church you would not even have heard of Jesus. All that you know about Jesus you know through the Christian propaganda.

I am here confronting you, and still you are keeping a curtain between me and you. Now, you call that curtain Jesus.

Your question is relevant to many people. It is not only that wrong things can become barriers between a Master and a disciple; the so-called good things, beautiful things, can become even far stronger barriers between the Master and the disciple. In fact, only the good things can be the barriers -- because you cannot think of them as barriers.

You say, "Did the REAL Master Jesus...?" What do you know about the real and the unreal Jesus? And how are you going to make a distinction between the real and the unreal? You will make the distinction -- and you are living in darkness, you are groping in darkness. Out of your confusion, whatsoever you decide is going to be more confusion and nothing else. Who is going to decide what is real and what is unreal? You, Alok? That is sacrilegious. That's what the Jews were doing when they crucified Jesus. They Were deciding, and they decided, "He is not the real Christ. He is not the messiah we have been waiting for. " How are you going to decide?

Now, Alok has two conditionings in his mind: one is Christian, another is communist. Now, Christians are dangerous, communists are dangerous -- Alok is doubly

dangerous. Now he will have a concept of Jesus which is in tune with his communist idea; his Jesus will be a communist. His Jesus will be "comrade Jesus". And that will be fiction -- your fiction. You impose something on Jesus, and everything can be imposed, because people like Jesus or Buddha are so pure, so empty -- they are white, empty curtains -- you can impose anything on them, and they are so non-resistant.

Jesus has said, "Resist not evil." These people are non-resistant; you can impose anything. And now they are not there either to do anything about it. Jesus cannot say, "I am not a comrade." You can find statements which are of your liking, and then you can prove that Jesus was the first communist.

In fact, the real apostles of Jesus are not Thomas, Luke, but Karl Marx, Engels, Lenin, and particularly Mao -- because Alok is Chinese too.

What Jesus do you think is real? On what criterion will you decide it? You will be choosing according to your mind; you will drop many things which don't fit with you. And this is the wrong approach.

You are already in great confusion, Alok. Just look at your confusion, and don't try to find out what is the "real" Jesus. The best way is to find out who are you -- what is real in you. And that is the reality of Jesus, because the real is not separate. Whatsoever is real in you is real in me. Whatsoever is unreal in you is unreal in me. The only way to know is to come into a conscious state of your own reality: what is real in you. You are living in dreams and thoughts -- you have not contacted your own ground of being -- and then you start deciding who is the real Jesus.

Not only that, then that real Jesus sends you here to me. Now you will not even be able to understand me, because continuously the Jesus that you have created in your mind will be interfering.

You say, "Did the real Master Jesus, the one beyond all Christian distortions...?" And what do you think, you are not distorting? Maybe it is your distortion, but do you think your distortion is better than the distortion of the Christians? It can't be better; a distortion is a distortion, and all minds distort. Only in a state of meditation is there no distortion.

So please, become more meditative. When you are silent, utterly silent and quiet, contented, fulfilled, just herenow and no thought moves in your mind, the mind functions no more and you are transported into an unbounded space, contentless, thoughtless, but fully alert, you will know what is real in you. And whatsoever is real in you is real in Jesus, is real in me -- because it is real. Real is real. It makes no differences between me and you, Jesus and Buddha. Reality is one.

You say, "Did the real Master Jesus, the one beyond all the Christian distortions, to whom I once opened my heart, did he send me to you?"

Why bother him? Can't you come to me on your own? Can't you have even that much responsibility? You are throwing the responsibility on Jesus? So if something goes wrong he will be wrong. If I am not proved right according to you, then Jesus will be at fault and you can complain. This is childish. Why can't you come yourself? When are you going to become a little more mature? The moment a

person is mature he takes responsibility on his own shoulders.

This is tricky, cunning, clever. Writing this question, you must have thought that you are writing a beautiful thing. And this is egoistic too: Jesus sends you, Jesus takes care of you, you are so important. On this earth there are millions and millions of people, and Jesus has chosen Alok -- just think of it! How great Alok is, and he sends him to me. Can't you come yourself? How long are you going to lean upon others? Why are you so afraid of committing mistakes? This is just a fear of committing mistakes. Jesus will not commit a mistake -- if Jesus sends, then it must be right. If you choose, who knows? It may be wrong. But remember, people only grow through committing many mistakes. Each mistake is an opportunity to grow. Don't be irresponsible and don't hide your irresponsibility behind beautiful names. Jesus is only a trick of your mind.

"All the way back this time, tentative and unsure, I come to you. I would hold this mala and look at your picture and you would say to me, using Jesus' words.... " Why are you making things complicated? Why can't I say things directly to you? Why should I use Jesus' words? It is your own mind that is imposing these words of Jesus on me. It is your own memory that is playing a tape; that is simply an old record.

"'Come unto me ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest, for my yoke is easy and my burden light.' " Why should I say it through Jesus' words? But neither have I said anything to you.... I am here, so I can say, "Alok, I have not said a single thing to you." Now Jesus is not here, he cannot refute you, but at least I can

refute you. These were your words. These are your desires. You are afraid of me; you would like to rest, not to change. You would like the yoke to be easy, and it is not easy. You would like it to be light, and it is not light.

Just remember Jesus again. He has also said -- but that didn't occur to you -- that "Those who are going to follow me will have to carry their crosses on their own shoulders." Now, to carry a cross on your own shoulders can't be easy, can't be light. It was not light even for Jesus; carrying the cross, the heavy cross, he stumbled on the way. Two, three times he fell on the ground.

The road was uphill. They were going to Golgotha to crucify him, and they had forced him to carry his own cross. It was heavy -- crosses can't be light. It was not a gold cross that you can hang around your neck. It was not a cross that Christians, Christian priests, bishops, popes, hang around their necks. It was not a gold cross! His neck was going to be hung on it. And the weight was heavy, and he was thirsty and hungry, and they were forcing him to carry the cross, and he fell two, three times.

And the crucifixion was not easy either. Death cannot be easy. When Mohammed says, "Die before you die," it is not going to be easy. Don't deceive yourself. The work of inner transformation is hard.

But that's what Alok is desiring, that it should not be hard -- hoping against hope. When Jesus was crucified on the cross he was really angry at God. For a moment all trust was shattered. He looked at the sky and said, "Have you forsaken me? What are you doing to me?" For a moment it was really hard, unbearable. He recaptured his balance, that

is another matter, but the weight was not light. It can't be. No real transformation can be light.
Then why does he say, "Come unto me ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest, for my yoke is easy and my burden light"? This is just a seduction. I also seduce you, giving you an idea of a very easy sannyas. It is not.
I have heard, an old man with his young son were lost in a forest. By the evening they reached a small hut. They inquired, "How far is the town?" They were utterly tired. Hungry, thirsty, they wanted to reach the town as soon as possible; they wanted to eat something and rest. And the old man was really old, very old The man in that hut said, "The town is ten miles away. "
Just listening to this, ten miles, the old man simply fell on the ground. He was not even able to take one step -- ten miles? The woman who was also in the hut, the wife of the villager, said to her husband, "Please, make it two miles. Look how tired they are. Make it two miles. "
When somebody is too tired it is good not to say the whole thing. Bit by bit let them pass, two miles, then again two miles, then again two miles....
So when you ask me, "When is it going to happen, Osho?" I say, "Soon," just to keep you alive and moving. That's what Jesus is doing, each Master has to do. The whole truth cannot be told to you, you will not be able to bear it; you can absorb it only in small chunks, small bits. Once they are digested you will be able to bear a little more.
But don't try to deceive yourself that Jesus has spoken to you.

You say, "I was surprised by such happiness to be before you in darshan and was transported by the eternal now of your presence. Yet underneath somewhere I have held back. " That has happened because of your idea of Jesus, and he is sending you here and I have been speaking to you through Jesus' words and using his statements. That's why you could not be open totally to me.

Yes, you were happy, but that is nothing compared to the bliss that could have happened if you were really available. Jesus was standing between you and me -- and not Jesus really, but your idea of Jesus. And Karl Marx is there and Lenin and Mao. It is a big queue! And to search for you behind this queue is very difficult, Alok.

Let these people be dispersed. I am enough, just as Jesus was enough when he was here. There was no need for anybody else. When you are with a Master the Master is enough. Either you are with him or you are not. If you are with him, he is enough. Then you don't bring Jesus, Buddha, et cetera; there is no need. And I am not saying that they are wrong, but that there is no need. Why unnecessarily complicate the phenomenon? It is already complicated.

Just face me. Just look directly into my eyes and let me approach you. Let me hold your hands. Either you are with me or you are not with me, but don't play these cunning games, that "I am with you because Jesus has sent me." I have never sent anybody to Jesus, so why should he send anybody to me? He was enough unto himself, I am enough unto myself.

"Yet underneath somewhere I have held back." That is where your Jesus and Mao and all the others are standing and keeping you back, holding you.

"I have a bitter hatred towards false teachers.... " Why should you have a bitter hatred towards false teachers? That Very hatred will not allow you to be in communion with a Master. The false teachers are also needed, because there are false disciples. Where will they go? You never think of the false disciples? You may have never thought about it, never heard the word "false disciple", but false disciples need false teachers. You get only that which you deserve. If you are false, you will get a false teacher.

Why this hatred? The false is also necessary, because knowing the false as false you will be able to know the true as true. Otherwise how will you know? Recognizing the false as false is a great step. And the real disciple will be thankful even to false teachers, because he will say, "It is through them that I have been able to come to the real Master. "

A man of understanding can use everything. Even poison can be used as nectar. All that is needed is awareness, intelligence. Hatred is not needed at all, because if you are full of hatred for false teachers, even if you come across a true Master your hatred will become a barrier, because how are you going to decide suddenly that "Now I have come to the true"? The suspicion, the doubt, the mistrust, the hatred will be there -- and that won't allow you to know the real. And if you can't know the real, you will decide that he is also false. Now you are caught in a vicious circle.

There is no need to carry any hatred, no need to carry any wounds. If you lived with a false teacher that simply shows

you were foolish. And living with a false teacher you have become at least that wise, that you know who is a false teacher.

Mulla Nasrudin was selling a certain medicine -- it was nothing, just sugar pills, "homeopathic" pills -- and he was saying, "Whosoever takes these becomes intelligent." And somebody purchased some, and the next day the man went to Mulla and said, "You deceived me. They were only sugar pills."

And Mulla said, "Look -- you have already become wise. Yesterday you could not see that they are just sugar pills. Now, you see? It has worked. "

You were foolish if you got caught by a false teacher. Don't be angry at the false teacher, just see your foolishness. He has not done anything wrong to you. You were foolish enough; that's why you were caught. And if you have become aware that he is false, at least for this much you must be grateful to him. See? It has worked -- you are wiser.

And remember always, before coming to the right door you will have to knock on many wrong doors, because a true Master is a rare phenomenon -- once in a while. You will have to search the whole earth, and only once in a while will you come across a real Master. But you will come across thousands of unreal pretenders. But they also help; there is no need to carry any hatred for them, they also help. Knocking on a wrong door, seeing that it is wrong, slowly, slowly you become aware of what is wrong. And that's how one learns about what is right.

"I have a bitter hatred," you say, "towards false teachers and have been afraid to be duped again. " They cannot dupe

you unless you are ready to be duped, unless you are willing to be duped. It all depends on you. Never throw the responsibility on anybody else -- that's what, Alok, you are doing in your whole question. You throw the responsibility on Jesus, that he has sent you here. You throw the responsibility on false teachers, that they have been duping you. And you keep yourself aloof, as if you are not involved in it at all, that you are not a participant. How can a false teacher dupe you if you are not ready to be duped? My whole effort is to make you aware of your responsibility because only by becoming aware of your responsibility do you become mature, you become grown-up. And remember, just growing old is not synonymous with being grown-up. Everybody grows old, very few people grow up. Aging is one thing, growing up another. What is the meaning of growing up?taking all the responsibilities, good and bad. Whatsoever happens to you, you are responsible for it.

This vision will help you to grow, because if you are responsible you become more conscious of each step that you take.

You say, "I come cluttered with my fear, doubt, pride, rebellion, guilt and wrath which erupts even at you." The whole problem is one: that you don't take any responsibility on yourself. That's why you erupt in wrath and anger even against me, and for no reason at all.

That's what happened in America. Alok was running a center there in San Francisco. A few sannyasins had gathered, and they said to Alok, "We don't feel Osho's presence in your center as we have felt it in other centers. " And they were right; they were not wrong. They were

really sensitive. They must have felt your presence, Alok, not my presence -- because you have not yet allowed me to happen to you. You have been a fence sitter. You have been just sitting on the fence, ready to jump if something goes wrong, jump away and escape. You are not yet involved with me; you are not ready to die with me and live with me. You are still carrying your ego. And they were right.

And what happened? When they said this, that they don't feel Osho's presence in Alok's place, he didn't listen to what they were saying, he didn't meditate over it; on the contrary, he threw my mala, jumped on it, broke the mala, went to the ocean and threw it in. And that time also he felt that God was saying to him, "Throw this mala!" and he threw it. Then God said, "Now you a]so jump." But he didn't jump. And he himself wrote to me, "I only followed half. I could not gather that much courage. " So if it is a question of throwing me, you can throw easily, but if it is a question of throwing yourself, you cannot throw.

If it is a question of choosing between me and you, Alok, you will choose yourself. And that is not the way of a disciple. A disciple would have done just the reverse; he would not have thrown the mala. Yes, he may have jumped himself. He would have said to God, "Okay. If you say for me to jump, I will jump, but I cannot throw the mala."

Remember, just the other day I was telling you about Majnu, who said, "I will only open my eyes to see my beloved Laila"? And then God came, out of great compassion, and he said, "Look who is standing before you! I am God myself, asking you to look at me." But

Majnu said, "Get lost. If it is a choice between Laila and God, I choose Laila. "
If someday there is a choice between the Master and God, the disciple will choose the Master -- because it is only through the Master that he can reach God. The Master is the bridge. Choosing God against the Master, you will never reach, because you will not have any bridge.
You are full of "fear, doubt, pride, rebellion, guilt, wrath, " but if you look deep down, these are only on the circumference. At the center is nothing but an egoistic narcissistic neurotic attitude. You are an egoist, Alok, and you will have to die as an ego. Only then can I live in you and transform you.
Again, you say, "Osho... I long to trust and surrender, somehow knowing it is the best way for coming home totally, to you, to myself, to Jesus, to the universe." Again Jesus comes in. I am not separate from Jesus, Jesus is not separate from me. There is no need to say "coming to you and coming to Jesus"; it is an unnecessary repetition.
And the whole thing is very calculative; you say, "I long to trust and surrender, somehow knowing it is the best way for coming home totally.... " You are not yet risking.
Calculating: this seems to be the best way, the most rational way -- to surrender. But how can you surrender with this attitude? Surrender means there is no way left. Surrender means, "I have failed, and failed totally." Surrender means there is no hope, "There is no possibility of my ever reaching the goal. " In that helplessness, in that hopelessness surrender happens. It is not something that you do; you cannot "do" surrender. If it is done it is not

surrender: you are there as a doer standing behind, you can take it back.

Surrender means you have disappeared. Now you cannot take it back, there is no way. You cannot go back, there is nowhere to go back to. Surrender is a happening, and it only happens not out of calculation but out of the failure of all calculation, when you have utterly failed. You have tried this way and that, and you have tried all the possible ways and you see that you cannot reach anywhere, you go on moving in the same groove.

That's what happened to Buddha. After six years of tremendous effort he came to recognize the fact that whatsoever he is going to do is not going to help. Because it comes out of the ego, how can it take you out of the ego? It comes as part of the ego, is an extension of the ego -- how can it take you beyond the ego? It is the ego who becomes the doer; the ego cannot decide to surrender. If it decides, it has deceived you again. Then it is there, controlling even your surrender -- and the ego cannot control your surrender. If it is true, surrender means egolessness.

Buddha worked hard for six years in all possible ways, and there was no way to come home. The more he tried, the farther away he was.

One evening, sitting under a tree near the river Niranjana, he just became aware of the whole absurdity of effort as such. He laughed and went to sleep. There was nothing else to do; that laughter was the end of all effort. It was ridiculous. He laughed at himself, went to sleep. "For the first time" -- later on, he told his disciples -- "For the first time, I slept, because there was no dream, no thought."

When you have dropped all effort, what dream can come to you? What thought can come to you? There is nothing to do; all doing has failed. He was in a state of utter hopelessness, helplessness. Don't think that he was sad; when you are really hopeless you cannot be sad either. Sadness means you are still hoping; sadness means this effort has failed, that's why you are sad -- but some other effort will succeed. Again you will dream, again you will think, again you will plan, again you will project. Hopelessness means now there is no hope, not that "I am a failure."

In reality there is no possibility for human egos to succeed, because they are illusory and an illusion cannot succeed. Seeing this, he laughed. In that laughter the transformation happened. He slept the whole night without any dreams, without any thought. It must have been a deep, deep sleep. And by the morning, when the last star was disappearing in the sky, he opened his eyes; and as he saw the last star disappearing, he also disappeared. That's the meaning of becoming enlightened. Then he used to say, "Doing, I failed. Non-doing, I arrived."

The whole secret, the great secret, **The Secret** of **The Secret**s, is in non-doing. Non-doing is surrender.

Alok, you cannot figure it out. You cannot reckon, "Let us now surrender, because surrender seems to be the best way to attain something -- bliss, God, Jesus, samadhi, enlightenment, nirvana. " But then surrender is a means to some end, and true surrender is not a means to any end. A surrender is simple surrender. There is no question of going

anywhere; one has simply relaxed. That very relaxation, and you have come home.

You will not find me there, you will not find Jesus there, you will not find yourself there. You will not find the thing that you call "the universe"; you will not find anything that you have known or dreamed up to now. You will find a totally new phenomenon, utterly discontinuous with all that you have thought, dreamed about.

But you say, "Osho... I long to trust" -- it is a desire in you -- "and surrender, somehow knowing it is the best way for coming home totally, to you, to myself, to Jesus, to the universe."

You will not find anything -- the universe, me, Jesus, you. Nothing is found when you are surrendered, when you are in trust, when you have come home. And what you find is inexpressible.

The Sufis call, the first state when you surrender, they call it fana fi'llah: disappearing into God. And then out of that disappearing, something starts appearing; that they call baka bi'llah: appearance of the total, the inexpressible, the indefinable. That indefinable is called God, that incredible experience of disappearing into the whole and becoming the whole. You will not find anything that you can think about right now; all words are inadequate to express it. It is a wordless experience.

There is not even an experiencer: there is no division between the knower and the known. The knower is the known, the experiencer is the experienced, the observer is the observed. All duality has disappeared. There is no subject, no object. It is a different state. You can call it

"transjective": neither subjective nor objective. It is transjective, it is transcendental to both.
You cannot find a word that will be relevant to it. It is so utterly new, your old mind cannot supply even a word to describe it.

The third question:

Question 3
WHENEVER I COME TO DARSHAN, A DEEP SADNESS COMES UP. I FEEL LIKE CRYING. I CRY AND THEN FEEL CALM AND EXHAUSTED. WHAT IS HAPPENING?

Asti, the whole time that you have been here with me, you have been trying to deceive me. That's the root cause of your sadness.
Asti is afraid of groups. Hence she is afraid of meeting me -- because if she meets me I will tell her to do Encounter, Tantra, Vipassana, Primal. Because of this fear she has been playing a deceptive game. When she arrives she never comes for an arrival darshan. She always comes for a departure darshan so I cannot give any group, because she is leaving tomorrow. Even if she comes for darshan she never comes for a taLking darshan She sits at the back, she comes only for a silent darshan, because if she talks she is bound to be caught, trapped into some group. She cannot ask a question, because if she asks a question she will get a group. She cannot bring her problems to me.
And I have been watching, and I have been giving her enough rope. Now she is feeling sad. That is natural -- you

have been avoiding me. You are here, and avoiding growth. You have not yet surrendered to me; you have not told me, "Osho, do whatsoever you want to do with me. Tell me whatsoever you would like me to do. " You have kept yourself aloof, you have kept yourself away, you have been protecting. Hence sadness is natural.
That's why, Asti, when you come to darshan you feel sadness coming to you. When people come to darshan they feel great bliss arising in them; why sadness in you? Because you know that you are being smart with me, clever and cunning. And remember, the people who are clever and cunning here are the people who are going to miss. Be innocent. Only then is there a possibility of transformation. Asti, I would like to tell you this story. You have been trying hard to be smart and clever, but all smartness, all cleverness is stupid. A really intelligent person need not try to be clever; a really intelligent person is innocent. Intelligence is a function of innocence
And in trying to be clever...

Often we fail to check our facts. We think we know the whole situation before We check it out. I remember hearing about a young attorney whose first job was with a large railroad company. It was not long until he had his first case to try. A farmer noticed that his prize cow was missing from the field through which the railroad passed. He promptly went down and filed suit in the justice of the peace's office against the railroad company for the value of his cow.
In due course the case came up for hearing before the local justice of the peace in the back room of the general store,

and the smart young attorney came down from the big city to defend the railroad company.
The first thing he did was to take the farmer, who had no attorney, over into a corner and begin talking to him about settling the case. Well, the young lawyer talked and talked and finally twisted the old farmer's arm so that the farmer, very reluctantly, agreed to accept half of what he was claiming to settle the case.
After the farmer had signed the release and taken the check, the young lawyer just could not resist gloating over the old farmer a little bit, and he said, "You know, I hate to tell you this, but actually I put one over on you this morning. I could not have won the case. The engineer was asleep, and the fireman was in the caboose when the train went through your farm that morning. I did not have one witness to put on the stand."
The old farmer smiled a bit and went on chewing his tobacco. Then he said, "Well, I will tell you, young feller, I was a little worried about winning that case myself. You know, that durned cow came home this morning. "

Asti, you have been trying to be smart -- very hard you have been trying. But it is good that you have asked the question. Drop this cleverness. To be with me you have to be open, you have to be utterly naked. If you don't want to do the groups, you could have cried and said, "No, Osho, I don't want to do them." But there is no need to hide, there is no need to pretend. Otherwise you will become sad because you have no contact with me, and naturally sadness will arise, that "What am I doing here? Everybody else is growing; what am I doing here?"

You have been doing these games. Stop playing these games. You have to be sincere with me. And remember, more and more sannyasins will be coming. It will become more and more difficult for me if you are trying to be clever and cunning: you may be lost in the crowd. You have to be very open, sincere, true, authentic. These games cannot be played; we don't have any time for them. Thousands and thousands of sannyasins are going to come, and then it will be difficult for you. If you want to hide, you can hide in the crowd; it will be difficult for me to find you. So let us decide that if you want to be here then you have to be according to me, not according to yourself -- otherwise you will remain sad. Only surrender can help you. Only surrender can give me a chance to pour my grace into you.

The fourth question:

Question 4
WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Parmar, man is born as a seed. He is born as a potentiality. He is not born as an actuality. And this is very special, this is extraordinary, because in the whole of existence only man is born as a potentiality; every other animal is born actual.
A dog is born as a dog, he is to remain the same his whole life. The lion is born as a lion. Man is not born as a man, man is born only as a seed: he may become, he may not become. Man has a future; no other animal has a future. All animals are born instinctively perfect. Man is the only imperfect animal. Hence growth, evolution, is possible.

Education is a bridge between the potentiality and the actuality. Education is to help you to become that which you are only in a seed form. And this is what I am doing here; this is a place of education. The thing that is being done in the ordinary schools and colleges and universities is not education. It only prepares you to get a good job, a good earning; it is not real education. It does not give you life. Maybe it can give you a better standard of living, but the better standard of living is not a better standard of life; they are not synonymous.

The so-called education that goes on in the world prepares you only to earn bread. And Jesus says, "Man cannot live by bread alone." And that's what your universities have been doing -- they prepare you to earn bread in a better way, in an easier way, in a more comfortable way, with less effort, with less hardship. But all that they do is prepare you to earn your bread and butter. It is a very, very primitive kind of education: it does not prepare you for life. Hence you see so many robots walking around. They are perfect as clerks, as stationmasters, as deputy collectors. They are perfect, they are skillful, but if you look deep down in them they are just beggars and nothing else. They have not even tasted one bite of life. They have not known what life is, what love is, what light is. They have not known anything of God, they have not tasted anything of existence, they don't know how to sing and how to dance and how to celebrate. They don't know the grammar of life; they are utterly stupid. Yes, they earn -- they earn more than others, they are very skillful and they go on rising higher and higher on the ladder of success -- but deep down they remain empty, poor.

Education is to give you inner richness. It is not just to make you more informed; that is a very primitive idea of education. I call it primitive because it is rooted in fear, rooted in that "If I am not well educated I will not be able to survive. " I call it primitive because deep down it is very violent: it teaches you competition, it makes you ambitious. It is nothing but a preparation for a cut-throat, competitive world where everybody is the enemy of everybody else. Hence the world has become a madhouse. Love cannot happen. How Can love happen in such a violent, ambitious, competitive world where everybody is at each other's throat? This is very primitive because it is based in the fear that "If I am not well educated, well protected, highly informed, I may not be able to survive in the struggle of life. " It takes life only as a struggle.

My vision of education is that life should not be taken as a struggle for survival; life should be taken as a celebration. Life should not be only competition, life should be joy too. Singing and dancing and poetry and music and painting, and all that is available in the world -- education should prepare you to fall in tune with it -- with the trees, with the birds, with the sky, with the sun and the moon.

And education should prepare you to be yourself. Right now it prepares you to be an imitator; it teaches you how to be like others. This is miseducation. Right education will teach you how to be yourself, authentically yourself. You are unique. There is nobody like you, has never been, will never be. This is a great respect that God has showered on you. This is your glory, that you are unique. Don't become imitative, don't become carbon copies.

But that's what your so-called education goes on doing: it makes carbon copies; it destroys your original face. The word "education" has two meanings, both are beautiful. One meaning is very well known, although not practiced at all, that is: to draw something out of you. "Education" means: to draw out that which is within you, to make your potential actual, like you draw water from a well.

But this is not being practiced. On the contrary, things are being poured into you, not drawn out of you. Geography and history and science and mathematics, they go on pouring them into you. You become parrots. You have been treated like computers; just as they feed the computers, they feed you. Your educational institutions are places where things are crammed into your head.

Real education will be to bring out what is hidden in you -- what God has put in you as a treasure -- to discover it, to reveal it, to make you luminous.

And another meaning of the word, which is even far deeper: "education" comes from the word educare; it means to lead you from darkness to light. A tremendously significant meaning: to lead you from darkness to light. The Upanishads say, "Lord, lead us from untruth to truth" -- "asato ma sadgamaya." "Lord, lead us from death to deathlessness", "mrityorma amritamgamaya." "Lord, lead us from darkness to light" -- " tamaso ma jyotirgamaya." That is exactly the meaning of the word "education": tamaso ma jyotirgamayma -- from darkness to light.

Man lives in darkness, in unconsciousness -- and man is capable of becoming full of light. The flame is there; it has to be provoked. The consciousness is there, but it has to be awakened. You have been given all, you have brought it

with you; but the whole idea that you have become a man just by having a human body is wrong, and that idea has been the cause of tremendous mischief down the ages. Man is born just as an opportunity, as an occasion. And very few people attain: a Jesus, a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Bahaudin. Very few people, few and far between, really become man -- when they become full of light and there is no darkness left, when there is no unconsciousness lingering anywhere in your soul, when all is light, when you are just awareness.

A man asked Buddha.... The man was an astrologer, a very learned scholar. When he saw Buddha he was puzzled. He had never seen such beauty, such grace. Buddha was sitting under a tree. The man was just in awe; he bowed down to Buddha and he said, "Are you a deva, an angel? Have you descended from heaven, because I have never seen such grace on the earth? Who are you? Are you a gandharva?" Gandharvas are, mythologically, the musicians of the gods. They are very graceful, obviously -- they are the musicians of the gods. Their very presence is musical. Just in their presence you will start hearing melodies; just being in their presence you will fall into a totally different rhythm. Their very presence is music, celestial music. And the astrologer heard that music around Buddha.

He said, "Are you a gandharva?" And Buddha said, "No, I am not a god, I am not a gandharva. "

"Then who are you? Are you just a man?" And Buddha said, " No, I am not a man either. "

"Then who are you?" And the man went on asking, and Buddha went on saying, "No, no, no." He became more and more puzzled and finally he asked, "Then who are you?"

And Buddha said, "I am awareness. "
Awareness, just awareness, pure awareness... and only then is one fulfilled. Then life is a benediction.
Education is to bring you from darkness to light. That's what I am doing here. Parmar has asked this question because the Indian government is not ready to accept my work as education. It is natural. They cannot accept it as education, because I don't create clerks and stationmasters and deputy collectors. I am creating new human beings. For them that is dangerous. If this is education, then they cannot allow it to happen. It is rebellion.
I am teaching you to be yourself. I am teaching you to be fearless; I am teaching you not to yield to the social pressure; I am teaching you not to be a conformist. I am teaching you not to hanker for comfort and convenience, because if you hanker for comfort and convenience, the society will give them to you, but at a cost. And the cost is great: you get convenience, but you lose your consciousness. You get comfort, but you lose your soul. You can have respectability, but then you are not true to yourself; you are a pseudo human being; you have betrayed your God and yourself. But the society wants that, that you should betray yourself. The society wants to use you as a machine, the society Wants you to be obedient. The society does not need you to function as an intelligent being, because an intelligent being will behave in an intelligent way and there may be moments when he will say, "No, I cannot do this. "
For example, if you are really intelligent and aware, you cannot be part of any army. Impossible. To be part of any army you need, as a basic requirement, unintelligence.

That's why in the army they manage in every way to destroy your intelligence. Years are needed to destroy your intelligence; they call it "training". Stupid orders have to be followed: right turn, left turn, march forward, march backward -- this and that -- and they go on and on every day, morning, evening. Slowly, slowly, the person becomes a robot, he starts functioning like a machine.

I have heard, a woman went to a psychoanalyst and said, "I am very much worried, I cannot sleep. My husband is a colonel in the army. Whenever he comes home for holidays it becomes a nightmare for me. Whenever he is sleeping on his right side he snores, and snores so loudly that not only am I disturbed, even the neighbors are disturbed. Can you suggest something to me? What should I do?"

The psychoanalyst thought it over, and then he said, "Do one thing. Tonight try this, maybe it will work," and he gave her a recipe and it worked. And the recipe was simple -- he said to her, "When he starts snoring, just tell him,'Left turn.' "

She could not believe it, but when she did it, it worked -- even in his sleep. He snored only on his right side, and when she said in his ear, slowly, not very loudly, softly, "Left turn," just out of the old habit he turned left. The snoring stopped, even in sleep.

I have heard, William James has quoted this instance, a real actual instance. After the First World War, a man who had retired from the army was carrying a bucket full of eggs on his head, and somebody just joked. A few people were standing by the side, and one man said loudly, "Attention" and that man simply fell to attention, and the bucket fell and the eggs were broken all over the road. And he was

very angry; he said, "What kind of joke is this?" But they said, "We have not done anything. We have just said,'Attention.' Are we not allowed to say it?" And the man had been retired from the army for at least ten years -- but it persists.
I have heard:

An insomniac boxer went to the doctor for some medical help. The ex-pugilist had tried mild sedation, but it didn't seem to work. The doctor, hesitating to prescribe a more addictive kind, said, "Look, before I prescribe this heavier injection I want you to try the old-fashioned remedy. You may laugh, but it actually works. Try getting yourself completely relaxed and then start counting to a hundred. " A few days later, the old fighter came back and said, "Doctor, I can't do it. Every time I start counting, I jump up at the count of nine. " The whole training in the army is to destroy your consciousness, is to make you an automatic machine. Then you can go and kill. Otherwise, if you are still carrying a little bit of intelligence, you will see the other person that you are killing is innocent; he has not done anything to you or to anybody. And he must have a wife at home who is waiting for him to come back; and he may have small children, and they will become beggars; and he may have an old mother or an old father, they may go mad. "And why am I killing this man? Because the officer says,'Start killing. Fire!' "
An intelligent person will not be able to fire. An intelligent person may choose to die himself rather than to kill innocent people. Because some foolish politician wants to get involved in a war, because some politician wants to

have more power, because of some stupid statements of the politicians, the war has started. He will not kill.
This I call education: to make people more intelligent. And that's what I am doing here. If this fire spreads, then this old, rotten society cannot survive. It survives on your unconsciousness, it lives on your unconsciousness.
So it is natural, Parmar, that the government will not recognize this place as a place of education. For them, it is one of the most dangerous places.
But as far as I am concerned, this is education. tamaso ma jyotirgamaya -- Lord, lead me from darkness to light.

The Secret

Chapter #3
Chapter title: Wisdom Is An Awakening
13 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

IT IS RECORDED THAT SOMEONE SAID TO THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER SAADI, "I WISH FOR PERCEPTION, SO THAT I SHALL BECOME WISE. "
SAADI SAID, "PERCEPTION WITHOUT WISDOM IS WORSE THAN NOTHING AT ALL."
HE WAS ASKED, "HOW CAN THAT BE?"
SAADI SAID, "AS IN THE CASE OF THE VULTURE AND THE KITE. THE VULTURE SAID TO THE KITE, 'I HAVE FAR BETTER EYESIGHT THAN YOU. WHY,

I CAN SEE A GRAIN OF WHEAT DOWN THERE ON THE GROUND, WHILE YOU SEE NOTHING AT ALL.'
"THE TWO BIRDS PLUMMETED DOWN TO FIND THE WHEAT, WHICH THE VULTURE COULD SEE AND THE KITE COULD NOT. WHEN THEY WERE QUITE NEAR THE GROUND THE KITE SAW THE WHEAT. THE VULTURE CONTINUED HIS DIVE AND SWALLOWED THE WHEAT. AND THEN HE COLLAPSED: FOR THE WHEAT WAS POISONED."

MAN IS A SLAVE. He is not born as a slave, he is born free. He is born as freedom, but he is found in chains everywhere. He lives in chains, he dies in chains. This is the greatest calamity that has happened to humanity.
The moment a child is born the society starts transforming the child into a slave, it is not interested in free people. It is afraid of freedom; freedom seems to be dangerous. A slave is safe. And the society needs only slaves because they can be exploited. The priest is interested in slaves, the politician is interested in slaves, the pundit is interested in slaves. These three p's are the most poisonous p's. These three have been the root-cause of human suffering, and man will remain chained, imprisoned, unless he gets free of the politician, the priest and the pundit. These three have to disappear from the world. Only then can man bloom in freedom.
What these people have done to humanity has to be understood, because this is your story, the story of how you have become a prisoner. The question is not how to find God, the question is how to get out of this prison that you call your mind, that you call your culture, that you call your

religion -- beautiful names for ugly things. If you look deep, without prejudice, you will be surprised -- your mind is not yours at all. It is a conditioning forced upon you from the outside. The mind that you call yours is not yours, it belongs to the exploiters. They have played a trick upon you: they have implanted this mind in you, and through this mind they go on controlling you. Hence they have been very much against people like Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed. Why did they crucify Jesus? Why did they poison Socrates? Why did they murder Mansur? These were innocent people, they had not done any harm to anybody. What was their sin? This was their sin -- that they were trying to make a door so that people could get out of the prison, so that slavery could be destroyed from the earth. History says slavery has been destroyed; that is all bunk! It has not been destroyed, it has only moved from the gross to the subtle. Yes, you don't have chains on your hands and on your feet because the chains have become more subtle -- they have gone into your mind, they have become more inner. On the outside you are enjoying freedom, democracy, equality, brotherhood -- just empty impotent words -- deep down there is no brotherhood, there cannot be.

How is there any possibility of brotherhood if there are Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans? How can there be any possibility of brotherhood if there are nations -- India, Germany, England? It is impossible. Man is constantly at war, each moment you are living in conflict. And how can there be equality when you have been taught from the very beginning to be ambitious?

Ambition means that you have to be higher than the other. Ambition means that you have to prove your superiority that you have to prove everybody else is inferior to you, that you have to succeed. If success remains the god, if ambition remains your education, how can there be equality? To talk about equality is utter nonsense. It does not exist even in communist countries; it cannot exist anywhere unless ambition disappears.

In Russia or in China there are still classes. Their names have changed, the labels are different. Now there is no class of the poor and the rich -- a new class has arisen, of the rulers and the ruled. It is the same old game, it makes no difference at all.

We go on playing the same game. All that we do in the name of revolution is to change the labels.

The real question is not how to find truth -- because you cannot find truth unless you are free. Truth arrives in freedom. Jesus has said, "Truth liberates." That is true. That is only half the story -- that truth will make you free. The other side which has not been told to you is also as important: truth happens only in freedom. In fact, truth and freedom are two aspects of the same coin, they happen together. If you are unfree you cannot attain to truth, and if you have attained to truth you cannot be unfree. But from where to begin? If you start with truth you will become a victim of words, philosophies, theologies, scriptures. You will be lost in the jungle of linguistic logical speculations. Start with freedom: that's my message to you. Come out of the prison that has been imposed upon you -- and the prison cannot exist if you don't cooperate with it. That is the only ray of hope, that it cannot exist without your cooperation.

But you cooperate with it. It feels safe, it feels secure, it feels convenient and comfortable, it feels warmer, and you have decorated it well from the inside.

Down the ages that's what man has been doing: decorating his prison cell. You have really made it beautiful inside; it almost looks as if it is a temple. You have painted your chains beautifully. You have covered your chains with gold and silver; they look like ornaments. Hence you go on cooperating.

And freedom is the basic requirement if you want to know God, if you want to know at all what this life is and what the benediction of this life is and what the beauty of this existence is. If you want to know it at all you will have to come out of your prison. You will have to risk. Because the prison seems comfortable and you have lived in it so long, you have become accustomed to it. You will have to come into the open, under the sun and the moon and the sky. You will have to come into the wind. You may have lived so long in the cage that you may be afraid to open your wings again. You may have completely forgotten that you have wings. This is the situation where man exists. But before We Can make a breakthrough out of the prison walls, we will have to understand how the prison is made, what the strategy is, of what it consists.

The most fundamental strategy is that the priests and the politicians and the pundits have been substituting every real thing with something unreal. That is the most fundamental strategy of how this prison, this slavery, has been created. They have substituted marriage for love. Marriage is a plastic thing. It can be beautiful if it comes as a consequence of love, but the priests have managed: they

say, "First marriage, then love." Then love never happens. They have stopped your most significant part, your heart, from functioning. After marriage you may start liking the woman or the man because you live together, just as brothers like sisters and sisters like brothers -- but there can be no poetry, no thrill, no ecstasy. Love will move on plain ground. It will not know any peaks, it will not be acquainted with orgasmic peaks.
And exactly like this, they have been substituting every real thing with something unreal. Marriage is synthetic, it is man-made. Love is God-made. Love happens, marriage is manufactured. Beware of all that is manufactured by man I It looks like the real thing and it is not; it is only a pretension. It only creates hypocrisy and nothing else, and you cannot pretend for long. Sooner or later the pretension wears out and then you are left in misery.
I have heard...

A little boy and his sister put on their parents' clothing. They went next door and knocked. When the neighbor answered it they said, "Mr. and Mrs. Brown have come to call." Taking it all in her stride, the neighbor lady said, "Please do come in, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Will you join me in some refreshments?"
After serving them milk and cookies, the lady asked, "Care for anymore?"
"Thank you, no," replied the little girl. "We must be going home now -- Mr. Brown just wet his pants."

How long can you pretend? Sooner or later you will have to face the reality. And you are just using clothes, you are not

Mr. Brown. Sooner or later you will wet your pants -- and it is going to be sooner than later.

Man is living in hypocrisy, in utter hypocrisy. You are not what you think you are, you are not what others say you are, you are not what you believe you are. This is the most fundamental strategy of creating a prison.

You are living in a hypocrisy; that is your slavery, and every real thing has been substituted. For example, consciousness has been substituted with character. Character is man-made, consciousness is divine. A conscious person has no character at all. A conscious person is utterly characterless, he need not have character. Character is a very poor thing. A conscious man lives by his consciousness; his consciousness is his character. He need not depend on any oUter discipline, he has inner light to live by. He responds moment to moment, not out of a certain dead habit which is called character. He responds moment to moment as the situation demands. He is conscious, he has not decided beforehand what to do and what not to do. That's what character is: deciding beforehand what to do, what not to do, creating an automatic reaction in yourself, becoming mechanical. That's what character is all about.

If somebody insults you, the man of character has a readymade answer. The man of consciousness has no ready-made answers. He need not be bothered -- he has consciousness, he has a mirror-like quality. He will reflect the situation and he will respond to the situation. His act will be out of that moment's awareness. His act will not be out of the past, out of memory, out of the mind. His act will be born anew in the present. His act will be fresh, as fresh

as dewdrops in the morning. His act will have beauty, his act will have splendor, his very act will be that of grace. The man of character is ugly. He is dull, stupid; he lives in the past, he lives in habits. He has created what are called 'good habits' -- but why do you need habits? You need habits because you can't depend on your awareness; otherwise there is no need to have any habits. You can always rely on your consciousness, you know yoU will be there, fully aware -- so why prepare beforehand? There is no need. Whatsoever is required by the moment will be arising in you.

The society has substituted character for consciousness. Children are very conscious, more alert than they will ever be. You can watch children; that's why they look so alive, so fresh, such a bubbling cheerfulness I Where does all that disappear to? And look at people who have character -- you will always see a kind of dullness in their eyes. You will not find any spark, you will not see intelligence. Children are intelligent: they are not yet covered by layers of dust, they have not yet gone through the factory called education, they have not yet been cultured; they are yet wild and they still have the freedom and the innocence and the joy of the wild animals. They act moment to moment.

But we start cultivating them, we start curbing their freedom. We start imposing, "Do this, don't do that." We start imposing do's and don'ts on them. Soon they will forget all about freedom, soon they will start acting out of the past, pretending. Soon they will be no more alive.

A small girl was getting ready for her first dance. She was Very ecstatically thrilled. The mother was putting her dress

on her, combing her hair, and the small girl looked in the mirror -- she was looking so beautiful.
She said, "Mummy, were there dances arranged in the old days also, when you were alive?"

Yes, people die long before they actually die. A person is dead by the age of four. Then he simply repeats, then he moves in a groove, in a rut. Then his whole life is just a long story of unconsciousness.
Character is the cause of your unconsciousness. If you are not forced to have a character you will grow more and more brilliant, luminous -- you will have to, because you will not have anything else to lean upon except your consciousness. Because of these substitutes: marriage for love, character for consciousness, morality for religion, logic for truth, philosophy for existential experience -- because of these substitutes you are lost in a kind of desert. You have become unconscious. Whenever the question of truth arises you start thinking immediately; that's your response.
How can you think about truth? You can think only about something you already know. Thinking can exist only within the boundary of the known. Truth is not known yet -- how can you think about the unknown? The unknown cannot be thought about, the unknown has to be experienced.
But people go on thinking about truth, about God, about love. People go on thinking about things which have to be experienced and not thought about. But you have been told, "Become great thinkers and you will attain to truth." And a thinker is just a bio-computer, a thinker is never original.

And you must have heard about original thinkers: there have never been any original thinkers. Thinking is not original so how can the thinker be original?
Experience is original. Yes, it is from the origins, it is original. Thinking is never original, it is always borrowed -- but you can believe that you have come across an original thought. You may have simply forgotten where you had read it, you may have forgotten from where you had got it. If you search a little bit deeply you will find from where it had come into you.
All thoughts have come from the without. Experience arises within. The without has replaced the within, thinking has replaced experiencing. But one can pretend: one can mix one thought with another and can create a composition and will think it is original. It is not.
I have heard...

A man was sitting on his porch rocking back and forth. He seemed to be having a long discussion with himself. Every once in a while he broke into loud laughter. At other times he shouted "Phooey!" in disgust.
A policeman passing by stopped to watch the man and asked
him what was going on. "I'm telling myself jokes," the man told him. "And if I say so myself, most of them are very
funny. "
"Then why do you keep saying 'phooey'?" the policeman asked.
"I only say that when I've heard them before."

That's what you are doing, that's what everyone is doing. All the so-called original thinking is just nonsense. Thinking is never original, thought is always borrowed. It comes from the outside, no thought is yours.

But people start fighting, because they say, "I have to fight for my thought, for my ideology, for my religion, for my philosophy." The Christian fights, the communist fights, the Hindu fights -- for what? They have been persuaded to believe that "This thinking is yours, this philosophy is yours." No thinking is yours and no ideology is yours. You have been deceived -- but you can remain in this deception because you are unconscious.

And you have become unconscious, because consciousness grows only with the real. With the unreal there is no growth. It is like if you have a real tree in the garden, it grows; but you can have a plastic tree, it will not grow. It can deceive the passers-by, it can deceive the neighbors, but it will not grow. The unreal cannot grow.

Character is unreal so it never grows. Knowledge is unreal so it never grows. Morality is unreal so it never grows. And because you become too attached to these ungrowing things you stop growing. That's what I mean when I say you become unconscious. Consciousness has to be a constant flow; only then do you remain conscious. Consciousness is river-like. The moment you become stagnant you lose consciousness.

People are living unconsciously. It hurts to feel, "I am living unconsciously," it goes against the ego. But this has to be understood -- at least by the seekers this has to be understood: that you have lived an unconscious life. This very understanding is the beginning of consciousness.

A city-dweller came to a farm and saw a beautiful horse. He decided he had to have the animal. He bargained with the farmer and the farmer finally sold him the horse.
The city man jumped on the horse and said, "Giddyup!" The horse did not budge.
The farmer explained, "This is a special kind of horse. He will only move if you say,'Praise the Lord I' " -- he was really a very religious horse. "To stop him, you have to say 'Amen.'"
Keeping this in mind the new owner yelled, "Praise the Lord" whereupon the horse took off with great speed. Soon horse and rider were headed for a cliff. Just in time, the rider remembered to say, "Amen!" The horse came to a screeching halt right at the edge of the cliff.
Relieved, the rider raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "Praise the Lord!"
Watch man, watch yourself, watch and you will see: everybody is functioning unconsciously.
To become conscious is the whole secret of being religious. To become conscious is to get out of the prison. All that is needed is to become more and more conscious. More knowledge is not needed, more consciousness is needed. You already have too much knowledge, you are burdened with it. The load is heavy, you cannot move because of this. You have to unburden yourself, and you have to start finding the real and dropping the unreal.
Always search for the real and don't be deceived by the society. And of course people will be angry with you because the moment you become conscious you are no longer under their control. They want you to be obedient,

they want you to be disciplined -- disciplined according to them, obedient to them. And they go on talking as if there would be chaos if people stopped obeying. And they go on saying that if people stop being disciplined then the society will be shattered.

That is not true. The society is shattered, it is a chaos, it is already a chaos. What more chaos can there be? You are living in a chaotic society, in a neurotic society. It is already hell.

When I say stop obeying, what I am saying is: become your own self. And the man who has become his own self will know when to obey and when not to obey. He will not be obedient, he will not have a character of obedience. He will decide according to each case when to obey and when not to obey. When he will see the truth he will obey, when he will see untruth he will not obey. He will remain free to obey or not to obey.

And it is good to be free, because you have obeyed stupid politicians for too long, and they have been creating violence, war, bloodshed and nothing else. You have obeyed the priests too long and they have given you churches and the temples and the mosques, and they have taken the real temple of God away from you. They have talked about the other world but they have destroyed this world -- and this is the only world there is.

So when I say don't be disciplined by anybody, I don't mean that you should become a chaos; I mean you should become an inner discipline. Be disciplined according to your own awareness. Follow your own awareness, be a light unto yourself. This is freedom -- to become a light unto oneself.

But the society does not want you to become a light unto yourself, because if you become a light unto yourself you will not follow all kinds of nonsense that you have been following up to now. And there are people who have a great vested interest in your unconsciousness. Hence your schools, colleges and universities create unconsciousness; they don't create consciousness. They create efficient robots. They give you knowledge but not wisdom, and wisdom is the real thing. Knowledge is a false, synthetic, man-manufactured thing, but knowledge looks like wisdom -- and there is the danger. The plastic flower looks like the real rose and that is where the danger is. If you have not seen a real rose for a long time you may start thinking that this is a real rose -- because all that you have come across again and again has been a plastic flower.

Hence Jesus is crucified; Jesus is a real rose. He had to be crucified. Otherwise others would have started comparing, and they would have come to know that what they had been carrying as a real rose was not a real rose; it was a synthetic, plastic flower. They would have thrown it! Socrates had to be poisoned because he was trying to make people more aware.

When a person is aware he does not become disorderly, but his order comes from his own being. He is nobody's slave, he is his own master.

And that's what sannyas is all about: becoming your own master. That is the meaning of the word 'swami': to become a master of one's own, to be a light unto oneself. And there arises a different kind of order -- real order.

Buddha lives in that order and you can see the grace. He lives according to his own light. He has his own way, his

own authentic individuality. He is a free man -- but remember, a free man is going to be in constant conflict because a free man has to be in rebellion. That is the price one has to pay.

There are three more things which have been used as a strategy to destroy your freedom; they are secondary. The most basic is substituting the false for the real, but these three are also there.

The second is: creating a division in man, making man split because whenever you are divided you become weak. Naturally, you start fighting with yourself. Then you cannot fight with the society, then you cannot fight with the prison. The prisoner is in such an inner conflict constantly -- from where will he gather enough energy to break through the wall? It will not be possible.

So another trick has been played upon you: you have been divided. You have been told your body is separate from your soul; you have been told God is separate from the world; you have been told the other world is the real world and this world is a false world, maya, illusion.

For at least ten thousand years a deep schizophrenic philosophy has been taught -- divide. The moment you become divided, split, you are lost, because your right hand starts fighting with your left hand. Then both your hands are engaged, and the politician can exploit you, the priest can exploit you, the pundit can exploit you. Both your hands are engaged -- you cannot defend, you cannot rebel.

My message to you is: there is only one world, this is the only world. This earth, this very earth, is paradise. I teach you to be earthly, to be earthy, because there is nothing else, there is no other world. That other world is an

invention of the priest. Your body and soul are one unity; it is all one. Don't fight with your body, don't try to be separate from your body, otherwise you will remain a victim. You will never become powerful, and power is needed to rebel, your energy is needed to rebel. Only when you are overflowing with energy Can you be free. Otherwise you cannot be free.

And the third thing that has been used is fear. You have been made afraid -- of hell, of punishment. And the other side of it is, you have been made very greedy for paradise, heaven, and the joys and the pleasures there: "You will be awarded greatly if you follow the priest; if you don't follow the priest you will be punished very badly, horribly. "

Man has become fear-oriented. No child is born fear-oriented. You can watch any child -- he can even play with a snake, he has no fear. He can even play with fire, he has no fear. The child comes into the world as fearlessness, but we impose fear. The child, every child, is love-oriented, and every so-called grown-up is fear-oriented.

I would like you to again become love-oriented. Drop all fears, there is nothing to be afraid of. There is no hell, don't be worried about it; and there is no heaven so don't become greedy for it. All that is, is herenow. This moment contains all hell, all heaven. And it depends on you: if you enjoy, rejoice, if you are in deep love with life, if you can celebrate, you are in paradise. If you cannot enjoy, if your sources of celebration have been poisoned, if you have such heavy chains on your feet and your hands and you cannot dance with life, then you are in hell.

A parish priest saw Muldoon, who had recently got married, in church after a long absence. Speaking to him later, the priest said,
"I believe your wife has brought you back to your religion. "
"That's right," said Muldoon. "I did not believe in hell till I married her. "

The priest, the politician, the pundit have created a hell here, and because they have created a hell you have started believing in hell. And the more you believe in hell, the more you participate in creating it.
This life has to be lived with as much joy as the birds are living it. Have you seen a bird on the wing? -- just joy on the wing! Or have you seen a rose opening its petals? -- joy opening its petals. Have you seen a river rushing to the ocean?joy rushing to the ocean. Except for man, have you ever seen misery anywhere? The trees are blessed because they don't have these three poisoners; the birds are blessed. The snake in the Garden of Eden who poisoned Eve and Adam's consciousness must have been all these three together: he must have been a politician, a priest and a pundit. Beware of the snakes! And the problem is that they have dominated your mind so long that you don't think they are enemies. In fact, on the contrary, people like me look like enemies -- because I go against your conditioning.
The Prime Minister of India, Morarji Desai, goes on saying almost every day that if people follow me the Society will be destroyed.
Just the other day, the Education Minister of Maharashtra gave a statement to the newspapers that I cannot be allowed

to remain in Poona, because if people listen to me and follow me then this society is going to be shattered. In a way they are right.

This society, this rotten society, needs to be destroyed. Only on the ruins of this society can another society arrive. Only on the ruins of this imprisoned consciousness can freedom be born. Man has to live in a new way. We have lived too long with these poisoners, and they have destroyed all that is beautiful, all that is valuable. They have destroyed the whole poetry of life. They have given you only toys and they have taken real things, all real things, away from you. They have giVen you words: you can go on chewing on words like " Gad", "love", but you don't know what God is, you don't know what love is. All that you know is fear, all that you know is money, power-politics, and you go on talking about prayer. That is mere talk.

In a way they are right: if people listen to me this society is going to be destroyed. But this destruction is just an introduction to a new creation. Before something can be created, the old has to be destroyed.

Just the other day I was reading the 'Poona Herald'. They had written an editorial against me. The main thing was that I am teaching an earthly religion, earthy. That is true, but that is not something against me, that is really a compliment. Yes, that's exactly what I am teaching -- this very earth the paradise and this very body the Buddha. I am teaching you that there is nowhere else to go. Don't sacrifice the present moment for anything, for any philosophy, theology, for any politics, ideology. Don't sacrifice your present moment for any nation, for any

church, for any race. Don't sacrifice your present moment; don't sacrifice at all I Celebrate I and if you celebrate this moment, the next moment will become one of more celebration. And slowly slowly, when your whole life is a song, that is the transformation.
These ten thousand years, humanity has lived in a kind of nightmare, but now things have come to a climax and something is going to happen, something tremendously important is going to happen. Either man is going to die utterly -- if you go on following the past then you are doomed -- or -- and there is every possibility that humanity will not decide to commit suicide -- there is every possibility that now things have come to such an end that humanity will decide to take a new route.
We have moved horizontally for too long, now We have to move vertically. We have moved in time for too long, now we have to move in eternity. We have desired and been ambitious for too long, now we have to drop all desiring and ambition and we have to put our whole energy into the present moment, to make it a celebration.

A newly-ordained priest was going to do missionary work in South America. When he was leaving home, the local parish priest offered to drive him to the airport.
The young priest was reluctant to accept the offer because the old parish priest was a notoriously bad driver. But he didn't want to offend the old man and he agreed to go with him.
After a hair-raising journey, they arrived at Dublin airport.
"It is a long way to South America," said the old priest.

"It is," said his friend. "But I'm sure the worst part of the journey is over. "

I can see a new dawn which is very close by. The night is too dark, true, but when the night is too dark the dawn is very close by. I am preparing you for that dawn. The worst part of the journey is over.
But you cannot see that far. The moment you start seeing you will be thrilled. Humanity is coming closer and closer every moment to a great revolution, a revolution of consciousness, a revolution from all old concepts into a new way of living.
Sufism can be immensely helpful because there have been people -- they have always been there... Once in a while a person has escaped from the prison, has gone out of the prison and seen the open skies and the stars, and the joy of the sun and the wind and the rain, and has declared to the prison inmates, "You also come out!"
A Buddha came out, a Jesus, a Bahaudin, a Rumi. And Sufis have great messages for the future of man.
These stories are just ways of saying something in such a way that even a child Can understand. Truth is always very simple. If you are not complicated it is just like a small story told to a child. These stories are simple but their significance is immense.

IT IS RECORDED THAT SOMEONE SAID TO THE GREAT PHILOSPHER SAADI, "I WISH FOR PERCEPTION, SO THAT I SHALL BECOME WISE." SAADI SAID, "PERCEPTION WITHOUT WISDOM IS WORSE THAN NOTHING AT ALL."

First: Sufis use the word "philosopher" in a totally different Sense than it has in the West. They use it literally. The literal meaning of philosophy is the love of wisdom. In &ct, the word "sophy" and the word "sufi" come from the same root, sophia, wisdom.

In the West, the philosopher has become a totally different phenomenon. Due to Greek influence, the philosopher lost his roots in existence and became more and more rational, became more and more speculative. And the Western philosophy has grown out of the Greek experiment, hence Western philosophy has gone almost in the opposite direction from Sufism. It has become a logic-chopping, great arguments about nothing, just hair-splitting.

And slowly, slowly the Western philosophy has come to a dead end. Now it is nothing but linguistic analysis. It no longer thinks of great things, it is no more concerned with God or truth or freedom or love, no, not at all. Its whole concern has become the meaning of words. When the Western philosopher thinks about God he means that he will think what the word God means. He is not concerned with the reality of God, he is concerned only with the word"God" -- as if by analyzing the word "fire" you will come to know fire, or by analyzing the word "bread" your hunger will be satisfied. The Western philosophy goes on thinking about the word, "bread", " God", "love", and has completely forgotten that "love" is only a word, it is not reality. It is only a symbol; it is a finger pointing to the moon.

The Western philosophy goes on thinking about the finger -- how long it is, how beautiful or not beautiful it is, black or

white, and has completely forgotten that it simply points to the moon. You need not be concerned with the finger; you can forget about it. Look at the moon and forget the finger -- but the Western philosophy has become greatly skilled in thinking about the finger.

If you read the works of the greatest philosophers in the West -- Bertrand Russell, Ludwig Wittgenstein, G. E. Moore -- you will be surprised: just linguistic analysis. The reality is no longer any concern of philosophy.

So when this story says, THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER SAADI, remember, it is not said in the same sense as when we say, "the great philosopher G.E. Moore," no. It is in the same sense as when We say, "the great philosopher Jesus", "the great philosopher Buddha", "the great philosopher Lao Tzu. " It has the meaning of a wise man, and that is really the meaning of the word sophia -- one who loves wisdom.

Saadi is also a great poet. That's how it should be; it has always been so. Wherever wisdom has happened, poetry has also happened by the side, of its own accord. Poetry is a by-product of wisdom. I don't mean that eVery wise man is going to write poetry. No, that is not needed -- he lives poetry, his whole being is poetry. If you taste Buddha you will know what I mean; if you taste Jesus you know what I mean. Not that Jesus writes poetry -- he is not a poet in that sense -- but he lives poetry, his each moment is poetic. Even on the cross, his last statement praying to God, "Father, forgive these people, because they don't know what they are doing," poetry. Only a poet can have that much heart.

Saadi is a great poet and a great philosopher; he is a wise man. And remember, by "wise man" I don't mean a man

who knows much, no. Knowledge has nothing to do with wisdom. Remember knowledge is a substitute, a false substitute for wisdom. Wisdom grows in your consciousness; knowledge is implanted in you, imposed on you. Knowledge you get from the universities, wisdom you get from life itself; no university can give it to you. You have to live life. Knowledge you can get from books, scriptures, teachers, experienced people, by your own life's experiences; wisdom is a totally different phenomenon. Wisdom one gets only if one is open, vulnerable to existence, in deep love with existence. Then the old, dead leaf falling from a tree will give you wisdom. It will show you the momentariness of life, it will give you a message of death. And the way it falls -- so gracefully, so fearlessly -- will also give you wisdom, that this is the way to die. In the morning the rose blooms and by the evening it has gone. Coming, it was joy, going, it is joy.

Wisdom comes from watchfulness; not by study but by awareness, not by concentration but by meditation. One has to be just open to this infinite splendor called life. One has to open to the earth and to the sky. One has to be open to everything, each and everything. Without judgement, one has to be open; then wisdom comes.

If you judge you prevent, if you choose you prevent, if you condemn you prevent, if you evaluate you prevent. The man who wants wisdom to shower on him remains just a pure witness. Thoughtless, he looks; he is just a mirror, he reflects. He does not conclude, he is not in a hurry. He never gathers knowledge; he goes on learning, he goes on learning, but never gathers knowledge.

The knowledgeable person lives in his memory, in the past. The wise man lives in the present, not in his memory but in his awareness this very moment.
Saadi is a wise man.
A man came to Saadi and said, "I WISH FOR PERCEPTION, SO THAT I SHALL BECOME WISE."
Now, no one can become wise. It is not an effort. One can become knowledgeable; it is an endeavor, an enterprise. You can cultivate knowledge, you cannot become wise. Wisdom is not becoming, it is being. That has to be understood.
Becoming is a time process: today you have this much knowledge, tomorrow you can have more, and the day after tomorrow more and more and more. Wisdom is not a quantity, knowledge is a quantity; so quantity can be more or less. The student has less, the professor has more. But wisdom is never less or more; it is a quality. Buddha is wise, so is Mahavira, and so is Bahaudin, and so is Zarathustra. Now you cannot say who is wiser; that is not possible. It is not a quantity, you cannot compare. They are all wise. Wisdom knows nothing of more or less.
But about knowledge that is possible. You can say, "This professor is more knowledgeable -- he has three Ph.D.'s. That professor is not so knowledgeable -- he has only one Ph.D. This professor is more knowledgeable -- he has published in many academic journals. He has written so much, so many books have been published. This man, the other man, is not so knowledgeable. "
Knowledge is a quantity, it Can be compared. Wisdom is not a quantity, it is a quality. You cannot become wise. It is a sudden happening, it is not gradual. It is not that one

moment you are wise and another moment a little more, and a little more, and gradually one day you become perfectly wise. No, it happens instantly; it is a sudden enlightenment, it is a state of being. When you have dropped all knowledge, it happens. When you have come out of the prison that the society has created for you, it happens. When you are again a child, it happens.

Remember the words of Jesus: "Unless you are like a small child you will not enter into my kingdom of God. " What docs he mean? Unless you attain to the same freedom that you were born with, you will not enter into my kingdom of God. Drop all that the society has given to you: character, morality, the idea of good and bad, the division of body and soul, the split between the earth and heaven. Drop all that the society has imposed on you. Become innocent again, a clean slate, and suddenly you are wise.

Wisdom is something that happens like a sudden lightning. That is the meaning of enlightenment, satori, samadhi.

This man said to Saadi, "I WISH FOR PERCEPTION, SO THAT I SHALL BECOME WISE."

Now he is asking a wrong question. But people are not aware of what they are saying, they go on using words. He has heard, he is using words. He does not know with whom he is talking. He is not even aware that he is facing a Buddha. Saadi is an enlightened man, but he is talking in the same way -- the same gibberish that he has been talking to other people, he is talking to Saadi. He is perfectly unaware of the fact, with whom he is talking.

I have heard...

A lady went into a pet shop to buy a bird. She saw one that interested her. "What kind of bird is that?" she asked the salesman.
"That is a crunchbird," he replied. "Let me show you what he can do. "
"Crunchbird, my paper!" the man ordered. The bird flew down and in one gulp ate the sheet of paper.
"Crunchbird, my pencil!" The crunchbird swooped down and swallowed the pencil.
"He is wonderful! " said the lady. "I will buy him. "
The lady brought the bird home. Her husband looked at the bird and wondered what kind of bird it was. He had never seen a bird quite like it before.
"That, my dear," the wife boasted, "is a crunchbird."
The husband scratched his head, "Crunchbird?" he said. " Crunchbird, my foot! "

Talking to a Buddha or to a Saadi or to a Bahaudin, you should be a little more alert about what you are saying. You should be very careful of what words you are using. And if you are really careful and alert you may not use any words; you may simply bow down, you may simply put your head at the feet of Saadi and wait there for him to say something to you -- because what can you ask? Out of your confusion only a confused question will arise. What can you ask out of your unclarity, out of your ignorance, darkness? What can you ask?
It is said, when a disciple of Buddha went to see Buddha for the first time.... He was a great scholar, one of the very well-known in India in those days; his name was Sariputra. When for the first time he went to Buddha he went with

five hundred disciples, his own disciples; they were all great scholars. He was a well-known Brahmin and he was much known for his debates. He had that capacity to defeat anybody. He used to roam around the country with his disciples, quarrelling, debating, discussing, defeating other scholars. He was very victorious in his art; nobody had yet been abIe to defeat him.

His disciples were very thrilled that now they were going to defeat Buddha. Sariputra could defeat anybody. They knew it, they had seen it happen again and again, but they were not aware of what was going to happen. The moment Sariputra saw Buddha he started crying, tears came into his eyes. His disciples were bewildered: they could not believe it, they had never seen such a thing. Sariputra was a very arrogant scholar, roaming around the country defeating every kind of philosopher, imposing his philosophy.

Crying? A great silence descended. Even Buddha's disciples could not believe it. They were also waiting: "There is going to be a great debate and discussion. "

Sariputra bowed down, put his head at Buddha's feet and remained there. Buddha asked him, "Do you want to ask anything, Sariputra?"

He said, "No. Seeing you, all questions have disappeared. I want to be here with you. If some day you feel that I am worthy and you would like to say something to me, you can say it. But if you don't say anything, then too I will be contented. I am contented. Seeing you, I have seen all that is worth seeing. "

This is the way to approach a man who is wise.

This man asked Saadi:

"I WISH FOR PERCEPTION SO THAT I SHALL BECOME WISE."
SAADI SAID, "PERCEPTION WITHOUT WISDOM IS WORSE THAN NOTHING AT ALL. "

What is he asking in the name of perception? He is asking for knowledge, he is asking for the capacity to see more, to know more. He thinks that wisdom can be caused by something -- by perception, by knowledge, by capacity to see.
Wisdom is not caused by anything, wisdom is already the case. You were born wise, wisdom is your nature. All that is needed is to drop the pretensions that you have cultivated. All that is needed is to rediscover. It is already there, somewhere deep down, hidden behind all kinds of rubbish that has continuously been poured into you by the parents, by the teachers, by the professors, by everybody around you.
Every child is being poured with all kinds of nonsense; this becomes piled up. You call it your ideology, your philosophy, your religion -- your communism, your Christianity, your Hinduism. It is just junk! And deep down, hidden behind it, is the real treasure. It has only to be rediscovered.

SAADI SAID, "PERCEPTION WITHOUT WISDOM IS WORSE THAN NOTHING AT ALL."

Knowledge can be dangerous if you are not wise.
That's what is happening in the world: people become knowledgeable and their life loses all meaning. Just go and

see the knowledgeable people -- they are the most lost, they feel life to be absolutely meaningless. They cannot feel any joy. They are continuously wondering why they are alive at all: "Why not commit suicide?" Maybe they are cowardly and cannot commit suicide, but they are not able to answer why they are living, for what. They don't feel any purpose anywhere. Life seems to be accidental, unnecessary. They Can't see the point where they are needed in any way. They are feeling uprooted. The more knowledgeable a person is, the more he feels uprooted.

Knowledge does not lead to wisdom, knowledge leads to madness. Knowledge does not lead to enlightenment, it leads to deeper and darker unconscious realms of your being. Knowledge takes all celebration away from your life -- it destroys all poetry, all song, all dance. It makes you serious.

Wisdom knows how to laugh, knowledge cannot laugh. Knowledge is always serious, wisdom is playful. Wisdom knows how to live, how to love, how to laugh. Wisdom is light, knowledge is heavy. You cannot attain to wisdom through knowledge.

That's what the person is asking, and that's what everybody is thinking -- "If I gather a little more knowledge I will be wiser." You will not be; you will be less wise. The more you know the less you will know.

Socrates was right when, at the end of his long life, he said, "I know only one thing -- that I know nothing." This is wisdom.

Knowledge creates specialists who know more and more about less and less, and finally end up by knowing all about

nothing. Wisdom is a totally different dimension: it is the dimension of being, not of becoming.
The man asked Saadi, "How can that be? You say ignorance is better than knowledge without wisdom? How can that be?"

SAADI SAID, "AS IN THE CASE OF THE VULTURE AND THE KITE. THE VULTURE SAID TO THE KITE,'I HAVE FAR BETTER EYESIGHT THAN YOU. WHY, I CAN SEE A GRAIN OF WHEAT DOWN THERE ON THE GROUND, WHILE YOU SEE NOTHING AT ALL.' "THE TWO BIRDS PLUMMETED DOWN TO FIND THE WHEAT, WHICH THE VULTURE COULD SEE AND THE KITE COULD NOT. WHEN THEY WERE QUITE NEAR THE GROUND THE KITE SAW THE WHEAT. THE VULTURE CONTINUED HIS DIVE AND SWALLOWED THE WHEAT. AND THEN HE COLLAPSED:FOR THE WHEAT WAS POISONED."

That's how it has happened -- man has collapsed because of his knowledge. First his inner world was destroyed by knowledge and knowledgeability, and now scientific knowledge is destroying nature. First we have destroyed the inner by so-called religious knowledge, now We are destroying the outer by so-called scientific knowledge. The inner ecology has been destroyed by the priests and the outer ecology is being destroyed by the technologists. Man is collapsing.
We are living in the most significant times ever, because it is a time of great collapse. Either humanity disappears or a totally new way of life arrives. These moments are very

critical; it is the greatest crisis man has ever encountered. Religion has destroyed half of the world, the inner world, and science is destroying the other half.

We need a totally different kind of religion and a totally different kind of science -- a science which helps ecology; and we need a totally different kind of religion -- a religion which gives you freedom, not slavery, which helps you to be yourself, which is not an imposition.

Science is a rape on nature and religion has been a rape on your inner consciousness. Both have failed, both have been destructive.

A new vision is needed. It was never needed as much as it is needed now, because the time is very limited. We are sitting on a pile of atomic weapons. The capacity to destroy this earth is so vast that you cannot even imagine for what we have gathered such a capacity to destroy. It is one-thousandfold: every man, every single man, can be killed one thousand times, one thousand earths can be destroyed. We have piled up that much capacity to destroy, and we go on piling more up every day. It may be a communist country or a capitalist country, it makes no difference; but each country is trying to put all its energy into war, into destruction.

Even a country like India, which boasts of being non-violent and all that jazz, is greatly desirous of having atomic weapons. Even a country like India, which thinks and claims and boasts that it is a religious country, puts seventy percent of its energy into war efforts. People are dying, starving, and the Gandhians, who have been the rulers of this country for three decades, go on piling up more and more weapons -- and they go on talking about

non-violence. It is such an absurd world. It is so ridiculous! You have to be aware of it, you have to be very very alert to it. We are sitting on a volcano, our own, manufactured, made by ourselves; it can erUpt at any moment. Before it erupts we have to find a new science and a new religion. In fact, the new science and the new religion will not be two separate things. They are separate because of the division created in you: the body and the soul, this world and that, inner and outer, man and woman, day and night. Because of these divisions science and religion have been in conflict -- because your body and your soul have been in conflict. The new religion and the new science will not be two separate things, it will be one thing. You can call it religio-science or anything you wish, but it will be one thing. It has to be one because man is one. The outer and the inner are not in conflict, they are aspects of the same coin.

If man is wise, then he will have a different kind of world, more natural in eVery way, more harmonious, more poetic. Both the outer and the inner need great change. Both have suffered much, but they Can be revived because they are eternal. Even though much poisoning has been going on, that poison can be dropped out of the system, the system can still be purified. Still there is hope.

It is out of my hope that I am creating you, my sannyasins. It is out of my hope that I am creating a new kind of consciousness, where religion and science can meet, where East and West can meet -- there should be no East and no West in the future -- where all dualities disappear and the non-dual is felt. That non-dual is God.

But you can know that non-dual, that God, only if you come out of your prison. Come out... wake up... you can. Nobody can hinder you except yourself. You will have to drop a few comforts, a few conveniences, but it is worth it, because once you have known the real joys of life you will never regret that you had to drop those false toys.
But before you have known the real, it is really difficult. Trust is needed; and that is the function of a Master -- to create trust in you. I cannot give you freedom because freedom cannot be given, by its Very nature. And the freedom that is given can be taken away at any moment, so it is not of worth. I cannot give you freedom. You in fact don't need it, you have it deep inside. It is still alive, it just has to be searched for, found. I can give you trust, I can help you to gain confidence.
Your confidence has been taken away. You have been made afraid, you have been forced to tremble in fear. In your temples you are doing nothing but trembling, and you call it prayer. You are simply afraid, and out of fear you create gods. They are not gods, they are just shadows of your fear. And out of your misery you create paradise; that is just a consolation.
The real God cannot be attained through fear. The real God is attained only through love, but love is possible in only one way: love is possible only in freedom. The slave cannot love and the slave cannot be wise either. Drop your slavery. You have nothing to lose except your chains, and you have all to gain, the whole world to gain.
You don't know how much you are missing. You don't know what compassion arises in Buddhas when they look at you because they can see what you can be and what you

have become. They can see a great dance that can happen in you, they can see a golden flower that can bloom in you. But you don't have any idea of any golden flower. You don't have any idea of your being a god. You don't have any idea that the kingdom of God is within you. You are an emperor who has fallen asleep and dreams that he is a beggar. Wake up.

You can go on accumulating knowledge in your dream; that is not going to help. Wake up. Wake up! Only then will you be wise.

Wisdom is nothing but wakefulness. Wisdom is an awakening.

I can give you trust. I can allow you to fall in tune with me and to have a little taste of what is possible. That taste is satsang, that taste is communion between the Master and the disciple. And once even a single drop of that nectar has fallen on your tongue you will never be the same: you will be in constant rebellion, you will destroy all prisons. You will have to come out under the sky. And the benediction is great; you cannot even imagine. It is satchitananda -- it is truth, it is consciousness, it is bliss.

God is not a person, but the experience of bliss, truth and consciousness. God is this whole existence in utter celebration. You have only fallen out of line. Fall in step.

So what can you do?

Saadi says: By attaining to more knowledge or perception, nothing is going to happen.

I say the same to you. I am not here to impart more knowledge to you. I am here to make you alert, to shock you into wakefulness.

And when the heart is awake and becomes a flame of light, you know the meaning of life and the significance of it -- and it is great. And then gratefulness arises. Then the sheer gift of life is enough to be contented with forever and forever.

The Secret

Chapter #4

Chapter title: I Declare Myself Bhagwan
14 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, THE NAVABHARAT TIMES OF OCTOBER 13TH CARRIED A NEWS ITEM FROM SURAT, GUJARAT, ACCORDING, TO WHICH THE PRIME MINISTER, MORARJI DESAI, SAID THAT HE HAD READ THE BOOK FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS BY ACHARYA RAJNEESH AND FOUND IT INDECENT AND DISTASTEFUL. HE ALSO OBJECTED TO YOU BEING CALLED BHAGWAN. OSHO, WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON IT?

Anand Maitreya, sex is a natural phenomenon, as natural as a rose flower, or dewdrops on the grass leaves in the early morning. And it is the most beautiful phenomenon too, as

beautiful as the calling of a cuckoo, as beautiful as the stars in the sky. But down the ages it has been condemned. Condemning sex has been one of the most important strategies to dominate man. The moment you condemn sex you have condemned life itself. Life arises out of sex; life is an expression of sex. If you can find God anywhere, utterly present, it is the moment of sexual orgasm. But to condemn sex is a great strategy. Through it you condemn man indirectly; you poison his very source of being. And then he feels guilty, a sinner, worthless; and then it is easy to dominate him, it is easy to manipulate him, it is easy to exploit him -- and that's what the politicians and the priests have been doing.

They don't want you to have freedom, they don't want you to enjoy life, because the man who is blissful is rebellious. The man who is enjoying his life cannot be easily dominated -- it is very difficult to dominate him -- and cannot easily be deceived, because he has clarity.

Shree Morarji Desai is a very repressed person as far as sex is concerned. Now, this seems very strange. My discourses have been collected in two hundred books, books on Vedanta, books on Tao, books on Yoga, books on Sufism, books on the Upanishadas, books on the Geeta, the Bible, the Tao Te Ching, but he has been reading only one book -- FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS. An eighty-three-year-old man, has remained celibate for almost fifty years, why should he be interested in the book FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS? Certainly he is not interested in superconsciousness, because I have written two hundred books on superconsciousness. His interest seems to be sex. That's how it happens.

I have read his autobiography. In his autobiography he remembers that when young he went to see the Mother of Shree Aurobindo Ashram. She was a beautiful woman. Before she came to Shree Aurobindo, she was an actress; she had grace and a charisma of her own. And she was moving deeply into spirituality. But what did Morarji Desai see in her? What he saw shows much about him, not about the Mother.

The Mother's disciples were coming to touch her feet, and sometimes a disciple would get so ecstatic just by touching her feet that he would start rolling, and sometimes his head would fall into the Mother's lap. And Morarji was horrified. He thought in his mind, "So that's why they are looking so ecstatic -- just rolling in her lap. Her shapely, beautiful thighs." That's what he saw. He went away -- "This is not spirituality. These people are sex obsessed. This is a vulgar expression of sexuality." That's all that he saw in the Mother and the disciples; he could not see anything more. And that was when he was young. Now fifty years have passed, and fifty years' constant repression of sex has become a wound in him. He is boiling within with sexuality.

When I read this question from Anand Maitreya I was reminded of a few stories I would like to tell you.

"It is an outrage the way those nudists are carrying on in that apartment," the old woman told the policeman when he answered her call. "I am ashamed."

The cop looked out of the window and could see nothing but a vast courtyard, a road, and an apartment building in the distance. "I can't see a thing," he shrugged.

"Of course you can't," the old woman replied. "But just have a look through these binoculars and you will see plenty. "

What he has seen in the book FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS is nothing but his own mind reflected in it. There is nothing indecent, but the very idea of sex creates in his mind the feeling of indecency. Maybe the very word "sex" revives something in him that has been repressed, that he has been sitting upon. The very word must be creating a ripple. All those repressed feelings, instincts must be surfacing. That's why he thinks it is indecent. It depends on you.

There are people who go to Khajuraho and think it is indecent. It is not. It is one of the most beautiful and one of the most spiritual temples in the world. If you look into those stone statues, yes, there are both things present, those statues represent the lowest and the highest: they are from sex to superconsciousness. But the person who is obsessed with sex -- and all repressive persons are obsessed -- will not be able to see anything else other than the sex. He will miss the real point. The real point is in the faces, in the eyes turned upward, in those beautiful faces in which orgasmic ecstasy has been sculptured. The stones have become sermons.

But it depends on how you have lived. Have you lived a life of affirmation? Then you will be able to see. If you have lived a life of negation, then it will be impossible for you to see.

An ancient Sufi parable:

Jalal, an old friend of Mulla Nasrudin's, called one day. The Mulla said, "I am delighted to see you after such a long time. I am just about to start on a round of visits, however. Come, walk with me, and we can talk."
"Lend me a decent robe," said Jalal, "because, as you see, I am not dressed for visiting. " Nasrudin lent him a very fine robe.
At the first house Nasrudin presented his friend. "This is my old companion, Jalal. But the robe he is wearing, that is mine! "
On their way to the next village, jalal said, "What a stupid thing to say!'The robe is mine'? Indeed! Don't do it again. " Nasrudin promised.
When they were comfortably seated at the next house, Nasrudin said, "This is Jalal, an old friend, come to visit me. But the robe -- the robe is his! "
As they left, Jalal was just as annoyed as before. "Why did you say that? Are you crazy?"
"I only wanted to make amends. Now we are quits."
"If you do not mind," said Jalal, slowly and carefully, "we shall not say any more about the robe." Nasrudin promised.
At the third and final place of call, Nasrudin slid, "May I present Jalal, my friend. And the robe, the robe he is wearing.... But we must not say anything about the robe, must we?"

Once you are trying to repress a thought, it comes up again and again and again. Morarji Desai is not only obsessed with sex in this life, he will remain obsessed even in coming lives. His whole approach is unscientific, unnatural. He has not been able to understand what he is doing. He

has not been able to see that, how can sex be indecent? Certainly he is not born out of a virgin mother. Certainly his children are born out of his sexual relationship with his wife. But because of his obsession he has even been very hard with his children.

One of his daughters committed suicide, and it is just because of his obsessively puritan mind. He has been hard upon himself and hard upon his children too.

The person who is obsessed with something unnatural is perverted. And through this obsession he has lost all intelligence. Intelligence grows out of being natural. Intelligence is a shadow of being natural and spontaneous. The perverted person is bound to become stupid because he is constantly fighting within himself. His whole energy becomes a kind of civil war. The person who is fighting nature is indecent, and the total outcome is stupidity.

I don't see any indecency in sex, because this is how God has chosen to create life. Sex is his method. Just as a painter paints with his brush, God has been creating this existence with sexual energy. To deny SeX, to condemn sex, is to condemn God. If you call sex indecent you are calling God indecent because this whole existence is nothing but an expression of sexual energy.

These birds chirping, singing, do you think they are praising Prime Minister Morarji Desai? This is sexual expression. The whole poetry of a life consists of sexual energy. The whole beauty.... What is beauty? The very feeling that something is beautiful comes out of sexual energy.

A woman looks beautiful to you. Why? Why does the call of the cuckoo from the mango grove sound beautiful to you? Why? It is, deep down, an expression of sex, love. But the people like Morarji Desai live without love. In fact, a politician cannot afford to be loving. He cannot live, he cannot love, he cannot laugh.
I have heard a story about him. I don't know how far it is correct. It is a joke -- and jokes need not be correct, but they are always true!

Morarji Desai was having his photograph taken by a press cameraman. The photographer had a lot of trouble trying to get his subject to pose properly. Eventually, after much bickering, he was about to take the picture.
"Look pleasant for a moment," said the photographer. "Then you can resume your normal expression."

He cannot laugh; laughter must be indecent. He cannot take life playfully; playfulness must be indecent.
And this man has written a story on Krishna. Now the story is going to be filmed. Not that he is a great author, but just because he is the Prime Minister; so now the story is going to be filmed. I am puzzled, surprised, at what he must be thinking about Krishna. His whole life must be looking indecent to him because Krishna's whole life is love, playfulness, joy, celebration. What does Morarji Desai think about this incident in Krishna's life?
A few beautiful women were taking their bath in the Yamuna River. And this is not a story of today. It is a story from when India used to be alive, five thousand years ago, when India used to be really vibrant, when people were

courageous enough to love and laugh and dance, when people were not life negative; but when life was thought to be God and divine and people were not talking about life as if it is indecent.

Krishna passed by. The women were taking their bath naked in the Yamuna River. Now no Indian woman will do it. Those days were beautiful; people were more open. Now this can happen only in my ashram, nowhere else. Krishna is still alive here.

Krishna saw those beautiful women swimming and floating in the water and enjoying, and they were completely unaware of the presence of Krishna. He gathered their clothes, which were on the bank, and climbed a tree and sat there. When they were finished, those women looked around; their clothes were gone. They started searching; then they saw Krishna sitting in the tree with all the clothes with him.

Now what does Morarji Desai think about this? Certainly I have never done anything like that! Krishna must look very indecent.

It is not that Krishna is indecent. It is just Morarji Desai's sexual perversion.

And he says that he found it distasteful. That too is strange. A man who goes on drinking his own urine, and has not yet found it distasteful.... And I am certainly certain that he does not suffer from diabetes -- otherwise the urine may have a little sweetness.

He found the book distasteful? What taste has he got? What is he talking about? What aesthetic sense has he got? He is the most unpoetic person alive in this country.

I have heard...

A gypsy and a hippie had an argument as to who could withstand foul smell longer. They decided to remain with a skunk in a small pen. First the gypsy went in. He ran out in desperation after a couple of minutes. Then the hippie took his turn.
After a minute, the skunk bolted!
The gypsy was puzzled. He said, "How did you manage?"
The hippie said, "I am a follower of Morarji Desai. I live only on garlic and water of life."

"Water of life" is a euphemism for your own urine.
This man thinks that my book is distasteful? He is simply saying something about himself, not about the book. It always depends on you, how you interpret what you read. He must have read my book, but he must have understood in his own way, he must have interpreted it in his own way. The interpretation is indecent. What he has read into it is his own mind.
If an ugly man faces a mirror, the mirror cannot be blamed for his ugliness. And calling the mirror ugly won't do.
The book FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS must have functioned as a mirror. He must have become agitated because if that book is right, then his whole life has been stupid and wasted stupidly. He must have felt very antagonistic, hurt in his ego. His whole life he has been struggling with sex, fighting with sex, and now here I am saying that without a deep experience of sex you will never know love, and without a deep experience of love you will never know prayer. And here I am saying that sex is the first experience of God. And here I am saying that without

moving into life with totality you will never come to know the innermost core of it.
Nothing has to be denied, because whatsoever is denied will take its revenge. That's what is happening to him. He is not angry at me; he is angry at a mirror because the mirror is showing his face.
I have heard, a very rich woman, but very ugly too, asked a great painter, Goya, to make a portrait of her. Goya was hesitant, he wanted to say no, but it was difficult. The woman was ready to pay any price. He asked a very fantastic price, thinking that she would say no and he could get out of it and there would be no need to paint this woman's face, but she said, "Yes, you start. " So he painted the portrait; it was just a blob of colors. When the woman came, she said, "What? You have not done a good job. Is this my portrait?" He said, "What can I do, madam? I wanted to get out of it. Nature has not done a good job. What can I do? I cannot improve upon nature. I am here just to paint you as you are. That's why I was very reluctant. I am just a mirror."
I have received thousands of letters, from all kinds of people, that they have been immensely benefited by the same book that Morarji Desai says is indecent. But sex is on his mind too much.

A monk consulted a psychiatrist for help with various problems. The analyst said, "Stretch out here on the couch. Just relax and tell me about your early life. Just keep on talking. Say anything that comes to mind. "
The monk proceeded to spill out his life story. Suddenly the analyst took out a big balloon and sitting behind the patient,

blew it up to full size. Then he stuck a pin in it. The balloon burst with a loud crash. The patient was startled. The doctor said sharply, "Now tell me, quick, what did you think about when you heard the loud explosion?"
"I thought of sex. "
"Sex? At such a moment? You thought about sex?"
"Well," said the patient, "what is so surprising about that? It is all I ever think about."

A monk is a monk, and a monk always thinks about sex. The more he escapes from the world and its reality, the more and more he fantasizes about it.
Morarji Desai has remained a monk. He has not known the beauties of existence, and he is angry with me because my very presence makes him aware that his life has been a wastage.
And the second thing you say, "He also objected to you being called Bhagwan."
I am Bhagwan, just as you are Bhagwan. Even Morarji Desai is a Bhagwan. Bhagwan does not mean somebody sitting there high in the heavens. Bhagwan simply means that which is hidden behind you, within you, that which you are. I am Bhagwan because I have recognized it.
I am not calling myself Bhagwan. I am.
You are also, but you have not yet gathered courage to recognize the fact. It needs guts to recognize your reality. It needs utter humbleness to see things as they are. It needs simplicity of the heart to say things as they are.
Morarji Desai is also a Bhagwan, just as everything else is, trees and rocks and animals. God is not separate from existence; God is immanent in it. Only God is. If only God

is, then I am God, then you are God, then everything is divine. But God can be fast asleep; that's how Morarji Desai is: a god fast asleep, dreaming that he has become the Prime Minister, snoring.
Wake up.
But it is very difficult to wake up when you are a prime minister because then one is afraid -- if one wakes up and finds that it was only a dream.... One has invested in the dream too much.

"I had a dream the other night, Casey, an' it taught me a great lesson."
"Bedad, an' what was the lisson, Pat?"
'"Twas like this. I dreamed I wuz in Rome, an' I had a audience with the Pope -- as great a gentleman as any in the district, an' thot's no lie. Would I have a drink, he axed me. Thinks I, would a duck swim, an' seein' the whiskey an' lemons an'sugar on the sideboard, I told him I wouldn't mind if I had a wee drop of punch.'Cold or hot?' asked His Riv'rence.'Hot, Yer Holiness,' says I. Ah, what a mistake I made! "
"I don't see anything wrong -- "
"Ah, but listen, boy. His Holiness stepped toward the kitchen for the b'ilin water, and before he got back, I woke up. Nex' time, I'll say, I'll take it cold Yer Holiness, while the water's a-gettin' hot! "

When you have a dream, a sweet dream, it is very difficult to listen to people who are shouting, "Wake up!" That's why it is very difficult for people who have succeeded in

life to wake up. Their very success becomes their curse, They think they are doing perfectly well.

Have you not watched it in your dreams? If you are having a sweet dream it continues; if you are having a nightmare it wakes you up. If somebody is going to kill you and is just chasing you with a bayonet, a moment comes when you simply wake up, perspiring of course, but you wake up. A nightmare is good in that sense, that it wakes you up. But if you are having a beautiful dream -- you are Krishna, and all the beautiful women of the world are dancing around you like your gopis, girlfriends -- who wants to wake up? One only hopes that this dream continues.

Morarji Desai is also as divine as I am, but God is fast asleep and snoring.

Why should he be angry if I am being called Bhagwan? What has that to do with him? But many people are angry, and the anger has some reason in it. The reason is that if somebody is awakened, his very presence disturbs your sleep. You cannot sleep as comfortably as before. Somebody is awakened, so all that you are going into is a dream? You start feeling annoyed with the person who is awake. You start finding reasons that he must be wrong -- "Why does he call himself God?"

And that too from an Indian looks very absurd. It's okay if Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews raise the question why I call myself God, because they have no insight into the phenomenon as deeply as it has happened in this country. Buddha never believed in God, never, but still we called him Bhagwan. Mahavira never believed in God; still we have called him Bhagwan. So "Bhagwan" cannot be translated as "God".

God is the creator of the world -- and certainly I have not created this world. I cannot take that responsibility, excuse me! I am not God in the Christian sense.
But Morarji Desai is not a Christian. One can expect that he should understand that Bhagwan in the East does not mean God. Bhagwan means "the blessed one" -- and I declare myself the blessed one. It simply means that I have been blessed; that I have come to a point where I am utterly content; that I have come to a state where I don't desire anything anymore, there is nothing to be desired, all is available; that I have come to a state where mind is dissolved and I am one with existence. This is the state of the blessed one.
Bhagwan simply means one who has disappeared as a person and has become a presence. That's why we could call Buddha Bhagwan, although he never believed in God the Creator.
And there are people, like Morarji Desai, whose anger is this: that I have declared it myself, that I am a self-appointed Bhagwan. But how else can it be? How can it be otherwise? Who can appoint me Bhagwan? Buddha declared himself; he was self-appointed, not that there was a committee or a university senate or there was a vote in the country.
Politicians can't think of anything else other than votes. He must be thinking who has voted for me, how am I Bhagwan, how many people have voted for and how many against.
Who had voted for Krishna? Who had voted for Mahavira and Buddha? Who had voted for Christ? If Christ's godhood depended on votes, he would have lost his

deposit! He had not more than a hundred disciples, not more than that. And the real disciples were only twelve; the others were just sympathizers. How did Jesus become Christ? Who appointed him? How did Krishna declare, "I am that"? How did Buddha declare, "I have arrived"? They were all self-appointed. There is no other way.

I have declared myself God. This is the only possible way, because when I have become blessed, when I have known the ultimate joy of experience, of existence, when I have seen truth, who else is needed to certify it? Do I need a character certificate from the politicians? I have declared it. There is nothing wrong, because that is the only way! If you have known love, only you can say that you have known love.

I have known the ultimate samadhi, and only I can say it. And only a few people, who have attained to that, will be able to recognize it.

Morarji Desai is simply saying that he cannot recognize it. But who is expecting him to recognize it? He has not known anything of meditation.

Just on the day he became Prime Minister, somebody asked him, "Are all your desires fulfilled?" He said, "No, one desire is still there. I want to know God." The man said, "Then have you ever meditated?" -- a journalist must have asked. And Morarji Desai said, "I have not done anything like meditation, although Acharya Rajneesh has given me a meditation. But I could not do it, because I am too old and I cannot do such a vigorous meditation as he suggested. "

Now, he is not too old to become the Prime Minister of a country like India, which has only problems and problems and problems and nothing else. And he is ten years older

now than when I had talked to him and given him a meditation. Then he was only seventy-three, now he is eighty-three, but he says he is too old to meditate. But he is not too old to become a prime minister of a country and to take the whole burden of it.

Rationalization and nothing else. If you don't want to meditate you can always find reasons. Whatsoever you want to do, you are ready to do it. He goes on running from one country to another country, he goes on traveling all over the country, he goes on fighting with other politicians, quarreling, and everything is done perfectly well; he has enough energy for all that. Just for meditation, no energy. And this is a twenty-four-hour job that he is doing, and meditation was to be done only for one hour. But he says he is too old for meditation.

He has not known anything of meditation; how can he know anything of what has happened in me, to me?

Yes, I declare myself Bhagwan -- because I declare this whole world is Bhagwan. This whole world is blessed. If you don't recognize the blessings that are being showered on you by existence, that is your responsibility; nobody else is responsible for it. I am open to all the blessings. That's all I mean when I say I am Bhagwan -- that I have no barriers, that I am in a state of let-go, that I am utterly open. Whatsoever existence wants me to do I will do, and whatsoever the existence does not want me to do I will not do. I am utterly annihilated. Fana fi'llah: I am absorbed in God, in this totality; that's what I mean by the word "God". And the moment this happened, fana fi'llah, I became baka bi'llah, I became suddenly all. I am in the shape of the tree.

I am in the rays of the sun. Just as I am in this body, I am in you too.
Now, this is my experience. I don' t need any witnesses for it. Even if the whole world says it is not so, it is still so. It does not depend on you or your votes.
But the politicians can't think of anything else; they only think of votes.
But why should he be puzzled, worried about me? He goes on constantly talking about me, as if I am haunting him. He does not know what has happened to me and what can happen to him. But he has read scriptures, he can quote scriptures; but all that that he quotes is utterly borrowed! It is not his own.

A lady who owned a very intelligent parrot one day discovered a leaky pipe in her kitchen. She called the plumber, but before he arrived she had to leave the house momentarily on an errand. During her absence the plumber came along and rang the doorbell.
"Who is it?" called the parrot.
"It is the plumber," he said.
"Who is it?" repeated the parrot.
"It is the plumber!" he shouted.
"Who is it?" said the parrot.
"It is the PLUMBER! It is the PLUMBER! " he screamed, and in his frustration he collapsed right on the doorstep with a heart attack.
On returning home, the lady found him lying there. "Good heavens," she said. "Who is it?"
"It is the plumber," said the parrot.

What Morarji Desai knows about scriptures is just parrot-like.

What I am saying to you has arisen in me. I am a witness to Buddha and to Krishna and to Christ and to Zarathustra and to Lao Tzu and to all those who have become awakened.

But his anger has, deep down, another reason too. Indira Gandhi has always liked my thoughts; she has always been in a kind of love towards my way of thinking. That is the deep root of why he is angry with me. Indira has the intelligence to understand me, more than he has, and Indira has a kind of receptivity and grace, and Indira also has guts and the courage to take some revolutionary steps -- which are utterly needed.

It is because of her revolutionary steps that she lost the last elections. The masses behave in a very suicidal way. The logic has to be understood.

The masses are suffering because of a certain conditioning. It is because of a certain mind that India has that India has suffered in the past and is suffering now. Now, anything to change the situation, to change this suffering, will basically need a change in the conditioning of the masses. That is the problem. Everybody wants to get out of this suffering state, this continuous starvation. People are ill, hungry, dying, but if anything can change this situation, the first requirement will be that we change our ways of thinking. And that is difficult for the masses.

They have lived with a certain kind of mind, they have cherished that mind for centuries, and they are utterly unaware that their mind is the cause of their suffering. They want to change the outer situation, but they are unaware that the outer situation exists in a certain collaboration with

their inner mind. So whenever somebody wants to change the outer situation, their inner mind is going to be hurt and wounded, and they will not be able to forgive such a person. That's what happened to Indira.

She really tried. She has been the most courageous prime minister that India had in these past three decades. That was the problem, that she started doing something really significant. But then the masses were angry: their traditions were broken, their conditionings were broken.

The masses were angry, and the politicians, the opportunists of this country exploited the situation. But they have not been able to do anything -- they cannot do -- because if they want to keep the masses satisfied they have to agree with the mind, and if you agree with the mind you cannot change the situation. This is the dilemma. The masses will vote only for those people who follow the mind of the masses, but then those people cannot do a thing; they will be utterly impotent.

That's what has happened to Morarji Desai and his government. It is utterly impotent. It has not been able to do a single thing. It cannot do! And the reason is -- the next election is coming close by every day -- if you do something that goes against the grain, you will be defeated. They know perfectly well how they have come into power: they have come into power because Indira tried to do something really revolutionary.

She was trying to impose compulsory birth control on the country. That is the only way it can be done. You cannot persuade the people, and if you persuade, it will take thousands of years to persuade them, and by that time there will be no point. In fact, this country has to have birth

control within twenty-five years, otherwise it is doomed; by the end of this century it will not be possible for this country to exist at all. Everybody will be hungry and starving and ill, there will be no space left.

Things are in such a state that they can only be done compulsorily. Birth control is the only way to prevent this population from growing, and if you wait for the masses to understand and if you wait for them to be educated, then it is not going to happen, ever.

That's what angered Indians. Hindus, Mohammedans, everybody was angered. They thought their freedom was being taken away.

It is not a question of freedom or no freedom now. It is a question of life and death! The country is moving every day towards the abyss. Things are becoming more and more ugly every day.

Indira tried in every possible way to speed up things. In India a bureaucracy exists which is only skillful in delaying things. In no other country does red-tapeism exist as much as it does in India. If you want to do a small thing it will take years. The bureaucracy is so long and it moves so slowly, with an ant's pace. Indira was capable of seeing that if this goes on, nothing is possible. Hence the bureaucracy became angry. Nobody wants to work, and Indira was forcing them to work.

The masses became angry because things were going against their mind. They have always enjoyed many children, and they think this is a gift of God. Now this is a curse, no more a gift! Everybody boasts: "How many children I have got!" It is thought to be very manly to have many children -- you are very productive. India knows only

one kind of creativity! Nobody asks how many poems you have written, nobody asks how many paintings you have done, nobody asks such things; everybody asks, "How many children?" And when you can say, "Two dozen," you are simply fantastic, great. That has been the only boast of the Indian male chauvinist. Now, he was very much hurt. And then, the bureaucracy was angry. They all joined together, and all kinds of opportunists.

All Indian political parties dropped their differences. Their differences are vast. They all dropped their differences because the real point always is how to attain to power. Who bothers about ideologies? They dropped all their ideologies; they have all gathered under the wing of Morarji Desai. Now this Morarji Desai and his party have no ideology, no plan. They simply want to be in power. And if you simply want to be in power, then you have to satisfy the masses the way they want to be satisfied -- although their satisfactions are going to be suicidal. But who cares? Morarji Desai can remain the Prime Minister for at least five years; that is the real thing. Who bothers what is going to happen next century? That is not their business. Certainly Morarji Desai is not going to survive that long even if he goes on drinking water of life. That is not his business. His whole business is how to remain in power.

He knows my attitude. I need this country to go through a great revolution. Indira is capable of it, Indira has all my blessings. That is the deep cause of why he is angry.

I am really happy that Indira Gandhi is trying to contest again, to enter the Parliament. Once she is in the Parliament, it will not be too long that she remains out of

power. It will be good that she be back in the Parliament. She is the only ray of hope, because she has guts. She can do things; she can risk. That's what has happened: she risked all in trying to solve the problems that India is facing. She risked her Prime Ministership, she risked her life.

Because Morarji Desai knows this, he is, deep down, angry with me. His anger can be understood.

But he should say it directly. No need to beat around the bush. Say it directly. For that, you need not bring sex in; that is an indirect way, a cunning way, because he knows the Indian mind is very repressive: bring sex in, and the Indian masses are always with you -- condemn sex and they are with you. Condemn life and they are with you, because that's how they have been conditioned for centuries.

And the Indian masses are very much against anybody declaring himself Bhagwan because then a great competition arises. This has always been so.

Mohammedans don't want anybody to declare that he is the prophet of God. Why? Because if he is the prophet of God, then he is the latest prophet of God: then Mohammed is just an antique model. Then Mohammed can be discarded. So they have decided that there will no more be any prophet of God; Mohammed is the last.

Why? Has God gone bankrupt since then? Has he abandoned humanity since then? Has he nothing to say to humanity again? He stopped with Mohammed? Why? Why didn't he stop before?

For Christians he stopped before, with Christ; he is the only begotten son. But why didn't he stop before Christ? He stopped for the Jainas, he stopped with Mahavira; he is the

last teerthankara. And so on, so forth. Each religion wants his prophet, his teerthankara, his messiah, his godman, to be the last. So whenever somebody becomes the blessed one and declares it, all other religions will be against him. Now Christians are angry with me: I must be a false prophet, the devil incarnate, because Christ is the true Master. Jainas are against me because there is no possibility of anybody else becoming a teerthankara.

I was born as a Jaina. The day I said I am the twenty-fifth teerthankara, they became angry. They said, "Twenty-fifth? But there is no mention of the twenty-fifth in the scriptures. " So I said, "We will write the scriptures again. How can they mention the twenty-fifth? The scriptures were written when the twenty-fourth was alive. Now we will write about the twenty-fifth -- and I will make it a point that the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh and so on, so forth, will be coming. God is not finished with me. "

How can God be finished? God is creativity. He will go on creating more and more Buddhas. They will be coming, they will be coming forever and ever.

So Morarji Desai brings in two things. The real thing he hides. Hmm? That is the way of a politician. But he brings in two other things, an indirect attack on me. First, he brings in sex. That is very easy to influence Indian masses with. Just to tell them that this man supports sex, is not against sex, is enough, enough condemnation: then he is against God, then he is irreligious, then he is materialist, he is earthy, and he is dangerous. Just mention one thing, that he is not unfavorable to the phenomenon of sex, and you have condemned him; now no other proof is needed.

And then he brings in the second thing: Why does this man call himself God, or is called God by his disciples?
Don't blame my disciples. I call myself God. How can they call me God? What do they know about God? I take the total responsibility on my own.
That will anger Hindus because they will think, "So this man is trying to compete with our Rama and Krishna." And that will anger Jainas because they will think, "He is trying to compete with our Mahavira and Adinath." And this will anger Mohammedans and Christians and Parsees and Sikhas -- and this will anger almost everybody in India! But I don't care.

The second question:

Question 2
SHREE BHAGWAN, I WANT TO KNOW THE MEANING OF AUM.

M. D. Rajen, this is a very significant question.

First, AUM is not a word, it is a pure sound, so it has no meaning as such. It is a pure sound, like the sound of a waterfall; what meaning has it? -- no meaning at all. Or the sound of this aeroplane passing by; what meaning has it? -- no meaning at all. The sound becomes a word when meaning becomes attached to it. A meaningful sound is a word; a meaningless word is a sound. So the first thing to be understood: AUM is not a word, it is pure sound. All other words have arisen out of it, but it itself is not a word.

It is the source of all sounds; it cannot have any meaning whatsoever.

This sound AUM consists of three sounds: A, U, M. These are the seed sounds; all other sounds are created by A,U,M. All our words, the whole alphabet, is created by these three seed sounds: A,U,M. AUM is the source of all these three. That's why in India AUM is not written alphabetically. It has a symbol of its own. That is simply to designate: don't be confused and don't try to think about AUM as a word. AUM is the only sound in India which is not written alphabetically. It is written pictorially; it has a picture, a symbol, which is outside the alphabet. These are symbolic things. It has been kept outside the alphabet because it is the source. The source is always out, beyond, transcendental.

AUM consists of three sounds and one anuswar. Anuswar is a very subtle sound; it represents a kind of humming. When you say, "AU", that M prolonged, that humming sound that goes on reverberating, is the anuswar. Anuswar means just a dot; that too represents something. So AUM consists of four things: three visible, A,U,M, and the fourth invisible the rhythmic, humming shadow.

These four represent the whole of Indian metaphysics. "A" represents one state of the mind, when you are awake, the waking consciousness. "U" represents when you are dreaming, the dreaming consciousness. "M" represents when you are fast asleep, dreamlessly asleep -- sushupti -- deep, profound dreamless sleep. These are the three states of the human mind, human consciousness.

And the anuswar, the dot -- that humming sound that goes on reverberating -- that represents the fourth, turiya, the

transcendental state when you are neither asleep nor awake nor dreaming, when you are just a witness to all that is happening: the state of a Buddha or a Christ, the state where I am, where one can declare oneself Bhagwan.
Turiya. The word "turiya" also means "the fourth", simply "the fourth". It has no other name, because it cannot be named. It is beyond names. This has to be understood first.
And then the second thing: when you have reached the fourth state, turiya, when there is nothing but a melody heard, the celestial music -- what Pythagoras has called the music of the heavens, the music of the stars, the music that is the very undercurrent of existence -- when you have reached the fourth state of awakening, awareness, Buddhahood, you hear a music, a music which is not produced by any instrument.
Let me remind you of the Zen Masters who tell their disciples to find the sound of one hand clapping. That is the music: one hand clapping. That is found only in the fourth.
Why one hand clapping? You cannot produce music by one hand clapping; the clapping needs the other. Two are needed to tango, two are needed to clash, two are needed to create something. If a child is born, then two are needed, man and woman. Two are needed everywhere. Electricity needs the positive and the negative. Even life needs death as the opposite. So if you look into life, everything is dual; two are needed.
But beyond the two there is also a state, the transcendental, where two are not needed. It is called anahat naad: unstruck sound, one hand clapping. That sound is the very nature of existence. Existence is a subtle music -- but it is heard only when you have reached the fourth state, when all thoughts

have disappeared, where all unconsciousness has disappeared, where you are nothing but a pure mirror, mirroring nothing. Then suddenly explodes a melody. That melody is called AUM. It is not a mantra, as you have been told. Please never use AUM as a mantra; don't go on repeating, "AUM, AUM, AUM.... " If you repeat it you will miss something; you will become habitual.

A man fell from a ten-story building. A professor was passing by with his student. Of course he must have been a professor of philosophy; he asked the student, "Look at the situation. The man has fallen from ten stories and he has not been hurt. What do you call it?"
The student said, "It is coincidence."
The professor said, "Now, if he goes back again to the tenth story and falls and is not hurt, then what will you call it?"
The student said, "That will be fate. Once, it is coincidence, but if he goes again and falls, that will be fate." And the professor said, "Okay. If he goes again, the third time, and falls from the tenth story, what will you call it?"
The student said, "Sir, then it will be habit. What else can it be?"

If you repeat AUM continuously, year in and year out, it will become your habit. It will become a subtle layer around you; it will prevent you from hearing the real AUM. The real AUM cannot be produced by you.
That's why I am against the so-called transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. It is very destructive. It is a lullaby; it only gives you good sleep, at the most. It can't awaken you. It can cool you, it can give

you a little calmness; it is good for people who are suffering from nervousness, tension, anxiety. It is a psychological device, it is a psychological drug -- a non-medicinal tranquilizer. But it is not meditation, no. It is neither meditation nor transcendental; it is not at all. It simply soothes you, consoles you, helps you to go into good sleep.

And it is not accidental that America has become very much interested in the so-called transcendental meditation of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, because America is suffering tremendously from insomnia. People have lost their sleep. They want sleep at any cost; they are ready to try anything. And transcendental meditation can help you to have a good sleep.

But meditation is just the opposite. Meditation is waking up. It is not a lullaby, it is diametrically the opposite. It is a shock, it shatters your sleep and your dreams. If you are a beggar, you are no more a beggar; it shatters the idea of your beggarhood. If you are a prime minister, you are no more a prime minister; it shatters your illusion of being a prime minister. It shatters all identities. It simply reveals one fact, that you are God. It only reveals your reality and takes all illusions away.

AUM is not a mantra. So, Rajen, don't use it as a mantra. It is a scientific formula, just like H2O. H2O is not water. You can go on repeating -- when you are feeling thirsty you can sit and go on repeating -- "H2O, H2O" -- you can make a mantra out of it, and it may help you to fall asleep. Try, and you will be surprised: H2O can do the same as any mantra. Just try, "H2O, H2O" -- sway with it -- H2O, H2O

-- go on, go on, faster and faster and faster -- and soon you will be transported into deep sleep.
And when you awake, you will feel fresh, certainly fresh, but you will still be thirsty. It can't help your thirst, it can't quench you. And not that the formula is wrong, but a formula is not a mantra.
AUM is the H2O of the spiritual transformation. It has all **The Secret**s in it, but it is not something to be repeated. It has to be understood, so understand these things. First, AUM is not a word; it is a pure sound, the purest, the ultimate sound of existence. When all is gone, that sound remains. That is the sound of soundlessness, the sound of silence.
And, symbolically, AUM represents your waking consciousness, your dreaming consciousness, your sleeping consciousness, and the beyond -- the turiya -- the fourth state, where one becomes Bhagwan, where one becomes Christ, Buddha, where one is one with totality. It is a tremendously important formula; it contains the whole metaphysics of the East. But it is not a mantra. Please never repeat it. Repeating won't help; it will deceive you. Try to understand it, and then start becoming more and more aware of your waking consciousness. Walking on the road, walk with full awareness, knowing that you are walking. Then slowly, slowly transform every act into awareness. De-automatize every act.
A man came to me. He had been suffering from chain-smoking for thirty years; he was ill and the doctors said, "You will never be healthy if you don't stop smoking. " But he was a chronic smoker; he could not help it. He had tried -- not that he had not tried -- he had tried hard, and he had

suffered much in trying, but one day or two days, and then again the urge would come so tremendously, it would simply take him away. Again he would fall into the same pattern.

Because of this smoking he had lost all self-confidence: he knows he cannot do a small thing; he cannot stop smoking. He had become worthless in his own eyes; he thought himself just the most worthless person in the world. He had no respect for himself.

He came to me; he said, "What can I do? How can I stop smoking?" I said, "Nobody can stop smoking. You have to understand. Smoking is not only a question of your decision now. It has entered into your world of habits, it has taken roots. Thirty years is a long time. It has taken roots in your body, in your chemistry, it has spread all over. It is not just a question of your head deciding; your head cannot do anything. The head is impotent; it can start things, but it cannot stop so easily. Once you have started and once you have practiced so long, you are a great yogi -- thirty years' practicing smoking. It has become autonomous; you will have to de-automatize it. " He said, "What do you mean by 'de-automatization'?"

And that's what meditation is all about: de-automatization. I said, "You do one thing: forget about stopping. There is no need either. For thirty years you have smoked and lived; of course it was a suffering, but you have become accustomed to that too. And what does it matter if you die a few hours earlier than you would have died without smoking? What are you going to do here? What have you done? So what is the point -- whether you die Monday or

Tuesday or Sunday, this year, that year -- what does it matter?"
He said, "Yes, that is true, it doesn't matter." Then I said, "Forget about it; we are not going to stop it at all. Rather, we are going to understand it. So next time, you make it a meditation. "
He said, "Meditation out of smoking?" I said, "Yes. If Zen people can make meditation out of drinking tea, and can make it a ceremony, why not? Smoking can be as beautiful a meditation. "
He looked thrilled. He said, "What are you saying?" He became alive! He said, "Meditation? Just tell me -- I cannot wait! "
I gave him the meditation. I said, "Do one thing. When you take the packet out of your pocket, for a moment go slowly. When you are taking the packet of cigarettes out of your pocket move slowly. Enjoy it, there is no hurry. Be conscious, alert, aware; take it out slowly, with full awareness. Then take the cigarette out of the packet with full awareness, slowly -- not in the old hurried way, unconscious way, mechanical way. Then start tapping the cigarette on your packet -- but very alertly. Listen to the sound, just as Zen people do when the samovar starts singing and the tea starts boiling, and the aroma. Then smell the cigarette and the beauty of it.... "
He said, "What are you saying? The beauty?" "Yes, it is beautiful. Tobacco is as divine as anything. Even Morarji Desai is divine, so why not tobacco? Smell it; it is God's smell."
He looked a little surprised. He said, "What, are you joking?" "No, I am not joking."

Even when I joke, I don't joke. I am very serious.
"Then put it in your mouth, with full awareness, light it with full awareness. Enjoy every act, small act, and divide it into as many small acts as possible, so you can become more and more aware.
"Then have the first puff: God in the form of smoke. Hindus say,'annam brahm' -- ' Food is God.' Why not smoke? All is God. Fill your lungs deeply -- this is a pranayam. I am giving you the new yoga for the new age! Then release the smoke, relax, another puff... and go very slowly.
"If you can do it, you will be surprised, soon you will see the whole stupidity of it. Not because others have said that it is stupid, not because others have said that it is bad: you will see it. And the seeing will not be just intellectual. It will be from your total being, it will be a vision of your totality. And then, one day, if it drops, it drops; if it continues, it continues. You need not worry about it. "
After three months he came, and he said, "But it dropped."
"Now, " I said, "try it on other things too. "
This is **The Secret**, **The Secret**: de-automatize. Walking, walk slowly, watchfully. Looking, look watchfully, and you will see trees are greener than they have ever been and roses are rosier than they have ever been. Listen. Somebody is talking, gossiping: listen, listen attentively. When you are talking, talk attentively. Let your whole waking activity become de-automatized, and then you will be surprised, the moment it happens, your dream activity will have a new perspective. You will start becoming aware in your dream.

Then start watching your dreams. That is a miracle when it happens. When you start watching your dreams you are really a totally different person. Then the dreams have no impact on you. Watching your dreams, one day dreams disappear; you have de-automatized your dreaming process. And then you will be able to watch your dreamless sleep: yoU are asleep, and you are still awake. The whole body sleeping, every cell of it relaxed, the whole mechanism silent -- and you are watching there, a silent witness.
When this third has happened, the fourth arises on its own: the humming sound. You are full of a new music. That music is God.

The Secret

Chapter #5
Chapter title: Accept Your Reality
15 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

BAHAUDIN EL-SHAH, GREAT TEACHER OF THE NAQSHBANDI DERVISHES, ONE DAY MET A CONFRERE IN THE GREAT SQUARE OF BOKHARA. THE NEWCOMER WAS A WANDERING KALENDAR OF THE MALAMATI, THE "BLAMEWORTHY". BAHAUDIN WAS SURROUNDED BY DISCIPLES. "FROM WHERE DO YOU COME?" HE ASKED THE TRAVELER, IN THE USUAL SUFI PHRASE.

"I HAVE NO IDEA," SAID THE OTHER, GRINNING FOOLISHLY.
SOME OF BAHAUDIN'S DISCIPLES MURMURED THEIR DISAPPROVAL OF THIS DISRESPECT.
" WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" PERSISTED BAHAUDIN.
"I DO NOT KNOW," SHOUTED THE DERVISH.
WHAT IS GOOD?" BY NOW A LARGE CROWD HAD GATHERED.
"I DO NOT KNOW."
" WHAT IS EVIL?"
"I HAVE NO IDEA."
" WHAT IS RIGHT?"
"WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR ME."
"WHAT IS WRONG?"
"WHATEVER IS BAD FOR ME."
THE CROWD, IRRITATED BEYOND ITS PATIENCE BY THIS DERVISH, DROVE HIM AWAY. HE WENT OFF, STRIDING PURPOSEFULLY IN A DIRECTION WHICH LED NOWHERE, AS FAR AS ANYONE KNEW.
"FOOLS" SAID BAHAUDIN NAQSHBAND. "THIS MAN IS ACTING THE PART OF HUMANITY. WHILE YOU WERE DESPISING HIM,' HE WAS DELIBERATELY DEMONSTRATING HEEDLESSNESS AS EACH OF YOU DOES, ALL UNAWARE, EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIVES."

MAN IS UNCONSCIOUS, ALTHOUGH HE BELIEVES HE IS CONSCIOUS. That very belief protects his unconsciousness. Man is ignorant, although he believes he

knows. That very belief keeps the ignorance intact. Man is just the opposite of what he thinks he is. To understand this is the beginning of a great revolution.

To see where you are, what you are in actuality, needs courage. It is nice to believe in beautiful ideals. All ideals function only for one thing: they hide your reality; that's why we go on creating beautiful ideals. Not that we are really interested in those great ideals; our real interest is how to hide the ugly facts.

People go on talking about non-violence, and all that they do in their lives is violence, sheer violence and nothing else. The more violent they are, the more they talk about non-violence. The talk about non-violence becomes a camouflage.

This country has talked about non-violence for centuries, and it has not happened; and it is not going to happen because the very talk creates an illusion. And slowly slowly, you are not only capable of deceiving others, you start deceiving yourself. When you have talked for centuries about non-violence you start thinking that you have become non-violent. That is really the purpose of talking about non-violence.

Just a few days ago the president of India stayed in a circuit house in Madras, and because he could not get non-vegetarian food there -- meat, eggs, et cetera -- he was very annoyed. If he had not been annoyed, the country may not have come to know that he is a meat-eater; a Gandhian and a meat-eater. And these are the people who go on talking about non-violence.

They go to the samadhi of Mahatma Gandhi every year, ceremoniously, ritualistically. These are the people who

have taken vows on the samadhi of Mahatma Gandhi, and they continue to eat meat, they continue to kill animals. What kind of non-violence is this?

But this is how man is: very deceptive, very cunning. Those who are moving on the path have to be aware of this stupid ideological camouflage. It is very easy to have beautiful ideals. And you will be surprised if you watch people: if you know their ideals you can be certain that they will be just the opposite of their ideals. Knowing their ideals, you can deduce logically that their life must be the very opposite of it. The ideal only proves that there is something that they are hiding behind it.

A conscious person has no ideals at all. A conscious person lives through his consciousness. He is one; his inner and outer are not divided.

But all kinds of idealism divide the outer and the inner. It does not allow you to be natural, spontaneous; it forces you to be something other than you are. It gives you shoulds -- you should do this, you should do that. Because of those shoulds you start believing that you are aspiring very high, that you are soaring very high: "Look what beautiful ideals I have got"and behind that empty talk your reality is just the opposite. The greedy person wants to become non-greedy. The angry person wants to become compassionate. The unloving person has the ideal of love. All the religions talk about love, and all that they do on the earth is create hate. All the nations of the world talk about peace, and all that they do is prepare for war.

See it. This is what we have become: pseudo, hypocrites. No nation prepares for peace -- not even India, which is a non-violent country, the great religious country. All nations

talk about peace and prepare for war. War remains the reality and peace remains just smoke around it, to hide it. Unless we see it through and through there is no way to get out of it. Whenever you want some ideal to be fulfilled in your life, watch why. How can an angry person practise compassion? How? It is impossible. If the angry person practises compassion he will be, at the most, repressing his anger, that's all. What else can he do? He has been angry with others, now he will be angry with his own anger, that's all. The anger has taken a new form, a new shape.

The violent person wants to become non-violent: what is he going to do? He has been violent with others, now he will become violent with himself. That's what you call asceticism? Asceticism is basically masochism: it is a joy in torturing yourself. And these people become great mahatmas, they are worshiped, but all that has happened is that their violence has turned inwards. You torture others, they torture themselves; but the torture continues, and the pleasure in torturing continues.

The man who lies on the bed of thorns -- do you think he is religious? What is religious in it? He is simply torturing his body, but you will find people worshiping him. He is neurotic, but he will be thought of as a mahatma.

If it is cold and snow is falling and somebody is standing naked under the skies, what is he doing? He is simply torturing the body, but people will think, "What a great soul." He simply needs a few electric shocks; he is psychiatrically ill, he is mad, he is suicidal.

It is very easy to catch hold of the murderer, it is very difficult to catch hold of the person who is suicidal, but both are murderers. They both enjoy violence.

That's why Mahatma Gandhi's violence is not visible. He is as violent as Adolf Hitler; the only difference is of direction. Mahatma Gandhi's violence is very invisible: he tortures himself. If you keep somebody else hungry for many days, that will be violence, but if you keep yourself hungry and call it upavas, fasting, then this is something religious. It is not. It is the same game, and more dangerous, because when you keep somebody else in a state of torture he at least can defend, but when you start torturing your own innocent body, the body cannot defend. There is no defence possible, your own body is utterly helpless.

If you are violent with others the law can defend, the police can defend, but if you are violent with yourself there is no law against it. In fact even the magistrate and the lawyer and the policeman will come and worship you: you are doing something beautiful. Man has remained in darkness because of such stupid ideas.

The first thing to be remembered is: the violent man cannot become non-violent by any effort. Then is there no possibility? Yes, there is a possibility, but it is not through effort, not through will, not through practising being other than you are. The possibility is by becoming aware.

Rather than trying to be non-violent, become aware of your violence, of how your violence functions. See the roots of it. Go deep into it, into how it arises, into how it permeates your being and your activities. Watch violence, and in the very watching, becoming aware of it, you will be surprised: it starts disappearing.

Nobody can be consciously violent: this is a fundamental law, **The Secret**. Nobody can be consciously violent; so

all that is needed is to bring consciousness, to become more conscious, to become more meditative. Nobody can be meditatively angry; that is not possible. At the most, yoU can act.

That's what Jesus did when he took a whip and went into the temple and threw out the money-changers, started beating those money-changers, turned their tables. That's what he was doing -- acting. It was just an act, a put-upon act. A meditative person cannot be angry; that is impossible.

Meditation means you are so conscious of whatsoever you are doing; in that very consciousness the quality of doing changes. You need not have ideals. Ideals are simply postponing the revolution, the mutation.

Just a few days before somebody was asking me, "I feel I am stupid. What can I do to become intelligent?" Now, I had to tell him that if a stupid person tries to become intelligent, he will remain stupid. At the most he will become an intellectual, but never intelligent.

That's how intellectual people are: hiding their stupidity behind words, knowledge, information. If a stupid person tries to be intelligent, how can he become intelligent? In the first place, he will be doing everything oUt of his stupidity; and when you do something out of your stupidity your stupidity is going to be strengthened. But he can do one thing: he can gather information, he can gather knowledge, he can start having an illusion of knowing through knowledge. That's how people become pundits, scholars, learned professors; that's how it happens, but the stupidity remains there. In their very foundation, the stupidity goes

on remaining as an undercurrent. They just have a good show on the outside; deep down they are still stupid.
Then what to do? How to get out of stupidity? The only way is, watch your stupidity. Go into its working, its mechanism. Go into how yoU act, go watchfully into it. See it, how it is there, how it affects your behavior. Watch it in its multidimensional reality, and in that very watching you are becoming intelligent -- because watching is intelligence.
And if you become really alert about your stupidity, the one who has become alert is no longer stupid. Stupidity is left out. You have become awareness, you have become a witness; and out of this witnessing another kind of life arises which has beauty, which has benediction, which has a grace of its own. But it is arduous to be watchful; it is easier to have ideals.
Drop all ideals. Don't try to become somebody that you are not. On the contrary, just watch whatsoever you are. Watch the fact, don't create a fiction against it; otherwise you will always be divided. You will remain the fact and you will start believing in the fiction -- that's the meaning of hypocrisy. Your reality goes on persisting in the same way, and just on the surface you have a painted mask. That is not going to help; that has not helped humanity up to now.
The new man is possible only if we drop all kinds of idealisms. Hindu, Christian, Mohammedan, Communist, Gandhian -- all kinds of idealisms have to be dropped. The moment you drop all kinds of idealism, suddenly you have dropped your schizophrenia; you are not two, you are one. You are simply whatsoever you are. Then you have the innocence of a tree, the innocence of an animal, the

innocence of a bird, and something more: the consciousness of a human being. And the meeting of the innocence of a bird and the consciousness of a human being creates the Buddha. Buddhahood is nothing but innocence plus consciousness.

But the man who carries great ideals can never be simple and innocent; it is impossible. He is always cunning, trying to be somebody, trying to reach somewhere. All that he can do is pretend.

And when I am saying this, I am saying it to you: my sannyasins have to drop all kinds of idealisms; that's the revolution I am initiating you into. You have to forget the future, you have to forget what should be. You have to only watch that which is; and that can be done right now, you need not postpone it. At any moment you can watch what you are. Don't condemn, because if you condemn then you cannot watch. Don't judge; if you judge you have already taken a prejudice. Don't be in a hurry to conclude. Life never comes to a conclusion; it cannot, because there is no death. It goes on and on, it is an eternal process, it never comes to a conclusion. Only stupid people come to conclusions.

The intelligent person goes on moving, flowing, growing. There is no end to it; even the sky is not the limit. The intelligent person goes on learning. He is a learner, and a learner forever. He never becomes knowledgeable.

This story is beautiful.

BAHAUDIN EL-SHAH, GREAT TEACHER OF THE NAQSHBANDI DERVISHES ONE DAY MET A CONFRERE IN THE GREAT SQUARE OF BOKHARA.

What is the meaning of "the great teacher"? The ordinary teacher only indoctrinates you, he gives you information. In the school, college, the university, that's what the teachers go on doing: they simply give you information, they feed you knowledge. Their whole function is to transfer knowledge from the older generation to the newer generation. They function as mediators between the going generation and the coming generation. They are agents of the past.

That's why your whole education system is always orthodox, conventional, conformist. It is never revolutionary. That's why revolution has not happened up to now, because revolution can happen only through education, only through right education. And your education is wrong education; it is mis-education.

Why is it wrong? It is wrong because it perpetuates the past against the future. It is wrong because it perpetuates the dead against the living. It is wrong because it goes on molding small children into patterns that their fathers and forefathers have decided. It is wrong because these children will not be living in the same world in which their fathers and forefathers had lived, so they will always be misfits. They are prepared for something, for some world, which exists no more.

Our whole system of education is stupid. It prepares you for a world which is no more in existence and it does not prepare you for a world which is coming, arising, which is

dawning -- so you will remain a misfit. You will never be able to live rightly. If you follow your education you will feel yourself out of date. If you follow the new world that is happening, then your education will not be of any help in it. You will be almost uneducated, and that hurts the ego. The ego does not want to accept the fact that "I am uneducated." The ego always wants to be somebody special. That's why people go on bragging about their education, how many degrees they have. People enjoy degrees, certificates, diplomas very much; they are always exhibiting them. Why? because the ego wants to be somebody special, and your education makes you special. You are a doctor, you are an engineer, a scientist, this and that. If you have no education you are simply a human being; you don't have any adjectives, you don't have any specialities with you. So people decide finally to cling to their education.

Clinging to the education is, in an indirect way, clinging to the past, and to cling to the past is to live a ghostly existence. You will never belong to this earth, you will never belong to the present. That you can sec. The more educated a person is, the less relevant he is to the times he lives in. He is very competent about the past, he is very competent about all that has been; but he is incapable of living herenow, and he is utterly incapable of penetrating into the future. He cannot be an inquirer, he cannot investigate. He becomes a believer. The teachers are agents, political agents, of the past -- poisoning the future. Then who is the great teacher? The great teacher is not in the service of the past. The great teacher is in the service of

the future. The great teacher is in the service of the new, not of the old; that is the difference to be remembered. This man, Bahaudin el-Shah, is a great teacher. He does not impart information, he imparts being. He does not teach in an ordinary way, he finds extraordinary ways of provoking awareness. Rather than giving you verbal information, he creates situations.

Because I am creating situations here, I am in constant difficulty with this society, this rotten society that exists all around. I am creating situations here, and they have become accustomed to teachers, they have become completely unaware of the great teachers. They want me here just to read the Geeta and comment on it. I am creating situations, psychological situations and devices in which you can become aware of the great truths of life. Of course, those truths are contained in the Geeta, in the Bible, in the Koran too; but they are contained in a very ancient language which you cannot understand at all. And they were also given in particular situations. For example, the Geeta was given in a very particular situation: on the battlefield. Krishna was a great teacher. He had not chosen a secluded hermitage in the Himalayas to teach his disciple, Arjuna. He had chosen the battlefield. Armies were facing each other, everybody was ready to kill and murder or be killed and murdered. He had chosen such a tense situation, such an alive situation, such a dangerous situation, to impart something to his disciple. This is a great teacher. And the people who have been commenting on the Geeta continuously, for CentUries, are just teachers, not great teachers. They are just informing people about what is the

meaning of this word or that. Words don't count. Tn the final reckoning, only true situations count.
A great teacher is one who uses all kinds of living situations to provoke awareness in you -- but then there are bound to be problems. The society feels angry. It is perfectly happy if you go on talking about the Koran, the Bible, the Vedas, because it doesn't do anything in the world; the reality remains the same, the vested interests remain the same. Nothing is harmed; on the contrary, all this spiritual talk helps the vested interests. It is safer if people are religious, because the so-called religious people are afraid people. They can't make any revolution, they can't move in any rebellion. They can't disobey, because all these religious teachers and commentators go on teaching them the beautiful world of absolute obedience, conformity, contentment. They always go on teaching you how to become imitators, they don't teach you how to become authentic.
The authentic person will always be in conflict with the vested interests. If he wants to be authentic and true, he is bound to come in conflict with a false society. With whatsoever is false, he is bound to come in conflict.
The great teacher is not only a mediator between the past and you. A great teacher is a herald of the future. He makes you aware of the possible, of the potential.

BAHAUDIN EL-SHAH, GREAT TEACHER OF THE NAQSHBANDI DERVISHES, ONE DAY MET A CONFRERE IN THE GREAT SQUARE OF BOKHARA. THE NEWCOMER WAS A WANDERING KALENDAR OF THE MALAMATI, THE "BLAMEWORTHY".

That is another order of the Sufis; Sufis have many orders, many schools. Those schools have arisen through different Masters. Whenever a Master exists on the earth, he introduces many methods, he creates many devices, and around the Master a school arises, a school where people go through alchemical changes.
Around a real Master a scientific lab exists. It is not just a retreat for the old people, as Indian ashramas have become. Old, retired, almost dead, one leg in the grave, just waiting to be thrown in any moment -- for all these people Indian ashramas have become shelters.
This is not the purpose of an ashrama. An ashrama has to be a great lab, a great eXperiment into people's lives. It has to be a scientific process. If people are ready to pass through those processes, they come out totally changed. A mutation has to happen; only then have you been near a Master. And it can happen only near a Master; the school arises only near a Master.
The great Sufi Master, Rumi, has said:

Footprints but come to the ocean's shore.
Therein, no trace remains.

All your scriptures only come to the ocean's shore. They can't take you into the journey of the unknown, they remain part of the known.
Then who is going to take you into the ocean, into the uncharted? Only if you trust somebody, only if you love somebody so deeply that you are ready to risk your life... A Master is a person who creates trust in you that, "Yes, it is

worth risking." His presence is charismatic, magnetic. Once you have tasted the love of a Master, you are ready to go wherever he is going, not knowing where he is going. He cannot convince you of where he is going because the unknowable cannot be communicated through words. And even if he tries to communicate, you will not understand it; you will understand something else.
Between a Master and a disciple there is a problem: the Master speaks from his vision, from his Everest, from his peak of consciousness, and the disciple hears from his darkness, his valley. The moment the words reach to the disciple, they have changed their color, their meaning.
Just the other day I was reading:

In the UN they have developed computers that can translate one language into another. Ideally, if the translated passage Were then translated by computer back into the first language, the original words ought to be regained. This, however, does not allow for the ambiguity of languages. There is the story of the computer that was ordered to translate a common English phrase into Russian and then translate the Russian translation back into English.
What went in was: Out of sight, out of mind.
This phrase was to be translated into Russian and then back into English.
What came out was: Invisible insanity. That's what happens continuously between a Master and a disciple. And remember, the difference is far greater than between Russian and English. Russian and English are not so different, the distance is not so big; but the distance between a Master and a disciple, between the one who is

awakened and the one who is fast asleep and snoring, is immense. They are worlds apart. So even if the Master tries -- and he tries hard, but the result is very disappointing -- what reaches to the disciple is something absolutely different; and not only different, but diametrically opposite. Then the Master has to find some other ways, not direct, but indirect. Bahaudin used this situation.

The Sufi dervish that had come to Bahaudin's school was a wandering Kalendar. "Kalendar" is the name of the Sufis who belong to the Malamati Order. Their name is beautiful, just as the name of the school of Bahaudin is beautiful. Bahaudin's disciples are known as Naqshbandis; it means "the Designers". He was a great designer, and you will see it in this story. He used this design to provoke something. He was a great designer, a naqshband; hence the order is known as the Order of the Naqshbandis.

But the Order of Malamati is also one of the most beautiful orders. Malamati means the "Blameworthy". The basis of the Malamati Order is: never blame others, always blame yourself; that will bring transformation.

The general tendency of the human mind is to throw the blame on somebody. That is a way to protect yourself, but then you remain the same.

Watch. We know at least five thousand years' history that has been going on and on in different names, but the same thing goes on. In the beginning people used to believe, "What can we do? The real doer is God, so whatsoever he is doing, he is doing. It is beyond our capacity to change. " That is a trick to throw the whole responsibility on God's shoulders; then you are freed. Then if you are a thief, what

can you do? And if you are a murderer, you are a murderer -- what can you do? It is God who decides. In India they say -- for five thousand years they have been saying this -- that not even a leaf moves without his order. The very idea has kept the East poor, starved, ugly, dirty. The very idea: "What can we do? God is the doer," has created a subtle, spiritual laziness, a very deep sleep. The East has lived in deep sleep, in an utterly helpless way.

But this has happened in other countries too, in different names. In the beginning it was always God, then by and by people started suspecting whether God exists or not. Slowly, slowly the existence of God became doubtful, but we needed some scapegoat to throw our responsibilities on -- then the idea of fate, then the idea of your past lives, karmas: that you have done something in the past life and now everything is determined by it. You cannot do anything, you are caught in the trap of your past lives. Now, you cannot go back and change your past lives, so everything is destined. Just see the point: God is no more there, so you need something else -- the theory of karma, or fate, kismet, luck. Slowly, slowly these things also became worthless; then new ideas, but the game remains the same. Then Darwin said that it is evolution, the evolutionary forces: man is not free, he is just a part of the evolutionary forces -- and they are tremendous! Man is simply moving in those forces. Those forces are the determining factors; you cannot do anything else, you are just a by-product. Whatsoever you are, you are at the mercy of the evolutionary forces.

Now, it is another name for God, another name for karma, another name for fate. Nothing has changed. Just a

scientific explanation, but the psychological trick is the same.

Then there was Karl Marx, and he said: it is not evolution, it is the economic structure of the society that determines everything. He said it is not consciousness that determines the society and its structure; just the vice versa is the truth: it is the society and its economic structure that determines consciousness, so you cannot do anything directly unless the society changes.

It is the same: unless God's mind changes, unless fate changes; now it is the economic structure. And it is very inevitable you cannot go against it, everything is determined by it.

Then came Sigmund Freud, and he said: it is the unconscious that determines everything, your instinctive nature.

These are all explanations for the same trick, and the trick is one: blame something on someone so that you can feel good and you can continue as you are, so that there is no need to go through any change.

This Order of the Sufis called the "Blameworthy" say, "I am responsible, all blame is mine." Just for a moment let this thought sink into your heart: I am responsible. Then suddenly two things start happening in you: one, if I am responsible, then change is possible; second, if I am responsible, then there is no point in blaming others and constantly quarreling. And then there is no point in waiting for the whole world to change. You will not be here. Even if the whole world changes some day -- it is not going to change; but even if it changes -- you will not be here.

Something has to be done right now, immediately, because your life is very short. You cannot wait for eternity -- for communism to come, for a classless society to happen, for a utopia to be fulfilled, or for the second coming of Christ; or when things have gone very badly, Krishna will come and deliver you. All nonsense!

But the basic trick is the same: that "I am not responsible. Something has to happen to me; I cannot do anything." This is my approach here too, the same approach. All of these psychological groups that you have to go through are basically rooted in the idea that you are responsible, take your responsibility on your own shoulders. In the beginning it hurts. It hurts because when you see the stupidity of your behavior -- that your misery is created by yourself -- it hurts. It always feels good and nice that somebody else is responsible for your misery, what can you do? The moment you see that you have been slapping your own face, nobody is slapping you, then it looks very stupid to continue. Then it seems meaningless to go on crying and complaining, "Why am I being beaten?" -- and you are slapping yourself. If you don't want to be beaten, don't slap yourself. If you enjoy it, then don't complain.

This is the latest development in humanistic psychologies, but this has been the foundation of the Order of the Blameworthy. Sufis were the first psychologists in the world. Their approach is very psychological.

In the beginning, certainly, it feels very bad, because suddenly all the burden that you had been throwing on others falls on your own head. You feel crushed, but only in the beginning. If you can survive the beginning...

And that's the whole purpose of living in a commune where you know that others have survived, that you will not be killed by this burden; where you know that others have gone through it and have become silent and blissful; where you know others have gone through it and not only survived, but have become purified; that the fire is not your enemy; that the suffering gives you maturity; where you can see all kinds of people in all kinds of stages. That is the meaning of a school, a spiritual school: a place where you see the beginners, where you see the people who have gone a little farther ahead than the beginners, and the people who have reached almost to the middle of their journey, and the people who have gone beyond the middle, and then the people who are just reaching to the goal; and at least one Master who has reached. It is a place where you can see the whole spectrum of spiritual stages, where you can see the whole journey. It gives courage. You know that you are not moving in a cul-de-sac, that you are not moving in darkness, that you are not moving into some kind of illusion, hallucination, that your efforts are going to bring results. You can see the results all around.

When a seed can see that the other seeds have sprouted, when the seed can see that a few other seeds have not only sprouted but become great bushes, when the seed can see that a few bushes have started giving fruit and flowers and are in bloom, a great desire, a longing, arises in the heart of the seed to jump into the soil and die. Then the seed is not afraid of dying because he knows through dying is resurrection. He can see the resurrection: the whole garden is the proof.

The schools of the Sufis have always been called " the garden of the Master." They have been called "the garden of the Master" for this particular purpose: they are places where you can see all the stages possible. That very experience of meeting people at different stages keeps you on the go. Otherwise the journey is really in the dark, unknown. If there is only the Master and the disciples and there are not people in between, it will be very difficult for you to connect with the Master. A chain is needed.

You cannot see Everest, it is too far away beyond the clouds; but you can see a few people who are ahead of you, and then a few people who are still more ahead of you; and then you can see a few people who are just near the clouds, and they are shouting to you, "Don't be worried. We can see beyond the clouds; there is a peak." This helps. This is the meaning of a school.

Malamati is one of the most significant Sufi schools, and its basis is now a recognized fact -- that you are responsible for whatsoever you are. If you are miserable you are responsible. In the beginning it hurts; the old joy of blaming others is gone. It is a joy when you can blame others.

Freudian psychoanalysis goes on blaming the mother, the father. It is a great joy: so you are not responsible; your mother is responsible, your father is responsible. It is the old game.

First God was responsible; he is the Great Father. And what else? Now you cannot believe in the Great Father, but you can see that your father is there, your mother is there; psychoanalysis throws the responsibility -- your mother is responsible.

All these schools keep you tethered to your ignorance. All these doctrines are hindrances for growth. Growth is possible only when you have taken the whole responsibility on yourself. In the beginning it hurts, but soon you start feeling a new thrill, a new adventure, because soon you become aware that if you are responsible, then there is a way to go beyond. If others are responsible, then there is no way to go beyond. Then you are doomed. If you are responsible, then certainly something can be done. If you are creating your misery, you can uncreate it. If others are creating it, what can you do?

And remember, it is not only the ordinary, worldly people who have been thinking in this way. Even the so-called spiritual people think in this way. People come to me and they say, "What can We do? We live in the family, in the marketplace. We have wives and children and parents and we have to look after them. How can we meditate? How can we be pure and honest and authentic? First we will have to leave the whole world. We will have to renounce the world. We will have to go to the Himalayan caves, then." But that day never comes. This is a way of postponing.

And the trick is the same: the wife is responsible. It is not your sexual lust, it is the wife. There are scriptures which go on condemning women. They must have been written by neurotics. How can a man of understanding condemn women? -- they have not done anything to you. But there are scriptures and so-called saints who have been declaring down the ages that the woman is the door to hell.These people must have been in a very perverted state. It is your lust. Rather than understanding the ways of lust, the ways

of greed, the ways of possessiveness, the ways of jealousy, you throw the responsibility on the poor woman. And where is the poor woman going to throw the responsibility? Women have not been allowed to write scriptures, otherwise they would have thrown it on the man. Man has been very cunning. He has not allowed them to read scriptures, to write scriptures; no, not at all. They have been kept completely ignorant. Otherwise they would write, "The man is responsible; man is the door to hell. " That would hurt your so-called saints very much.

Nobody is responsible for whatsoever you are. Only you are responsible. This is the beginning of real spirituality. That's why I don't say to my sannyasins to leave the world, renounce the world, no. Renouncing is based on a false logic that the world is responsible. You can renounce the world and you can go to the Himalayas, but you will be the same person there. How can you leave your mind? You have only left the outer situation, and the inner is with you; it will again create the outer situation. It is not going to help.

One man came to me once and he said, "I want to commit suicide. " So I said, "Okay, go and do it. Why have you come to me? Why waste time?" He was shocked, because he had really come so that I could console him, convince him, that there was no need to commit suicide, that it was not right, that it was a sin. When I said, "You go and commit. Why have you come? Why are you wasting your time?" he was shocked, taken aback. For a moment he could not say a single word. I said, "What are you waiting for? Go and commit! I want to tell you just one thing: you are in for a surprise." He said, "What do you mean?" I said,

"You will know: Commit suicide... you will still remain. That's what I am saying. You are in for a surprise; you will still remain after suicide. Then come and tell me. And you will be the same, and soon you will be in another womb and you will start the same nonsense again.

"This is not a right way to commit suicide. If you really want to commit suicide, then become a sannyasin."

He said, "What do you mean?"

"Then we can really kill you, and then there is no possibility to survive! And then you will not enter into another womb again. But the real thing has to be done in your interiority. Dropping the outer body won't help, but changing the inner mind certainly brings great transformation. "

So first it may look a little sad, that "I am responsible," and you may cry for a few days and weep -- and that's good, it cleanses the eyes. Then suddenly, by and by, you will start becoming aware that you are free. Just the idea that "I am responsible" brings freedom. No, you are no more in the hands of others. You are free to be miserable if you choose to be so; you are free not to be miserable if you choose not to be so. You are free.

That is the meaning of sannyas, that is what sannyas is all about: freedom. But freedom has nothing to do with outer changes, freedom has something to do with inner understanding. And this is the basis of freedom: that I am responsible. Responsibility brings freedom. Throwing responsibility on others keeps you a slave.

BAHAUDIN WAS SURROUNDED BY DISCIPLES.

" FROM WHERE DO YOU COME?" HE ASKED THE TRAVELER, IN THE USUAL SUFI PHRASE.
"I HAVE NO IDEA," SAID THE OTHER, GRINNING FOOLISHLY.

This story has two meanings. The first is given by Bahaudin himself, the second is only indicated -- and I will give you the second meaning too. Bahaudin has given only the first meaning because the people he must have been surrounded by were not yet capable of understanding the second meaning. But he has indicated it, he has left the seed of it. Unless you are worthy, nothing can be told to you.
Now there are a few sannyasins here who are worthy of receiving the second meaning too, so first we will see what meaning Bahaudin gives.
He asked, "From where do you come?" It is just a formal question.

"I HAVE NO IDEA," SAID THE OTHER, GRINNING FOOLISHLY.

Bahaudin says that he is pretending, he is playing the role, acting the role of humanity; and this is the situation. From where have you come? You don't have any idea. You are here, but from where? Why? To where?
I have heard...

A man who had a few drinks too many fell from a fifth floor window.

Soon a crowd of people had gathered around him. Then a policeman came along, pushed his way through the crowd and said, "What is going on here?"
"I don't know," said the drunk. "I have only just got here myself. "

This is the situation that you are in: fallen from some unknown, from the blue, not knowing at all from where you are coming. And if you don't know from where you are coming, how can you know where you are going? still you think there is great purpose in life; still you think that your life is meaningful. You are deceiving yourself.
And you have got all that is needed for you to know, but you are not using it. You have got the guitar but you are not playing it, so the music is not heard. You have got the potential of being aware, which can reveal all **The Secret**s of -- from where you are coming and where you are going and who you are, but you have not been digging into it; and that is the first thing any intelligent person will do.
I have heard the story of a courting couple:

One night they were sitting on a bench in the moonlight, and the odor of flowers permeated the atmosphere. It was a time and a circumstance which would inevitably engender romance in the heart of anybody. And John said to Mary, "Mary, if you was not what you is, what would you like to be?"
And Mary said, "John, if I was not what I is, I would like to be an American Beauty rose." Then Mary turned the

question on John and said, "John, if you was not what you is, what would you like to be?"
John said, "If I was not what I is, I would like to be an octopus."
Mary said, "John, what is an octopus?" John said, "An octopus is some kind of fish or an animal or something that has a thousand arms. "
Mary said, "John, if you was an octopus and had a thousand arms, what would you do with all those arms?"
John said, "I would put every one of them around you."
Mary said, "Go away, John. You ain't using the two you already got. "

But this is the situation of humanity: you are not using that which you have already got -- and you have got all that is needed. God never sends you into the world unprepared. Everything that is needed on life's pilgrimage is provided, already provided.
"Where are you going? From where are you coming?" The man said, "I have no idea."

SOME OF BAHAUDIN'S DISCIPLES MURMURED THEIR DISAPPROVAL OF THIS DISRESPECT.

There are people who only see the outer; they cannot see the inner. They could not see the man, that he was acting a role. He was not a fool, but he was behaving foolishly. But great intelligence is needed to see things as they are. Fools can deceive you if they pretend to be knowledgeable, and intelligent people can befool you if they pretend to be idiots.

You can't see, you have lost all vision and perspective. And the reason you can't see is because you have not even;seen yourself.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" PERSISTED BAHAUDIN.
"I DO NOT KNOW, " SHOUTED THE DERVISH.
"WHAT IS GOOD?" BY NOW A LARGE CROWD HAD GATHERED.
"I DO NOT KNOW."
"WHAT IS EVIL? "
"I HAVE NO IDEA. "
" WHAT IS RIGHT?"
"WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR ME."
"WHAT IS WRONG?"
"WHATEVER IS BAD FOR ME."

Just listen to these answers, and you can see that the man has a great vision. Whatsoever he is saying is true about ninety-nine point nine percent of people; and it was true about the crowd that was standing there, but nobody could detect it. It was so simple; nobody could think that he was simply answering the way humanity is behaving.
If somebody asks you, "From where are you coming?" what answer are you going to give?
A Zen Master asked a newcomer, "From where are you coming?" and the newcomer said, "The trees are green, and flowers have bloomed, and it is tremendously beautiful here." Now this is the answer of one who knows. The man is saying, "I am not coming from anywhere; I have always been here. "

Raman Maharshi was dying, and the disciples started crying and weeping, naturally. Raman opened his eyes and he said, "Why are you crying?" One disciple asked, "Bhagwan, where will you be going?" Raman said, "What nonsense are you talking about? I am going to be here. I have not come from anywhere and I am not going anywhere. I have always been here and I will always be here. "

Because the innermost core is eternal, it never comes, never goes. It has no birth, no death. If you know, then your answer will be this. If you don't know, then you will say, "I am coming from Bombay," or from London or from New York. And where are you going? Then you will say, "To Kathmandu, to Kabul, or to Goa."

That man could have answered the same way, but he really played a beautiful drama: he behaved like humanity.

If somebody asks, "What is right?" what are you going to answer. What is right? You may quote scriptures, but that won't do. If you really look inside yourself, the man has answered for you; he said, "Whatever is good for me." Whatsoever is good for me is right -- that's how people are behaving.

I have heard:

Herman Katz lay dying. He called his wife Rebecca to his side and said, "Rebecca, I am dying, I am not going to be around much longer, so please do me a favor. Put on your green silk dress and your alligator shoes and red nail polish and fix up your hair and put on your mink coat and all your jewelry. "

"Herman, have you gone crazy?" asked Rebecca. "This is the middle of August in New York City, you are a dying man, and you want I should put on my green silk dress, my mink coat, my alligator shoes, all my jewelry, and red nail polish? What is the matter with you?"
Herman Katz groaned in pain and said, "Rebecca, please, is this the moment to argue with a dying man? Please, do me this favor: put on your green silk dress, your alligator shoes, your mink coat, all your jewelry, and red fingernail polish, and come sit by the side of the bed. "
So Rebecca, to humor him, puts on her green silk dress, her alligator shoes, her mink coat, all her jewelry, fixes up her hair, puts on red fingernail polish, and sits down by the side of Herman's bed.
Herman Katz looks at her admiringly. His eyes shine with love and he says, "Rebecca, you are a beautiful woman. You are still, even after all these years, a stunningly attractive woman. Rebecca, when the good Lord God comes to finally take me away -- who knows -- maybe he will change his mind and decide to take you instead. "

That's what everybody is doing in the world: whatsoever is good for me is right, even if the other has to die. This is the whole politics of the world. Everybody is political in this world because everybody is living with this idea: whatsoever is good for me is right. Then by right means or wrong means, it doesn't matter. Everybody is selfish.
Even your so-called spiritual people are selfish, very selfish -- maybe more than you. If they renounce the world, they are renouncing only to gain the joys of heaven. It is just a projection of greed, ambition, lust, and nothing else.

And Bahaudin asked,

"WHAT IS WRONG??"
"WHATEVER IS BAD FOR ME. "
THE CROWD, IRRITATED BEYOND ITS PATIENCE BY THIS DERVISH, DROVE HIM AWAY. HE WENT OFF, STRIDING PURPOSEFULLY IN A DIRECTION WHICH LED NOWHERE, AS FAR AS ANYONE KNEW.
"FOOLS" SAID BAHAUDIN NAQSHBAND. "THIS MAN IS ACTING THE PART OF HUMANITY. WHILE YOU WERE DESPISING HIM, HE WAS DELIBERATELY DEMONSTRATING HEEDLESSNESS AS EACH OF YOU DOES, ALL UNAWARE, EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIVES."

Bahaudin has used the situation in a tremendously beautiful way. The crowd must have been shocked; for a moment the thinking of those people must have stopped.
Truth always shocks, because we have lived so much in lies that whenever a fragment of truth even a fragment -- reaches into our hearts, it is an electric shock. One is stoned, one cannot even breathe for a moment.
Now, to say it verbally would not have served the purpose. The situation revealed it. This is a design. There is every possibility that the dervish was invited by Bahaudin. There is every possibility that he was a guest, and Bahaudin had asked him to come behave in such a way so he could show people how unaware they were.

Sherlock Holmes, that master detective, was sitting in his favorite chair smoking his pipe and reading a book when he heard a knock at the door. It was his loyal friend and assistant, Doctor Watson.
"Ah, good morning, Watson. Don't you find it a bit warm to be wearing your red flannel underwear"
Doctor Watson was astonished by this brilliant stroke of deductive logic. "Holmes," Doctor Watson said, "how on earth did you guess that I was wearing my red flannel underwear?"
"Elementary, my dear Doctor Watson. You forgot to put your pants on. "

People are moving without pants -- without awareness of what they are doing, of what they are not doing, of where they are going; and when you tell them the truth, they think you have revealed something great, "a great experiment in deductive logic".
Buddhas have been telling you simple truths. No logic is involved at all. Just looking at you is enough: you are not wearing pants! But you go on believing that you are wearing pants.
Man is unawareness, and man need not be. Man can become a light of awareness. And only when you are a light of awareness is your life worth living, is your life LIFE; otherwise you are simply dragging, somehow managing, pulling. It is ugly, it is desert-like. It has not known anything worth knowing. It has not seen beauty, it has not experienced good, it has not been able to touch anything that is sacred. It has not come across truth; it cannot -- if you remain unaware.

The only thing needed is to wake up.
And remember, you can even dream that you are awake, and many are doing that too. Have you not dreamed sometimes that in the dream you think you are awake and that you are going to the office? And then your wife comes and pulls you out of your bed and says, "What are you doing? And you are getting late, you have to go to the office, and it is not Sunday. " Then you jump out of the bed, then you become aware that you were dreaming. That dream was a trick of the mind.
Have you not dreamed sometimes, when your bladder is full in the night and you start dreaming, that you are going to the bathroom and you are in the bathroom? That is just a trick so that the sleep remains undisturbed.
Dream is a support to your sleep. Ordinarily people think that dream is a disturbance in sleep; that is not right. All the psychological investigation that has gone into dreaming has proved something just the opposite. Now the psychologists who have been working on dreaming and sleep say that dreaming is a friend of sleep, not a disturbance. It keeps you asleep; otherwise there are a thousand and one chances of your waking up in the night. But the dream gives you an explanation, a beautiful explanation.
For example, you have fixed the alarm and the alarm goes off. You want to get up; it is three o'clock. You wanted to get up to catch a train, and it is cold, and you are sleepy, and the alarm goes off: you start having a dream that you are passing by the side of a hillock, and on the hill there is a beautiful temple, and the temple bells are ringing. Now a trick, a rationalization: the mind says, "It is not the alarm clock, it is just temple bells ringing." And you turn over

and pull up your blanket and tuck yourself in well and go to sleep.
Your dreams are in the service of your sleep; they serve your sleep. They always manage to give you some explanation.
There are many people who think that they are alert. They are not. There are many people who think they are virtuous. They are not. There are many people who go on thinking a thousand and one things, but they are not those things; those are just dreams.
And remember this faculty of the mind: that it can rationalize anything.

A man walking along a country lane encountered an old lady who was holding two kettles up to her ears. He could not help asking her what she was doing.
"Well, if you hold two kettles to your ears," the old woman said, "you can hear a noise like a football match."
The man took the two kettles, held them up to his ears for a while, then said, "I can't hear anything."
"Ha ha ha " cackled the old lady. "It must be halftime."

You can always find an explanation. Explanations help you to remain the way you are.
If you really want to move in a new world, in a new consciousness, stop making explanations for your dreams. And even if the fact hurts, let it hurt, but don't hide it behind a fiction.
You go on doing things that you don't want to do. You go on not doing things that you always wanted to do. You live in a very divided way. See to it that this division

disappears. This division is the cause of all your misery and hell. A divided person is a miserable person, and a divided person is in constant turmoil; he is in a civil war, fighting with himself. And all your politicians and priests want you to continue fighting with yourself so that they can go on exploiting you, so you don't have enough energy to fight with them.

If you are fighting with yourself you can't have energy enough to be rebellious. This is the basic strategy which has been perpetuated down the ages by all kinds of exploiters: divide the man and rule. And they have divided you in two: the outer and the inner, the lower and the higher, the good and the bad, the actual and the ideal, the earthly and the heavenly, the worldly and the other-worldly. They have divided everything. You are living in thousands of fragments.

Drop all these divisions. See it: that these divisions are your enemies. Renounce these divisions, become utterly one. And what is the way to become one? Just accept your actuality. There is no other reality. You are the reality. Accept your reality, and in that very acceptance, grace descends. In that very acceptance, intelligence arises, because you accumulate so much energy. Not fighting, energy goes on and on; you become a reservoir of energy. And energy is delight. And great energy is great delight. You can become infinite energy. You are, but you are caught in traps. Those traps have beautiful names, names of religion, morality, ethics, virtue; beautiful names.

Your prison is called the temple, the mosque, the gurudwara, the church. Your jailers have become your priests. Your scriptures have become your knowledge and

are preventing your wisdom from arising. And all that you have been doing has not helped you to become aware, so now do something that can make you aware.
What can make you aware? Seeing the point that the society is not interested in your blissfulness or in your awareness, one drops out of this society. And by dropping out I don't mean that you escape to the Himalayas. You remain in it, but deep down you are no more in it. That is sannyas. That's what it means to become a Sufi.

A man wanted to commit suicide. To make sure he did the job, he got a bottle of poison, a rope, a gun, some gasoline, and matches.
Pouring the gasoline all over his clothing, he climbed a tree and crawled out on a branch overhanging a lake. He hung himself from the limb, drank the poison, set his clothing on fire, and then shot himself.
Alas! He missed his head, the bullet hit the rope, he fell into the water and the water put the flames out. He swallowed so much water that the poison became harmless. Then he had to swim as hard as he could in order to save his life.

This is your situation. Beware. Watch what you are doing. Watch each act. De-automatize each act. Remain constantly alert. Walking, watch each step. Eating, watch. Even while going to sleep, go watchfully into it, into what is happening: slowly, slowly the body relaxes, the limbs relax. Watch, feel... the coolness of the bedsheet, the softness of the pillow. Be sensitive, be watchful: then slowly, slowly the mind is moving into an her dimension,

the dimension of sleep; you are just in between -- a little awake, a little asleep. Watch. Go on watching, go on watching as long as you can, and one day it happens: you fall asleep, and yet watching continues. Then one learns how to watch the dreams. Then on another level, one day you can even watch your deep sleep, dreamless sleep. And then finally, when you have been able to watch your waking life, your dream life, your sleep life, you have arrived to the fourth state. Just the other day I was talking about turiya, the fourth state. You have come home, you are alert.

This is one explanation that Bahaudin gave to his disciples, but hidden in it is another. Those disciples must not have been worthy enough, so he only indicated.

He says, "FOOLS! THIS MAN IS ACTING THE PART OF HUMANITY. WHILE YOU WERE DESPISING HIM, HE WAS DELIBERATELY DEMONSTRATING HEEDLESSNESS AS EACH OF YOU DOES, ALL UNAWARE, EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIVES."

But who can act? Only one who has gone out of the act. Who can behave in such a way and depict humanity in its actuality, without any pretensions? Only one who has reached to the fourth stage, only one who is a witness now, aware, alert.

It is reported that Jesus was thought to be a fool. It is also reported that Francis was also thought to be a fool; and so was the case with Bodhidharma, the founder of Zen in China; and so has the case been with thousands of Zen, Sufi, and Hasid mystics. They have been thought to be

fools, and they were the most alert people. But they behaved like fools just to make you aware. If you could not see it in your own life, they fUnctioned as mirrors so that you could see your ugly face.

But people are such that if they see some mirror reflects their ugly face, they will destroy the mirror. They will say, "This mirror is not right. I am such a beautiful person, and this mirror must be a distorting mirror.

That's why people killed Jesus; he was a mirror, and showed you in your total ugliness and nakedness. And they poisoned Socrates; he was a mirror, one of the best mirrors ever.

Why do people become so angry with these people? Why are they so angry with me? Their anger is that what they are doing unconsciously is being done consciously here, deliberately. They can't understand it. They can't see the point. They become angry against the mirror.

This place is a mirror: it will show you in all your dirt, it will show you in all your perversions. It will need courage to be here. And if you are really courageous, then yours is going to be a great blessing. You can go beyond those perversions, because the only way to go beyond is by becoming aware, alert, watchful, a witness.

This man must have been a great mystic in his own right. He must have been invited by Bahaudin. He belonged to another school; that's why he must have been invited, so nobody would recognize, so nobody would think that he was a Sufi at all, so his behavior would be thought of as the behavior of a madman. It is very easy to understand the behavior of someone who belongs to your own school; it is

difficult to understand the behavior of one who does not belong to your own school.

For example, Christians will not be able to understand Mahavira standing naked, and Jainas will not be able to understand Jesus being crucified either. Do you know what Jainas say? Once a Jaina monk came to see me and he said, "You talk about Mahavira, but in the same breath you talk about Jesus. That doesn't look right. Jesus cannot be compared to Mahavira. Mahavira is the enlightened one. Jesus is not the enlightened one -- maybe a good man, but not enlightened." I said, "Why do you say that he is not enlightened?" He said, "How can he be enlightened? The theory of karma proves that: he was crucified, and one can be crucified only if he has committed great sins in his past." Now that is a Jaina explanation.

They say when Mahavira used to move -- he was naked, barefooted -- on the mud roads of Bihar, if there were thorns on the road, either those thorns would jump outside the road because Mahavira was coming, or they would turn upside down so his feet were not hurt -- because he was the purest one. All his karmas were burned; now no suffering was possible for him.

If this is the explanation, then certainly Jesus was a sinner, not a savior at all. If Jesus comes in the community of the Jainas, he will be thought of as a sinner. They may have compassion on him, but they cannot respect him.

And the same will happen to Mahavira, because the Christians will ask, "What service have you done to humanity? The savior is one who serves." Now Mahavira never opened a hospital, never ran a school, never went in search of lepers to kiss them. He will look utterly selfish

just standing under beautiful green trees, meditating. "The world is suffering and you are meditating? What more selfishness is possible?" The world is on fire and Mahavira is enjoying ecstasies. What kind of man is this? He may be a good man, but not a savior -- and utterly selfish.

It is very difficult to understand somebody who belongs to a different gestalt of thinking, a different style of life. Only a man who has arrived can see that Jesus, Mahavira, Krishna, Buddha, and many others, are all the same. Only one reality has expressed through them -- in different languages, of course, in different styles of course. They have all painted the same reality; their paintings are different.

For example, if you bring ten painters and the sun is setting and you tell them to paint, do you think their paintings will all be the same? Although they are painting the same reality, they are going to be different. And the greater the painters, the greater will be the difference. If they are just photographers, not real painters, then maybe the paintings will look alike. If they are real painters, geniuses -- if Van Gogh is painting, and Picasso and Goya and Gauguin -- then those paintings will be utterly different. You will not be able to figure out that it is the same sunset. Their individuality, their signature, will be there.

When Mahavira reflects, he is reflecting the same God, the same truth as Jesus, as Mohammed, as Bahaudin; but it is always difficult to recognize somebody who comes from a different gestalt. That's why those people missed; otherwise he would have been seen as an awakened soul, an awakened consciousness. He must have been an enlightened person. His answers are almost like

Bodhidharma's: that is the second meaning, the deeper meaning of the story.
Emperor Wu in China asked Bodhidharma, "Who are you?" and Bodhidharma said, "I don't know, sir. " And Bodhidharma was the one who knew. If he did not know, then nobody knew. And he said, "I don't know." Even Emperor Wu missed. Thinking that he himself had said he did not know, then what was the point? He felt frustrated, because he had been waiting for Bodhidharma to come from India; it had taken years for him to reach China. Seeing Wu, Bodhidharma felt, "He has not understood my answer"; he turned back. He crossed the border of Wu's kingdom, went into the mountains.
Later on Wu repented very much, because another Zen Master told him, "You are a fool. You could not understand. His statement was the absolute statement -- 'I don't know' -- for many reasons. First, he was no more as an individual, his ego had disappeared" -- what Sufis call FANA FI'LLAH, 'the drop has dropped into the ocean', so who is there to know? -- that's why he said,'I don't know.' "And secondly, in that ultimate knowing, there is nobody who knows and nobody who is known. The division between the subject and the object disappears; there is nobody who knows and nobody who is known. The knower becomes the known. Yes, there is a kind of awareness, but it is neither subjective nor objective. It is "transjective"; it is transcendental to both. That's why he said,'I don't know.' How could he claim knowledge? Knowledge is claimed only by stupid people. He had claimed ignorance and innocence. You missed the whole point. "

But then it was too late. They searched for Bodhidharma. By the time they found him in the mountains, Wu had died. On the grave of Wu it was written: "I am sorry. If you ever come here, please forgive me, Master Bodhidharma. I am utterly sorry and repentful I could not understand your answer; it was too big for my understanding. It was beyond me. " This is another explanation.
Remember both, one from your side, one from my side. Meditate over this beautiful parable.

The Secret

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Life Is An Empty Canvas
16 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
I AM IN DEEP CONFUSION ABOUT TRUST AND ACTION. PART OF ME SAYS, "IF YOU SIT BACK, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN. GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES," WHILE ANOTHER PART OF ME SAYS, "DON'T DO ANYTHING. DON'T PUSH THE RIVER. JUST TRUST AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT."
I AM NEITHER TRUSTING ENOUGH NOR ACTIVE ENOUGH. I AM CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO, OR

MOVE FROM ONE POSITION TO THE OTHER. CAN YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLEASE?

Shantidharma, trust does not mean that everything will be all right. Trust means everything is already all right. Trust knows no future; trust knows only the present. The moment you think of the future, it is already distrust.

The moment you start thinking, "Everything will be all right if I can trust," your mind is active, you are not trusting. You are simply trying to manipulate existence, now through passivity, but the manipulation is there. Inactivity is not trust. If this motive is there, that "Everything has to be all right for me," you are watching by the corner of the eye. You have not yet understood what trust is.

You are hanging between activity and inactivity, and activity and inactivity are just two aspects of the same coin. They are not opposites, they are complementaries. And you will go on hanging between those, wavering between those two, because when you will do something, sooner or later you will get tired.

Each action brings tiredness, and then one starts hoping that something will happen through inaction. If you are in inaction, through inaction you will get bored sooner or later. Every inactivity bores, and then you move to action. This is the duality of action and inaction. You have not yet known what trust is.

Trust is neither action nor inaction. Trust can act, trust can be inactive. Trust simply means all is already right; there is no need to hanker for something else. "A" need not be "B". Whatsoever you are, you are, and it is good. Relaxing into

it does not mean becoming inactive -- because you may be an active person, so if you relax in it, great activity will be released. Or you may be an inactive person: if you relax in it, great inactivity may be released. But that has nothing to do with you. You are not deciding whether to be active or inactive; you are simply relaxing into whosoever you are. Then whatsoever happens happens, whatsoever is happening is happening, and all is good, because God is.

I am not saying, let me repeat again, that you will necessarily become inactive, no. Lao Tzu will become inactive, Krishna will not become inactive, but both are men of trust. Then where do they meet? -- because their personalities are totally different, not only different but diametrically opposite. Krishna lives a life of intense activity and Lao Tzu lives a life of tremendous passivity, but both are men of trust.

Lao Tzu has trusted and relaxed and this is what he finds happening to him, that he falls deeper and deeper into passivity. He becomes just a presence, a silent presence. If something happens at all through him, it is action through inaction. Remember these words: action through inaction. If something at all happens through him, he is just a catalytic agent. It happens through his presence, not through his activity.

Just the opposite is the case with Krishna: he is all activity. He is also a man of trust. He has relaxed into himself and in that very relaxation he has exploded into a thousand and one actions. If sometimes you find him inactive, that simply means action is getting ready, action is pregnant in his inaction.

If Lao Tzu is action through inaction, then Krishna is inaction through action. But both are men of trust. As far as trust is concerned there is no difference at all, both have relaxed.
When a rose relaxes it becomes a rose, and when a lotus relaxes it becomes a lotus. Lotus is lotus, rose is rose -- both are different -- but as far as their relaxation is concerned, their acceptance is concerned, it is the same acceptance, the same being, the same trust.
Shantidharma, don't start thinking that trust is synonymous with inactivity; it is not. So simply relax into your own self. And a third possibility is also there, because Jesus is both. Sometimes he is active and sometimes very inactive. He is just standing between Lao Tzu and Krishna. If Krishna is all action and Lao Tzu all inaction, Jesus is just exactly in the middle -- a great synthesis. Sometimes he is very active, and then he goes to the mountains for forty days to fast, to sit silently with the trees, to meditate, to be with God. Then he comes back again to the world. He is a revolutionary, a rebel. But again and again he says to his disciples, "Now it is enough and I would like to go into seclusion." Again and again he goes to meditate in the mountains, he disappears for days, and then again he is there in the world like a flame, a torch burning from both ends together.

All these three possibilities are there. Simply relax and let things happen. But don't misunderstand trust as inactivity. That has happened in this country: trust became inactivity. This country has thought for centuries that if you trust in God, then there is no need to do anything. And it looks logical too: if you trust that he is the doer, then why should

you bother? You just sit silently, wait; whenever it is going to happen, it is going to happen; and if it is not going to happen, it is not going to happen. Why interfere? The whole country became lethargic, passive. It has lost all luster.

And the West has taken another extreme: because God's existence became suspicious through scientific evolution, God is no more so certain as he used to be, his existence is uncertain, so to trust in him may be simply stupid. Man has to act on his own. So the West has taken just the opposite route, to be active, constantly active -- so much so that even in the night people cannot fall asleep. The activity has become chronic; even in their sleep they toss and turn and they talk and they dream. Their sleep is a disturbed sleep, and many have completely forgotten how to sleep. Insomnia is becoming almost a universal phenomenon in the West -- too much activity. Because "God is not", so you cannot trust.

In the East, too much inactivity -- because "God is", So you need not act -- but both standpoints are utterly foolish. Trust simply means that you relax into your nature. Whether God is or is not has nothing to do with trust. That too has to be understood.

Whenever you use the word "trust" you always ask, "In whom?" as if trust needs an object. No, trust does not need any object. Trust is a state of your being; it is not object-oriented. A man who does not believe in God can trust, and a man who believes in God may not trust; God is not so important, not necessarily needed. For example, Buddha trusts; he does not believe in God. Mahavira trusts; he does not believe in God. Lao Tzu trusts; he neither believes in

God nor disbelieves in God; he never talks about God, God is almost irrelevant.
Then trust is something which happens in you, it has no outer reference. Trust is your relaxed state of being. Trust means be yourself: don't do anything which goes against your nature. You can call nature "God" or you can call God "nature"; it is just a question of preference. If you are a theist, call nature "God"; if you are an atheist, perfectly good, call God "nature" -- but trust remains the very foundation of a real life.
And then whatsoever happens -- action, inaction, both -- allow it. Go into it deeply, totally, wholly. The second question:

Question 2
I AM EXPERIENCING SOMETHING THAT I AM CALLING "THE PAIN OF MYSELF". CAN YOU SAY WHAT THIS IS?

Vandan, the ordinary life of humanity is a continuous effort to avoid oneself. Everybody is doing it, in different ways of course. Nobody can sit silently and be alone. Watch yourself, how fidgety you become if there is nothing to do. If the radio is not there and television is not there and the newspaper is not there and you don't have a book to read and nobody to talk to, just think how fidgety, restless you become. You are almost in a panic, as if you are dying. You need something to remain occupied with, you cannot be with yourself.
And whenever you are with yourself you start feeling bored. Now, this is strange. And if somebody else feels

bored with you, you feel very hurt, but you yourself feel bored with yourself! And everybody is the same: nobody feels good being alone.

Man is constantly escaping from himself; that is his whole activity. In business, chasing money, or in politics, chasing power, a constant need to be amused is there, to be entertained is there. Go to the football match or go to the cricket match or go to the races -- but go somewhere. Join some club, some crowd, go to the movie, be a spectator somewhere or other, but don't ever sit silently.

Why? What is the fear? Because the moment you sit silently, the first thing that one experiences is a tremendous loneliness -- and fear arises out of it, and pain and anguish. When you sit silently for a few moments, you suddenly see that your whole life is just illusory. You are only believing that you have friends -- because nobody is going to be with you when you die. You are only believing that you have a wife, a husband, children, father, mother, brothers. These are all just make-believes so that you are never allowed to know your loneliness.

Whenever you are alone, that loneliness erupts, surfaces. Suddenly you start feeling yourself a stranger in a vast world, an abysmal world, infinite. And you are there, just a tiny speck of dust -- although conscious, but so tiny, so helpless, so powerless, and all alone. That creates pain, panic, anguish. You rush back into some activity, you start doing something or other that keeps you away from this truth.

There are only two types of people: one, who escape from their loneliness -- the majority, the ninety-nine point nine percent, who escape from themselves; and the remaining

point one percent is the meditator, who says, "If loneliness is a truth, then it is a truth; then there is no point in running away from it. It is better to go into it, encounter it, see it face to face, what it is."

Meditation means going into your loneliness wholeheartedly, to discover it, to investigate it, to inquire into it. That's what meditation is all about.

And the person who is a meditator is religious; all others are just worldly. They may go to the churches, to the temples, to the synagogues -- that doesn't matter, that doesn't mean a thing. That is again an occupation. Going to the temple, to the church, to the synagogue is an occupation. It is exactly the same as going to the Lion's Club or the Rotary Club or to the movie or to the cricket match; it is the same, a religious kind of entertainment. You can go there, and you get involved in something, a ritual, a prayer, music, this and that.

Meditation means you are not escaping anymore. Although it hurts, but you are not escaping. It is painful, but you are not escaping. If it is there, you have to face it, to inquire as deeply as possible into it, because it is your reality. And by knowing it deeply you will become a man of wisdom.

Vandan, what you are feeling is the first step of meditation. You are encountering your loneliness. If you go on encountering it, if you are courageous enough and you go on encountering it and you don't start escaping, then loneliness one day changes its color: it becomes aloneness. And that is the moment of great mutation, when loneliness become aloneness. They don't mean the same thing, they are worlds apart.

Loneliness is when you hanker for something, some occupation; when you hanker for the other and you miss the other, that is loneliness. And when you have started enjoying it, the beauty, the austere beauty of being alone, the silence, the stillness, the joy of just being, breathing in the sun, just sitting under a tree doing nothing, listening to the birds, just being utterly herenow, and a great joy arises... aloneness.

But before that joy, there is going to be much pain. It happens only when you have passed through your pain. The pain is just like when somebody wants to leave alcohol; he will feel much pain because he has become addicted to alcohol. Now he will go through withdrawal symptoms. The body will ask, the mind will ask, because they always become settled with routines: the mind will say "I need alcohol"; the body will say "I need alcohol". There is great thirst, great urge -- "What are you doing?" And you will feel great pain.

If you can persist and remain patient and watching, withdrawal symptoms will disappear sooner or later. It depends on you. If you are really determined to go into it, those withdrawal symptoms will disappear.

Vandan, you are feeling withdrawal symptoms. You have become addicted to the other. Now for the first time you are taking a courageous step of being lonely: the pain will be there. It is a birth pain, pain of growth. It will disappear, nothing to be worried about. It is good, because it is not going to harm you. Escapes harm, encounters never. Facing a truth is always maturing, helps you to become integrated. Escaping from the truth is living a lie. You can deceive, but

you are simply deceiving yourself and nobody else, and you will be the loser in the end.
If one starts allowing this pain... Let it be. Note that there is pain, but don't do anything about it. Let it be. An old habit is disappearing... it hurts. Slowly, slowly you will see your inner sky changing -- from darkness to light, from loneliness to aloneness. Aloneness is the joy of being yourself. Loneliness is the misery of missing the other. Aloneness is positive, loneliness is negative.
And the man who can be alone, blissfully alone, becomes a Buddha. The man who can be utterly alone has arrived home. His is the great benediction. He is a Sufi.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, CAN YOU PLEASE GIVE ME YOUR CAR?

The question is from Hans Conard Zander. He is a reporter from Germany; he represents the famous magazine STERN.
Coming from Germany and asking for an ordinary Mercedes-Benz? -- it is like carrying coal to Newcastle. And this is the only question he has asked. Coming from Germany, from so far away, representing a very reputable, famous magazine, and only this question to ask? It shows much.
Hans Conrad Zander had been a monk before he became a journalist. That repression must still be there. He has not asked about God, not about meditation, not about love, but he has asked about a car. The monk has not yet died. This

is the ugliness of monkhood: you impose certain things upon yourself forcibly. Your poverty is imposed. Your poverty is not your joy, it is your suffering.
The monks become poor because they are greedy. They want the joys of paradise later on. And they figure it out that this life is short -- and particularly when you are a Christian you have only one life, just a short life -- by the time you start thinking about life, half of it is already gone -- so it is only a question of a few years, and then the eternal joys, forever and forever.
If Hans reaches paradise, the first thing that he will ask for will be a Mercedes-Benz! Coming to me, and asking such a stupid thing....
Hans, it is yours, you can take it away right now. But one thing I must tell you before you start taking it away: it does not belong to me. You may get into some legal trouble. As far as I am concerned, I am absolutely agreeing; you can take it away.
Nothing belongs to me. I have not a single pai with me, no bank account. You can see -- I don't even have pockets, because there is nothing to put in!
You can take it. It is just as if you ask me, "Can I take the moon?" I will say "Of course you can take it. As far as I am concerned, I have no objection. You can take the moon. "

I have heard that two hippies were sitting under a tree, were getting very high, were stoned. It was a full-moon night, and one hippie looked at the moon and said, "I would like to purchase it, whatsoever the cost. I am ready to pay for it, whatsoever the cost."

"The other said, "Forget all about it, because I am not selling it."

My saying to you that you can take it would be as absurd; because it does not belong to me at all. Nothing belongs to me. All that you see here belongs to this commune of the sannyasins; I am just a guest. I am grateful to my sannyasins because they take every care of me. Otherwise, nothing belongs to me. Any day they can say, "Goodbye," and I have to go.
But it shows much about your mind, what kind of mind you have been carrying.

The old lady was a strict teetotaller and always had a glass of milk with her meal. One day she went to a friend's wedding and some practical joker put some gin in the old lady's milk, unknown to her.
She sipped the milk, savored it, drank some more... and finally emptied the glass.
Then, with a smile on her face she said, "What a cow! What a cow! "

That's what is happening to you: "What a car! What a car! " This is ugly. This is ugly because this type of mind can never be at ease, can never be relaxed, can never know the joys of existence. This kind of mind will remain always in misery. The more you hanker for things, the more miserable you will be.
And the hankering never comes to an end. You can have all the gadgets that modern technology has made available, and yet you will be in misery because more and more is

coming on every day. And even if you can get the whole world, still you will be miserable because this mind that asks for more goes on asking for more. If you have this world, then the mind will start talking about the other world -- how to possess the moon, how to have a plot there.
In Japan there is a travel agency: they are selling tickets to the moon, and all the seats are already booked. On the first of January, 1985 the plane leaves; be in a hurry. They are asking fantastic prices for the tickets, and tickets are being sold on the black market. That will be the first trip according to them; anybody can go.
Sooner or later you will see people will be making bungalows on the moon, and then those who don't have a bungalow on the moon will suffer.
People, without seeing this eternal, infinite obsession with the "more", go on doing all kinds of things. They even become monks.
Hans became a monk. He must have become a monk in order to get free of all this desiring mind -- but you cannot get free by becoming a monk. Then one day he must have got tired, so he dropped the robes of the monk, came back into the world. But this is not going to help, you can move from one extreme to the other.
Understanding helps, not moving from one extreme to the other.

Kelly had been poverty-stricken all his life, but then an American relative left him a legacy of a million dollars. Kelly decided that he would take things easy for the rest of his life.

One day he was out driving in his big car when he said to the chauffeur, "Drive over a stone, my good man. There is some ash on the end of my cigar."

Now, taking life easy.... People move from one extreme to the other but they remain the same, because understanding happens only in the middle.
Hans has been here for a few days, and he is very antagonistic to this place, very antagonistic to sannyasins.... He told Prasad that because he has been a monk, he does not like the idea of sannyas at all. Now, this is without knowing that my sannyasins are not monks or nuns! My sannyasins are exactly in the middle: they are neither worldly nor otherworldly. They are exactly in the middle, settling in the middle, settling in a kind of balance.
Whatsoever you have, use it gratefully. Whenever you have, use it gratefully, thankfully. When you don't have it, use that not-having gratefully also. When you are poor, thank God that you are poor, because poverty has also a few joys of its own which no rich man can ever have. When you are rich, thank God that you are rich, because there are a few joys which only rich people can have, no poor man can ever have.
So I am neither for poverty and against richness nor for richness and against poverty. I am for trust. The poor man wants to be rich; that is distrust. The rich man wants to be poor, thinks maybe the poor man is enjoying something that he is missing; that is distrust. I teach you: wherever you are, wherever you find yourself, enjoy whatsoever you have -- enjoy it totally.

Sometimes if you have nothing to eat, rather than feeling hungry, make it a fast. That is the art of life. Why not transform it into a fast? Hunger can be transformed into a fast, and then it has a beauty of its own because it is no more forced upon you. You have been artistic about it. Just a little touch of your meditation, and hunger becomes a fast. A fast has a beauty, hunger is just ugly. You were starving, you changed the face of starvation; you made it beautiful, you started celebrating it.

When you have to eat, let it be a feast. Thank God. Wherever you are and whatsoever is available, feel thankful and prayerful.

But that is not the way people are living. They are constantly asking for that which they don't have -- and you will always be asking for that which you don't have. Life is short, and there are millions of things you will always be missing. People don't live in what they have, they live in what they don't have. That's why they live an empty life and fullness never happens.

Otherwise everybody is so rich, already so rich, that if he knows how to enjoy it, even emperors will feel jealous of him.

But coming here to report about this ashram, these beautiful people, this great experiment, and then asking about a car that you could have better asked about in Germany.... German roads are full of Mercedes-Benzes; they are everywhere, it is the common car in Germany. But Hans, you must be having a very, very repressed mind.

And I am surprised that a magazine like STERN sends you here to investigate about meditation. You should have been sent to a car garage!

The fourth question:

Question 4
IS NOT LIFE NOTHING BUT MISERY?

It depends on you. Life in itself is an empty canvas, it becomes whatsoever you paint on it. You can paint misery, you can paint bliss.
This freedom is your glory. You can use this freedom in such a way that your whole life becomes a hell, or in such a way that your life becomes a thing of beauty, benediction, bliss, something heavenly. It all depends on you; man has all freedom.
That's why there is so much agony, because people are foolish and they don't know what to paint on the canvas. It is left to you: that is the glory of man. That is one of the greatest gifts of God to you. No other animal has been given the gift of being free, every animal is given an already fixed program. All animals are programmed except man. A dog is bound to be a dog, and forever a dog; nothing else is possible, there is no freedom. He is programmed, everything is built-in. The blueprint is there, he will simply follow the blueprint: he will be a dog. There is no choice for him, no alternatives are available. He is an absolutely fixed entity.
Except for man, everything is programmed. The rose has to be a rose, the lotus has to be a lotus, the bird will have wings, the animal will walk on four legs.
Man is utterly free: that is the beauty of man, the glory. The immense gift of God is freedom. You are left

unprogrammed, you don't carry a blueprint. You have to create yourself, you have to be self-creative. So it all depends on you: you can become a Buddha, a Bahaudin, or you can become an Adolf Hitler, a Benito Mussolini. You can become a murderer or a meditator. You can allow yourself to become a beautiful flowering of consciousness, or you can become a robot.
But remember, you are responsible -- and only you, and nobody else.
An optimist is a man who goes to the window in the morning and says, "Good morning, God"
A pessimist is one who goes to the window and says, "My God, it is morning?"

It all depends on you. It is the same morning, maybe the same window, maybe the pessimist and the optimist are staying in the same room -- but it depends. And what a difference when you say, "Good morning, God" and when you say, "My God, it is morning?"
I have heard an ancient Sufi parable:
Two disciples of a great Master were walking in the garden of the Master's house. They were allowed to walk every day, morning, evening. The walking was a kind of meditation, a walking meditation -- just as Zen people do walking meditation. You cannot sit for twenty-four hours -- the legs need a little movement, the blood needs a little circulation -- so in Zen and in Sufism both, you meditate for a few hours sitting and then you start meditating walking. But the meditation continues; walking or sitting, the inner current remains the same.

They both were smokers. They both wanted to ask for the permission of the Master, so they both decided, "Tomorrow. At the most, he will say no, but we are going to ask. And it doesn't seem such a sacrilegious act to smoke in the garden; we will not be smoking in his house itself. "
The next day they met in the garden. One was furious -- furious because the other was smoking -- and he said, "What happened? I also asked, but he simply flatly refused and said no. And you are smoking? Are you not abiding by his orders?"
He said, "But he has said yes to me.
"This looked very unjust. And the first said, "I will go and immediately inquire as to why he said no to me and yes to you."
The other said, "Wait a minute. Please tell me what you had asked." He said, "What I had asked? I had asked a simple thing, 'Can I smoke while meditating?' He said, 'No!' and he looked very angry. "
The other started laughing; he said, "Now I know what is the matter. I asked, 'Can I meditate while smoking?' He said 'yes.'"
It all depends. Just a little difference, and life is totally something else. Now, there is a great difference. Asking, "Can I smoke while meditating?" is just ugly. But asking, " Can I meditate while smoking?" -- it's perfectly okay. Good! At least you will be meditating.
Life is neither misery nor bliss. Life is an empty canvas, and one has to be very artistic about it.

A tramp knocked at the door of an inn named "George and the Dragon".

"Could you spare a poor man a bite to eat?" he asked the woman who answered the door.
"No! " she screamed, slamming the door.
A few seconds later, the tramp knocked again.
The same woman answered the door.
"Could I have a bite to eat?" said the tramp.
"Get out, you good-for-nothing!" shouted the woman. "And don't you ever come back! "
After a few minutes the tramp knocked at the door again.
The woman came to the door.
"Pardon," said the tramp, "but could I have a few words with George this time?"
Life is the inn called "George and the Dragon". You can ask to have a few words with George too.

The fifth question:

Question 5
OSHO, AS I READ YOUR BOOKS AND HEAR YOUR DISCOURSES YOU SEEM TO MISQUOTE AND TAKE OUT OF CONTEXT THE WORDS OF SIGMUND FREUD. WHAT IS YOUR POINT, OSHO? I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE TRICKERY INVOLVED.

Meeto, I am an ignorant man, as ignorant as Socrates and Bodhidharma. You will have to be patient with me. I am not a scholar, and what I am saying to you is not scholarly; it is just the opposite.
Just a few days before there was a Jungian, and I said at that time, "Wait. Sooner or later, a Freudian will be coming." And now the Freudian has come.

The Jungian was very angry, Meeto, because I had mentioned Jung's name in the same breath with Freud's. He was very angry. He said, "How can you dare to mention Freud's name with Jung's in the same breath -- the great Jung? It is as wrong as somebody mentioning Adolf Hitler's name in the same breath with Buddha's."

It is very unfortunate that the Jungian has left. Otherwise I would have told him to meet Meeto and have a good discussion....

I am not a scholar and I am not concerned with details. And my purpose here is not to inform you rightly; my purpose is not that of a professor. My purpose is not to inform you at all, but transform you. So it doesn't matter. If it serves transformation, I can misquote. If it serves to hit you, your knowledge, your learnedness, I can do anything.

The purpose is to hammer, the purpose is to shock you. See the purpose. I am not reading a scholarly, learned paper about Freud. Sometimes it may look different to you, if you are very learned and you have been reading books and Freudian psychology and you have been concerned with small details. It will look difficult for you, but that's really the purpose. If you can drop your knowledge and be mad with a madman like me, then something is going to happen to you. Freud is irrelevant.

You say that I quote out of context. Out of context or not, my whole purpose is single-pointed: to destroy your attachment to knowledge. And I will use all kinds of things. And I perfectly agree with Machiavelli as far as this thing is concerned -- that any means is good if the end is good.

I have heard:

It is a joke of "fact and fiction" involving two contemporary English poets, Ben Johnson and John Sylvester.
John Sylvester once told Ben Johnson, "Hey, Ben, you and I are famous poets. Let us now create a poem together. I shall construct the first line, you the next, I the third, you the fourth, and so on. Each line must rhyme perfectly with the other. "
Ben Johnson, suspecting mischief, said, "Okay John, go ahead."
Sylvester recited his first line: "I, John Sylvester, kissed your sister, " and beamed.
An outraged Ben Johnson controlled his temper and calmly said, "I, Ben johnson, slept with your wife."
"Where is the rhyme?" fumed Sylvester.
"Rhyme or no rhyme, it is a bloody fact!" retorted Ben.

So, context or no context, it doesn't matter -- it is a bloody fact.
My purpose is to destroy all attachment to words, to theories. If you are a Freudian, then I will misquote Freud; if you are a Jungian, I will misquote Jung; if you are an Adlerian, I will do the same to Adler. It doesn't matter. Freud, Jung, Adler don't matter.
All that matters is that I have to destroy this constant obsession with words, theories, hypotheses. But I know, scholars are scholars....

The young scholar walked into the pet shop and asked if he could buy 177 cockroaches, 55 beetles, 21 mice, and 7 rats.

"I am sorry, sir, but we can only supply the mice," said the owner of the pet shop. "But, out of interest, what on earth do you want all those other creatures for?"
"Well, I got evicted from my flat this morning," replied the young scholar, "and the landlord said that I must leave the place exactly as I found it. "

I am not that kind of a scholar. If sometimes you get angry, please forgive me.

In a small southern Louisiana country town, the teacher of the one-room school was giving the lesson of the day on American history. Asking questions to 'dis little girl and 'dat little boy and 'dis little boy and 'dat little girl, she came to 'dis little boy named Beaudreaux, and she says, "Beaudreaux, who signed the Declaration of Independence -- uh?"
Without batting an eye, Beaudreaux says, "Teacha, me -- I don't know. And that ain't all, I don't give a damn to know!"
Upset with Beaudreaux's reply, the teacher instructed him to bring his father to school with him the next day. When Beaudreaux's father arrived the next day, the teacher asked him to sit at the back of the room and just observe.
Continuing with the history lesson of the previous day, the teacher proceeded asking questions to 'dis little girl and 'dat little boy and 'dis little boy and 'dat little girl and she came once again to Beaudreaux and she says, "Beaudreaux, who signed the Declaration of Independence -- uh?"

The boy, as steady as the day before, says, "Teacha, it is just like I told you yesterday. Me... I don't know. And that ain't all, I don' t give a damn to know! "
Hearing this, Beaudreaux's father jumped out of his chair, grabbed him by his collar and stiff-armed him outside. Obviously upset, but not knowing exactly what to do, the brief silent stare was broken when Beaudreaux's father says, "Now, Beaudreaux, ya know ya momma ain't got much learnin... right? And me, I ain't got that much. So if you signed that damn paper, you get in there and told that teacha! "

I am a very ignorant man. As ignorant as Socrates, as ignorant as Bodhidharma. Please be kind with me.

The sixth question:

Question 6
IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING MORE ORDINARY, WHAT IS HAPPENING, TO THE EGO?

Vipassana, one cannot become ordinary. No, that is not possible. One always becomes extraordinary. Even if you try to become ordinary you will become extraordinary may be "extraordinarily ordinary", but you will become extraordinary.
Becoming cannot lead you to ordinariness. Ordinariness is to drop the idea of becoming. When you stop becoming, you are ordinary. What is the idea of becoming? -- to be somebody special.

And yes, remember the cunningness and cleverness of the mind and its subtle ways of deceiving. The egoistic person can try to become humble, but that's where he misses the whole point. You cannot try to become humble. If you try, your humbleness will be nothing but a new camouflage for the old ego, a new painting, a new coat of paint on the old ego, a new dressing, a new decoration, a renovation -- but the old continues. It is the ego that was trying to become humble, and when you become humble the ego will feel very gratified. The ego will say, "Look Now there is nobody else who is as humble as I am. " But this is ego, this is not humbleness.

The really egoless person is not humble at all. He is neither arrogant nor humble; he is simply himself. The humble person is just the egoist standing on his head, doing a sirshasana, a head-stand, that's all. Nothing has changed. Do you think when you stand on your head, something changes? You simply look foolish, silly, that's all. You may think you are doing something great -- yoga, et cetera -- all that happens is that you look silly. Nothing changes in you. One has to understand the desire to become. Why do you want to become somebody? Even if that somebody, the idea, the ideal, is that of being humble, ordinary even if the idea is that of becoming nobody -- why do you want to become somebody in the first place? Can't you be just that which you are? From where does this desire arise? Watch, analyze, diagnose the desire to become.

You are not satisfied, you are not contented; you are condemnatory towards yourself. You are not feeling that you are the way you should be. You are carrying many

shoulds in your head, and those shoulds are creating the fever of becoming.
Who is ordinary? -- one who is without the fever of shoulds. And that ordinariness is nothing but godliness. Only God is ordinary, and those who are or&ry become divine. But it does not happen through becoming, it happens by dropping all desire to become.

Vipassana, you ask me, "In the process of becoming more ordinary..." It is not a process. How can you become ordinary through a process? To become ordinary simply means that you have dropped the very idea of becoming anybody -- the idea of being ordinary also included in it. You have dropped the very process, you have simply accepted the way you are: tathata, suchness. You start enjoying the way you are, the person you are. Whosoever you are, you start enjoying it, you are utterly contented with it.
This is ordinariness. This is not a process; this is a sudden revelation that "I have been chasing shadows, and because I have been chasing shadows I was suffering. I was missing the present moment, the herenow which contains all. And because I was chasing shadows, it was not possible to attain them, so there was frustration again and again and again."
Becoming means you are interested in the future, not in the present. Being is in the present, becoming needs the future. Becoming is always tomorrow: tomorrow you will be ordinary, and then you will enjoy bliss, consciousness, love -- but tomorrow. And tomorrow never comes, it is always today.
Be like trees, be like animals, be like birds.

Somebody asked Jesus, "What is **The Secret** of entering into your kingdom of God?" and he said, "Ask the lilies or the fish or the flowers. Ask!" What is **The Secret** of a lily flower? What is the beauty of the poor lily? What is the richness of the poor lily? The richness is that it is always here and now, it knows only the present time. It knows nothing of the past and nothing of the future.

Remember, if you are interested in the future you will always remain attached to the past. Why? Because if you want to become somebody, from where will you get the knowledge to become? The knowledge will be supplied by the past, by the memory, by the skill that you have learned, by all the experiences that you have passed through. The knowledge will be supplied by the past, the know-how will be supplied by the past. If you are interested in the future, then you will remain half in the past and half in the future -- and this is the division that keeps you schizophrenic. If you are just herenow, the past is not needed.

See it. Think of it. Just this moment, see it. If you are interested just in this moment, no past is needed, no skill is needed, no memory is needed, no knowledge is needed. And if you are just herenow, where is becoming? You are a being.

To be is to be ordinary. To become is to be ill, to become is to be diseased, to become is to remain insane, split, schizophrenic.

But the ego is very subtle. You rush after money, you become frustrated; one day you say, "It is nonsense, only frustration comes. Now I don't want to become extraordinary; I have tried enough. Now I will try to

become ordinary. " But trying continues -- the ego has deceived you.

A vain lion wanted to find out why the other animals were not as beautiful as he. First he asked a giraffe. The giraffe did not know. Next, the lion asked a bear. The bear had no answer. Then the lion asked a hippopotamus, and again got no answer.
Finally, the lion met a mouse. He asked the mouse, "Tell me, why aren't you as big, as strong, and as beautiful as I am?"
The mouse looked up at the lion and said, "Well, I have been sick."

The ego is very subtle: it finds explanations, rationalizations. It can't allow you to see the truth. Even the mouse says, "Well, I have been sick." Even the mouse cannot accept that he is just an ordinary mouse. No, not possible.
Watch the ways of the ego. It comes always from new dimensions. If you close one door, it comes from another door. If the front door is closed, it comes from the back door.
The man who really wants to know the truth will watch, will witness all the possible ways of the ego. Watching the possible ways of the ego again and again, a great understanding arises. One day suddenly you have seen all the games of the ego. In that very seeing, becoming is dropped.
Becoming is the shadow of the ego. Becoming is the methodology of the ego. Then you don't want to become a

saint, then you don't want to become ordinary, then you don't want to become humble, then you don't want to become pure, then you don't want to become anything. You don' t even want to become God; there is nothing you want to become. Becoming simply evaporates. And in that evaporation you are left alone, beautifully alone, totally alone, with no mind.
Mind is not needed at all for the being; it is needed only for becoming. It supplies methods, know-how, technology -- it is not needed, it is irrelevant. Then it falls silent. In that silence you are ordinary. But it is not the end result of becoming. On the contrary, it is the disappearance of becoming.

The seventh question:

Question 7
OSHO, WE MUST BE FREE. YET WHERE DOES FREEDOM END AND SELFISHNESS BEGIN?

Deva Pagal, freedom has to be understood. It is a very delicate matter, a very subtle matter, one of the most profound, because freedom is equivalent to God.
That's why Mahavira refused the existence of God, because he accepted the existence of freedom, and that was enough. He called ultimate freedom moksha. Moksha means absolute freedom, ultimate freedom; then there is no need for God. Freedom is another name for God.
Three things have to be understood. First, there is a kind of freedom that you are acquainted with: that is freedom from. A child wants to be free of the parents. The slave wants to

be free from the master, from the boss. This is freedom from; it is a reaction, it is the ego asserting itself. And I am not saying there is anything wrong in it; you just have to watch the different colors of freedom.

When you are seeking freedom from, sooner or later you will fall into another trap -- because it is a reaction and not an understanding. That's what happened in all the revolutions in the past. In 1917 the poor masses of Russia revolted against the Czar, wanted to be free from Czardom. And they became free just to become slaves again, because they had no positive idea of freedom. Their idea of freedom was negative. Their whole interest was how to be free from the Czar. They forgot, they completely forgot, that just to be free from the Czar was not going to help; some other Czar would be waiting.

The moment you are free from the old Czar, the new Czar will jump upon you -- and the new will be more powerful, and the new will create a far more dangerous slavery, because the new will know that you can revolt. You have revolted against the old: he will have to make a better, stronger structure of slavery so that you cannot revolt anymore. He will be more cautious, obviously.

That's what happened in Russia. Stalin proved to be a greater Czar than all the Czars put together. He massacred, murdered more people than all the Czars put together. Even Ivan the Terrible was not so terrible as Josef Stalin proved to be. Stalin was not his real name, but given by the people. It was given in appreciation, but in fact it is not a compliment. "Stalin" means "a man of steel". Yes, we call strong people, courageous people, men of steel. But in fact

it proved to be just a derogatory thing: he proved to be a man without heart.

The real man of strength is not without heart, because without heart you are a machine, not a man. The real man of strength is hard as steel and as soft as a lotus petal. Only then has a real man attained. But Stalin was just steel, a robot -- no heart, no compassion, no love. He killed millions of Russians, he created the greatest slavery yet in history. Even Adolf Hitler was far behind him.

Adolf Hitler had concentration camps, true, but Stalin made the whole country a concentration camp. Russia is a concentration camp, there is nothing else; the whole country is a concentration camp. Every single person is watched, people are put against each other. You cannot even talk to your own wife honestly, because who knows? -- she may report against you. You cannot even talk to your children because they are members of the youth league; they may report against you. And they are being taught, women are being taught, that the country, communism, is the only value; everything else can be sacrificed for it. Small children are being taught to detect and spy on their fathers and mothers, on what they are talking about, and report it -- because communism is God. Everything else can be sacrificed.

The whole country became a concentration camp. People became afraid even to think, because who knows? -- there may be some way of knowing your thoughts. There may be an electrode fixed in your head -- who knows? -- which goes on broadcasting to the communist party what you are thinking.

Now it is possible, scientifically it is possible, to fix electrodes in your head. You will never be aware of them, because deep inside your skull there is no sensitivity. So if something is put there you will never know about it, you will not feel its presence. But it can go on reporting what you are thinking to the headquarters, what kind of thoughts are moving in you; it can give signals. And there is every possibility that it is going to be practiced on people in communist countries.

People revolted against the Czar just to fall into the hands and clutches of a far more dangerous Czar. Russia seems to be the only country where revolution has no possibility; its very roots are cut. It seems impossible that Russia will ever go through a revolution again.

So when you are seeking freedom from.... For example, if you are searching for freedom from the society, the established society, then you will fall into the trap of some alternative society. You will become a hippie or a yippie or something, and there you will again be in the same trap. If the established society wants you not to wear long hair, then in the hippie community you will be asked to wear long hair. If you do not have long hair you will look odd. People will laugh at you, they will think that you are a square. They will think that you are stupid, that you are not a rebel. So if you are trying to escape from one slavery, you are bound to fall into another, because your inner mechanism is already conditioned to being a slave. You can change masters, that's all.

The Christian can become a Hindu, the Hindu can become a Mohammedan, the Mohammedan can become a Jew -- it doesn't matter. You only change masters, you remain the

same. First you Were dependent on the Hindu priest, now you are dependent on the Christian minister. First you were dependent on the Koran, now you depend on the Geeta, but dependence continues. This is not true freedom.
Freedom from is not true freedom.
Then there is another kind of freedom: freedom for -- the second kind of freedom, which is far better than the first. The first is negative. The second is positive: one wants to be free to do something. For example, you want to be free of your family because you are in love with music. You are not really against the family. You are for music, and the family creates a hindrance, so you escape from the family. You are not against the family, against the parents, but they want you to become an engineer and you want to become a musician.
And it is good to be a musician even if you have to suffer for it. It is better to be a musician if you really want to be a musician, if you have a passion for it, than to be a successful engineer, rich, comfortable, safe. You can be safe, rich, comfortable, secure, but you will be dead if you do something which you never wanted to do. If you want to become a musician or a dancer or a poet and that is your passion, then go for it. You may be a beggar, you may never become known, you may never be rich -- because the society does not need much poetry.
The society does not need much music, it needs more weapons to kill. It does not need poetry because poetry cannot be of much use in War. It needs atom bombs, hydrogen bombs. It needs soldiers, not sannyasins. It is a society based on hate, it is a society which is rooted in

violence. It is a society which is greedy and lives through greed, ambition, lust -- lust for power.
If you become a good ladder climber your parents will be happy -- although the ladder leads nowhere. One day suddenly when you have become the president of the country, on the last rung of the ladder, then you see the point: that you have come to the highest and now it looks as if your whole life has been a wastage -- because the ladder leads nowhere. You are just in the sky, hanging. You have not arrived anywhere.
But now to say this is not right... because at least the people who have not arrived believe that you have reached. To say, "I have not reached," will need great guts.
That's what Buddha did when he renounced his kingdom. He said, "There is nothing." That's what Mahavira did when he renounced his kingdom, what Ibrahim did when he renounced his kingdom; he said, "There is nothing. " But these people are really courageous people. Otherwise it looks so stupid; when everybody thinks you have reached, why say it? Why not let the illusion continue? And what is the point in saying that you have been after something which was absolutely absurd, ridiculous, that your whole life has been foolish? Why Say it, why confess it? Just keep quiet. Go on holding on to the top, remain there till you die, but never tell **The Secret** to anybody because that will prove that your whole life has been just a life of utter mediocrity, unintelligence.
If you want to be a musician or a poet, be a musician, be a poet. And this is a second kind of freedom: you will be at least happy that you are doing your own thing, not somebody else's thing.

And this is my experience: that to be doing one's own thing is the greatest joy in the world -- whatsoever that thing is appreciated by the society or not, valued by the society or not, whether it can be sold in the marketplace as a commodity or not. If it is the thing that you passionately desire, intensely desire, then do it; and whatsoever the cost, sacrifice yourself for it.

This is the second kind of freedom: freedom for. This is a positive approach, better than the first. The first type of person becomes a politician. The second type of person becomes a poet, a painter, an artist. The first freedom is negative, the second freedom is positive -- but remember, they are aspects of the same thing.

Even the first type of freedom at least pretends that there is some goal. Even the politician says, "We are fighting to be free -- from this kind of society, this kind of structure, this kind of politics. We are fighting to be free from this society just to create another society. We are fighting for some goal, some value, some utopia, some ideology." Even he has to pretend that, because the negative cannot exist alone; at least the positive has to be talked about. So communism talks about a classless society, utopia, where everything will be beautiful, where paradise will have descended on the earth. It will take infinity, but that goal has to be given. Otherwise people will not fight for a negative freedom.

So the negative implies the positive; and vice versa, the positive implies the negative. When you want to become a painter and your parents are not agreeing and your society thinks it is foolish, you have to fight with them. So freedom for will have something to do with freedom from; they both are together.

The real freedom is the third kind, the transcendental freedom. What is that? It is neither from nor for; it is simply freedom. It is just freedom. That is moksha: just freedom. Neither against anybody -- it is not a reaction; nor to create some future -- there is no goal. One simply enjoys being oneself, for its own sake; it is an end unto itself.
Freedom from creates the politician, the reformer, the social servant, the communist, the socialist, the fascist. Freedom for creates the artist, the painter, the poet, the dancer, the musician. And just freedom for its own sake creates the sannyasin, the spiritual person, the truly religious.
Pagal, your question is, "We must be free. Yet where does freedom end and selfishness begin?" The first two are selfish, ego-oriented. The first, freedom from, is very egoistic because it has to fight against. It is violent; it has to be very egoistic. It has to disobey, it has to destroy, it has to conspire against the status quo. It needs great ego. The politician is nothing but pure ego.
The second, freedom for, also has ego, but more delicate, more subtle, not so gross as the politician's. The musician also has the ego, but more delicate, softer, more gentlemanly. The poet also has the ego, but nice, sweet, not so bitter as the first. They both are ego expressions.
Only in the third, pure freedom -- neither against nor for -- is there no ego and is there no selfishness, because the third freedom happens only when the ego has evaporated. If the ego is still there, the freedom may be either the first or the second. The third requires as basic the phenomenon of the disappearance of the ego :FANA. One has to understand the ego to attain the third freedom.

Watch the ways of the ego. Go on watching. There is no need to fight for, no need to fight against; there is only just one need: to watch and be aware of how the ego functions, its mechanism. And slowly, slowly out of that awareness, one day the ego is found no more. Because the ego can exist only in unawareness. When awareness comes and the light comes, the ego disappears like darkness. And then there is freedom. That freedom knows no ego.
And that freedom is love, and that freedom is God. That freedom is nirvana, that freedom is truth. In that freedom you exist in God, God exists in you. Then nothing wrong can ever happen through you. Then your life is virtue. Then your very breathing is meditation. Then you walk and it is poetry. Then you sit silently and it is dance. Then you are a blessing to the world. You are blessed.

The Secret

Chapter #7

Chapter title: These Letters Have No Meaning
17 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

A MAN WHO HAD SPENT MANY YEARS TRYING TO PUZZLE OUT MEANINGS WENT TO SEE A SUFI AND TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS SEARCH.
THE SUFI SAID, "GO AWAY AND PONDER THIS -- IHMN." THE MAN WENT AWAY. WHEN HE CAME BACK, THE SUFI WAS DEAD. "NOW I SHALL

NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH!" MOANED THE PUZZLER.
AT THAT THE MOMENT THE SUFI'S CHIEF DISCIPLE APPEARED. "IF," HE SAID, "YOU ARE WORRYING ABOUT **THE SECRET** MEANING OF IHMN, I WILL TELL YOU. IT IS THE INITIALS OF THE PERSIAN PHRASE 'IN HURUF MAANI NADARAND' -- WHICH MEANS, 'THESE LETTERS HAVE NO MEANING.'"

"BUT WHY SHOULD I HAVE BEEN GIVEN SUCH A TASK?" SAID THE PUZZLING MAN.
"BECAUSE, WHEN A DONKEY COMES TO YOU, YOU GIVE HIM CABBAGES. THAT IS HIS NUTRITION, NO MATTER WHAT HE CALLS IT. DONKEYS PROBABLY THINK THAT THEY ARE DOING SOMETHING FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN EATING CABBAGES."

RELIGION IS NOT A PHILOSOPHICAL ENTERPRISE; it has nothing to do with mind. Religion has no problems to be solved. It is not a question of thinking, it is a question of living. It is a question of going deeper into your being. It is not a question of intellectual thought process but existential deepening in your own self. Religion has no question-marks as philosophy has.
Philosophy is questioning, religion is a quest the difference is great. If you think, you go on moving on the periphery. Thought has no profundity, thought is always superficial. It is like waves on the surface of the ocean. Waves cannot

exist in the depth of the ocean, they can only exist on the surface.

Thinking is like waves on the surface of consciousness, and the question is to know the depth. You can go on chasing the waves, you will not attain to anything. Your life will be a sheer wastage.

But why does man go on thinking? When it is a question of getting into one's own being, why does he keep clinging to the surface? It is out of fear; depth needs courage. You will have to dive deep. Who knows what there is in the depth? You may disappear, you may not be able to come back again, you may melt. And the depth is dark, very dark. On the surface there is light, and on the surface there are many people just like you; you are not lonely. In the depth you will be alone. The deeper you go the more alone you will be. At the very center of your being there is just aloneness and nothing else. There you cannot take your friends, crowds, people. Unless one is ready to go on this lonely pilgrimage, one continues thinking.

Thinking is a substitute, a substitute for something which is totally different -- deepening. Thinking needs talents, deepening needs only courage. In the world of thinking you can prove your ego very easily. If you are articulate, a little logical, cunning, clever, calculating, you can become a great man.

But in the depth no talent is needed; all that is needed is immense courage to be alone.

That's what meditation is all about. Meditation is just the diametrical opposite of thinking. Meditation is not thinking at all, it is a state of no-thought.

Philosophy is a substitute for religion. Those who go into philosophy are lost to religion, and those who want to go into religion, they have to drop all kinds of philosophizing. Out of fear thinking arises -- it keeps you occupied; out of the fear of being alone -- it keeps you engaged. And certainly you can always rationalize that your engagement in thoughts is of great significance. If you are thinking about God, naturally you can believe that you are thinking about something great. But whether you are thinking about God or about cabbages, it makes no difference at all -- thinking is thinking. The object does not make any difference.

The only transformation happens when you drop thinking, when suddenly you are in a state of no-thought, no-mind. There are people who think about money, and people who think about power, and people who think about success; and there are people who think about God, prayer, meditation -- but there is no difference at all. The object of thinking does not change the process of thinking -- let it sink deep into you -- otherwise people simply go on changing their objects. If somebody is thinking of money we say he is a worldly man, and if somebody is thinking about God we say, "Look, what a religious man!" Both are worldly. The man who is thinking about God is also as afraid of no-thought, of aloneness, as the man who is thinking of money; no difference at all.

Your gods and your ghosts, all are created out of fear. The people you find in the temples and churches and mosques praying, bowing down to the statues they themselves have made, are not in prayer, they are simply trembling with fear. It is out of fear that they have created the temples, it is

out of fear that they have created a God. God is their ultimate companion. They want never to be alone, so they say, "When I die, the wife will leave me, the husband will leave me, the children will be no more with me, the whole world will leave me -- but God will be with me." At least they can hope that, that "God will be with me. But I will not be alone." And religion starts happening only when you gather courage to be alone.
There is something like God, but that happens only to people who are ready to be alone. Aloneness brings you to your own divinity. Beware of the gods that you have created out of fear !
A story:

Three men went up to a haunted house because they had heard there was a fortune there.
The first man went in while the two others remained outside. He saw some money on a table and started to put the money in his pocket, when he heard a voice say, "I am the ghost of the Holy Navel, put the money back on the table !" The man ran out the back door.
The second man entered because the first took so long. He also saw the money on the table. As he started to put the money in his pocket, a strange voice said, "I am the ghost of the Holy Navel, put the money back on the table!" This man also fled out the back door.
The third man got tired of waiting, and he went inside. He saw the money. As he began to put the money in his pocket, a strange voice said, "I am the ghost of the Holy Navel, put the money back on the table!"

But instead of running away, the man said, "I am the ghost of Davy Crockett, and I will put the money in my pocket!" The ghost disappeared, and the man went out the front door a rich man.

The fear is the root cause of all your gods and all your ghosts. The fear is the root cause of how you have created heaven and hell.

The other side of fear is greed. Wherever fear is, there is greed, wherever greed is, there is fear; they are two aspects of the same coin. So you have created ghosts and gods -- ghosts out of fear, gods out of greed -- and you have created hell and heaven. If you look deeply into your theologies, you will not find anything else but the psychology of fear and greed.

The true religion makes you free of fear and greed. And the only way to be free of fear and greed is to be able to be alone, is to be able to go in, into the darkness of your inner being, to move to the center.

We remain on the periphery, and the center is not far away, and you have not to travel long to reach the center. It can happen this very moment -- because it is your center. You may be keeping your back to it; just a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn and it is there. It has always been there, but you have not yet gathered enough courage to face yourself. So you get involved in so many things: in relationships, in business, in power politics, in ambitions. You go on getting involved in something or other just to avoid one single fact -- and that is you. This creates a double-bind. Because you are avoiding yourself you start creating a false self. One cannot live without a self; at least a nominal self, a nominal

center is needed, otherwise you will fall apart, into pieces. Because you avoid the real self you have to create a false self; that is the ego.

The ego is a make-believe illusion, but very utilitarian. It gives you some idea of your being centered, although that idea is very chaotic. The ego cannot really give you the idea of being centered. In the first place it is only a combination of many opinions that have been expressed about you by others. Somebody has said you are very great and somebody has condemned you. Now both the ideas are there. Somebody has said you are beautiful and somebody has said that you are ugly; now both the ideas are there. Your ego is a patchwork: all the opinions that have been expressed about you, good and bad, favorable, unfavorable, are collected there. Out of these ideas you have created a kind of person in your mind, an image: "Who am I?" This image is very hotch-potch; that's why your life remains a chaos, a mess. And because this image has come from the outside, from people who don't know your center -- can't know our center, because even you don't know your center, how can they? it is always something which is opposite to your real center -- you become two persons instead of one. You become a duality. You are something and you believe yourself to be something else. You do one thing; you think you are doing it because of this motivation, but there is some other motivation of which you are completely unaware. You can never become integrated. You will go on becoming more and more schizophrenic.

I have heard...

There is a story about a spinster who had a habit of checking under the bed to see if it was safe to go to sleep. For years she went through this ritual of checking to make sure nobody was hiding there. After many years of doing this, one day she looked and, lo and behold, there was a man hiding under her bed.
She screamed from excitement and said, "So finally you are here! "

On the surface you are one thing, in the depths just the opposite. On the surface you may be a saint, in the depths a sinner. On the surface you may be very moral and deep down you may be carrying all kinds of immoral desires. On the surface you may look always very happy, smiling, and deep down you may be just despair and nothing else.
This distance goes on growing and becomes bigger and bigger as you grow in life and in experience. By the time you die you don't die as one man, you die as a crowd. The child is born as a single individual, but by the time he is eighty and ready to die, certainly he will be two persons. More possibility is that he will be more than two -- three, four, five, six, ten -- nobody knows. He can be a crowd. You just watch yourself and you will not find a single self in you but many selves. You are multi-psychic, you have many minds, and each mind is fighting with your other minds. There is great competition inside, continuous quarrel. And in that quarrel, in that conflict, you are dissipating energy; and when you dissipate energy in constant civil war you lose zest for life. You lose all possibilities to be ecstatic, you lose joy.

William Blake is right when he says, "Energy is delight." That's a very profound statement. Yes, energy is delight, and the greater the energy you have the greater will be your delight. It is energy that becomes delight; overflowing energy is delight, overflowing energy becomes celebration. When the energy is dancing in you, in unison, in a deep harmony, in rhythm and flow, you become a blessing to the world.

But how can it happen if you are continuously fighting and your whole energy goes into fight? And nobody is going to win, because all those selves are false. Only the true can win. Only truth is ever victorious, lies can never win; yes, small battles maybe -- one lie can win upon another lie -- but the ultimate war can never be won by any lie. It is won only by the truth. But we go on choosing this lie and that lie, and we never move towards the truth.

This is a very strange situation man finds himself in, and this is everybody's situation. And because we start thinking about life, life's problems, life's mysteries, we get trapped in scriptures, doctrines, theories -- because from where else are you going to get the answer? If you ask, "Who created the world?" now how are you going to find the answer to who created the world? You were not present there when the world was created -- if it ever was created. How are you going to find the answer to who created the world? One thing is certain -- nobody could have been present, because if somebody had been present then the world would have already been there. Nobody could have been present, so nobody could have been a witness. And once you ask such a stupid question, which looks very, very intelligent: who created the world? -- almost every religious person goes on

asking this -- then you are bound to fall into a trap. Then those cunning and calculating people who can answer it -- and all their answers are false because nobody can be a witness to it, and all their answers are contradictory to each other...

Mahavira says the world was never created. Now how to believe whether he was right or not? Christians say the world was created exactly four thousand four years before Jesus Christ was born... on the first of January, on Monday, in the early morning, at six o'clock. Now this is patently stupid, because now we know, enough proofs are there, that the world has existed -- at least this earth has existed -- for millions of years. If the world was created four thousand four years before Jesus, that means the world has existed for only six thousand years. But the ruins of Harappa are seven thousand years old; it is scientifically proved. And we have found bones of animals which are millions of years old. But you will be surprised at what Christians say. There was one Christian thinker who said that God can do that -- he made the world exactly four thousand four years before Jesus; but God is omnipotent -- he made bones that look millions of years old. And why did he make these bones? -- just to test your trust. Those who are really trusting, they will trust, and those who doubt will fall into hell. Cunning people can always go on finding explanations.

To ask a question means you are ready to receive some answer from somebody. And whenever you receive some answer from somebody you are falling more and more away from the truth, because truth can never be borrowed. Neither can the Vedas give it to you, nor the Koran, nor the

Bible. Neither can Buddha give it to you, nor Mohammed, nor I. Nobody can give it to you.

Truth has to be discovered by everybody in his own being. You are truth! "Ana el haq!" Mansur, the great Sufi, declared "I am truth!" But how can you declare this unless you have reached to the very core of your being? Because we ask such questions, we are supplied with answers.

There is one economic law: wherever there is a demand there will be a supply. Ask a stupid question and you will get a thousand and one stupid answers. And because you have asked the question, the question creates irritation; you cannot be satisfied unless you receive some answer. The question goes on haunting you, so you are bound to fall into the trap of some dogma, doctrine, scripture, priest, philosopher. You are bound to fall into somebody's trap, and it is because of a wrong question.

The only right and religious question is one: that is, who am I? Because nobody can answer it, that's why it is the only valid question -- only you can answer it. Nobody can say who you are, only you; and you too only when you go deep into yourself, beyond all the labels that are sticking on your surface: that "I am a doctor", that "I am an engineer", that "I am a businessman", that "I am a professor"; that "I am a Christian", that "I am a Hindu", that "I am a Catholic" or a communist, socialist; that "I am Indian", or German or Japanese.

When you start penetrating all these labels that have been stuck on you -- they are many, layers upon layers; if, you throw away one layer of labels you will find another layer of labels there -- you will have to peel all these labels off. Man has become almost like an onion: you have to peel all

the layers off, and then only one day you reach to the center. That center is nothingness. Sufis call it fana: all is gone, all that you had believed in, all that you had trusted in, all those labels gone. You are no more a Hindu and no more a Mohammedan. You are no more a communist, no more a socialist. You are no more this or that -- neti-neti, neither this nor that. You have abandoned all those labels. You are not even a man or a woman, because consciousness cannot be man or woman. You are neither white nor black, because that is only the pigment in the body. You are not the body either. Why? -- because you can be conscious of the body. I can See my hand; that means the seer must be separate from the seen. I can observe my thoughts, so I am not my thoughts. I can watch my feelings, so I am not my feelings either.

You go on, "I am not this thing, I am not that thing." You go on and on, then a moment comes: all things have been dropped. You are a no-thing; that means nothing.

Nothing is not a state of emptiness. Remember, nothing is not a state of emptiness, nothing simply means no-thing. You are a consciousness, not a thing. And the consciousness cannot be reduced to anything whatsoever. It is irreducible. The consciousness cannot be made an object, it always remains your subjectivity. The deeper you go, the deeper you will find it is standing beyond and beyond and beyond. It is always the beyond, the transcendental.

So it cannot be identified with anything: the body, the color, the race, the language, the religion, the church, the philosophy -- no, not at all. All those things are borrowed. You have been told that you are a Hindu, so you believe that you are a Hindu. Just think: the day you were born, if

you had been removed from your family and you had been brought up by a Christian or a Mohammedan, would you have ever thought that you are a Hindu? And who knows, exactly the same thing may have happened: you may have been brought up by a Christian, but you may not have been born to a Christian family. You would not have ever been able to find it out, there would be no way. You will always think that you are a Christian, Mohammedan, Hindu, or whatsoever is told to you. You are born as purity, a mirror, then things are imposed on you.
The religious person has to unburden himself.

I am reminded of a minister who so thoroughly bored the members of his congregation that they finally asked him to leave.
"Give me one more chance," he pleaded.
The congregation turned out in force the next Sunday and heard him deliver, to their surprise and delight, the most inspired sermon heard for years.
After the service, everyone shook his hand warmly. One man, an elder of the church, said, "You must stay, with an increase in salary, of course."
The minister accepted. Then the elder said, "That was the greatest sermon I have ever heard. But tell me one thing. As you began to speak you raised two fingers of your left hand, at the end two fingers of your right hand. What was the significance of those gestures?"
"Those," answered the minister, "were the quotation marks."

Just look at yourself: whatsoever you are, whatsoever you think you are, is within quotation marks. You have been told. You are quoting others when you say, "I am a Hindu." Your Hinduism is within quotation marks. When you say, "I am a communist," you are again quoting others. You can believe in the Bible, or in DAS KAPITAL, it doesn't matter; you are a believer. Then you are not a true person. You have not yet known who you are. You are clinging to some information fed from the outside by others.

To discover oneself means to drop all quotation marks, to be utterly naked in the sun. Then only one becomes religious, then only one knows one's true center and being. But people are wasting their energies in unnecessary questions. You ask one question, you will get a thousand and one answers for it, and you will become more and more confused. If you believe in any answer that answer is not going to satisfy either; it will create new questions.

For example, if you believe that God created the world, then the question arises: why? Nothing is solved. You were thinking, "My question, 'Who created the world?' will be solved if I can trust and believe that God created the world," but now the question arises: why? Why did he not create it before! What was he doing before he created the world? For eternity, just think... what was he doing! And why did he suddenly create the world four thousand and four years before Jesus? Why so suddenly? What happened, what motivation? Maybe some answer can be given to it; that is not going to help. New questions will arise. That is one of the indications of a false answer: it does not solve the basic question; on the contrary, it creates more questions.

Then the question arises, "Okay, he created the world for a certain reason, but why did he create such an ugly world, with so much suffering, with such poverty, illness, death? Why such an ugly world?" Some answer will be supplied: that he had created a beautiful world, but Adam created the original sin and that's why we are suffering. But why did he create Adam in such a way that he was capable of committing the original sin? Ultimately he must be responsible for it. The tree is judged by the fruit; God has to be judged by his creation. If he has created this world, then he doesn't look like much of a God. He looks more like a devil. Why did he create Adam with such desire, with such disobedience? And even if he had created Adam, why did he create the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden? At least he could have destroyed it, or not created it. Problems and problems... And for thousands of years man has been writing, thinking, puzzling about these things. Sufis say this is all nonsense, and only mediocre minds become interested in it. The real, intelligent person simply gets out of all this rubbish.
But people go on asking in a kind of unawareness, not knowing why they are asking, not knowing what answers they will get, not knowing that each answer is going to create new problems. And the more problems you have, the more mediocre you become.

Everyone may not be as unaware as the owner of a large furniture store who was in Denmark to buy some stock -- but still, everyone is unaware. While on his business he happened to meet in a hotel elevator a beautiful girl who gave him a friendly smile. The furniture store owner tried

to become acquainted, even though neither could understand a word of the other's language. He drew a picture of a taxi and she nodded her head in agreement, so they went for a ride in a taxi.
While riding in the cab he drew a picture of a table in a restaurant and again she nodded her head in agreement, so they went to a fine restaurant for dinner. After dinner he sketched two dancers and she was delighted. They went to a nightclub and had a lovely time.
Then the girl indicated she would like to use the pencil and paper, which he gave to her. She drew a picture of a four-poster bed. The fellow was dumbfounded. As he said to a friend later, "You know, I never could figure out how that girl knew I was in the furniture business. "

Now you can go on figuring it out your whole life.
People are mediocre; not that they are born mediocre. Every child is born utterly intelligent, absolutely intelligent, but We destroy intelligence. That's wh+at we do with our children in the schools, colleges, universities. These are the factories where we create machines and destroy human beings. These are the factories for mis-education, where we go on throwing more and more information into the child without ever helping him to become more aware, more meditative, more silent. We never teach the child how to be silent, how to be alone, how to sit by a tree sometimes and just be still -- just still, watching the green of the trees and the red of the trees and the gold of the trees, and the sun, and the birds on the wing -- just simply being there, utterly silent, not doing a thing, not thinking, just being, breathing

in great joy, in great gratitude. We never teach children how to be open to existence.

All that we do in the schools and the universities is we go on pouring necessary and unnecessary information into their heads. And it is no wonder that when a person returns from the university he comes home a mediocre person. It is very rare to come back from the university and still be intelligent, very rare. Very fortunate people can escape from a university without being harmed by the university. The university creates computers, not human beings. Its whole effort is how to make you useful as a clerk, as a collector, as a stationmaster. It has no concern with your heart, with your being; it has no concern with your life. All that it teaches is how to earn your living -- but to earn your living is not equivalent to being alive.

To be alive needs something more, something deeper, something more profound. To be alive needs more awareness, more meditativeness, more consciousness, not more information.

Intelligence is intrinsic to every human being, and not only to every human being, to everything that exists: in trees -- trees are utterly intelligent; of course they have a different dimension of intelligence -- and so are the animals and the birds. And in a way, their intelligence remains pure, it is not contaminated. Man's intelligence becomes contaminated.

By the time the child is four years of age he has lost the real zest for life, love for life, joy of life. He has lost something immensely valuable. It has been replaced by plastic things. He is now being forced to become a parrot. He will simply

repeat; now his whole life will be a repetition. He will be a gramophone record.

Two men who had been boyhood companions were reunited after many years. One was a preacher, the other a sailor. Each was the proud owner of a parrot. In the interests of science, the two birds were placed in the same room, and the preacher's parrot immediately asked,
"What must we do to be saved?"
"Man the pumps, and work like hell or we will all go down with the ship," replied the sailor's pet.

This is how you are doing things, not a little bit differently, just exactly like that. The preacher's parrot has been listening again and again to the preacher, the priest: "What must we do to be saved?" He has learned it. He does not know the meaning of it, he cannot know the meaning of it; but he can repeat the words. And the sailor's pet answered, "Man the pumps and work like hell or we will all go down with the ship." He has also heard continuously, "Man the pumps and work like hell or We will all go down with the ship." Both are simply repeating without any meaning. Watch yourself, how you go on repeating what your parents have told you, what your teachers have told you, what your priests have told you, what your politicians have told you. Watch! And if you really want to become intelligent -- and you will not be really alive if you are not intelligent -- then drop all those repetitions. It is better to be ignorant than to have borrowed knowledge, because ignorance has a beauty of its own; it is innocence. Knowledge is ugly if it is borrowed; it makes you a gramophone record -- "His

Master's Voice". You go on repeating your whole life. Even parrots are not that unintelligent.

An old maid, who enjoyed the companionship of a profane parrot, was in the habit of receiving a visit from her pastor each Monday. Before the reverend gentleman arrived, the maiden lady would throw a cloth over the parrot's cage. It happened after one such visit that the preacher had occasion to call again the following day. Seeing him on the porch, the old maid hastily threw the cloth over her pet's cage.
As the minister entered the room, the parrot remarked, "This has been a damn' short week!"

Even parrots are not as unintelligent as your so-called knowledgeable people are.
Intelligence is a mirror-like quality in your consciousness; it reflects that which is. It has no past, it has no future, it has only present. Intelligence lives in the present; knowledge lives in the past and hopes for the future -- and goes on missing the present. No mirror can reflect the past -- or do you think it can reflect the past? The mirror cannot reflect the woman who was looking in the mirror yesterday. It is gone and it is gone. The mirror cannot reflect what is going to happen tomorrow; that which is not yet, is not yet. The mirror only reflects this moment, whatsoever is. Intelligence reflects whatsoever is, knowledge goes on repeating the past and fantasizing about the future. It is because of knowledge that you are missing your life.
Sufis call these people donkeys. Why do they call them donkeys? -- because a donkey can carry all the scriptures

and yet will remain unaware of what he is carrying. He will not know the meaning. A donkey can carry the Koran, the Veda, the Geeta, the Bible. You can load all great scriptures of the world on the donkey and the donkey will carry them, and may even feel very egoistic: "Look! I am no ordinary donkey, I am carrying all the great scriptures of the world" -- but the donkey is a donkey. He does not know any meaning.

That is the situation of a pundit, of your so-called learned people. Sufis call them donkeys. In a subtle way they are carrying the Vedas, the Korans, the Bibles, but they don't know the meaning, because the meaning cannot be known through study, the meaning cannot be known through words. The meaning can only be known by experience. You cannot know the meaning of Jesus' words by studying the Bible and all the commentaries on it. You can know the meaning of Jesus' words only when you attain to Christ consciousness, when you become a Christ. And remember, to become a Christian is not to become a Christ. Christian means a plastic flower, Christ means a real rose. The Christian is an imitation, an imitation of Christ. That is the title of one of the most famous Christian books, Thomas A. Kempis' IMITATION OF CHRIST. How can you imitate Christ? And if you imitate you will not be Christ, certainly you will not be Christ; you will be only a carbon copy. You will not have any authenticity, you will not have any original experience of your own. You will be a parrot, a gramophone record, "His Master's Voice".

You can understand the Bible only when you have become a Christ, because those words were uttered in that state of consciousness. Unless you attain to that state of

consciousness you w ill not be able to know the meaning -- and by "meaning" I am not meaning the dictionary meaning. Dictionaries are there and you can look into the dictionaries and you can find the meaning, but that is not the real meaning. Those are only synonyms; they replace one word with another word.
For example, what is the meaning of love? You can go into the dictionary and you can find many meanings of love -- profane love and sacred love, and the love of the mother for the child, and the love of the husband for the wife, and the love of the disciple for the Master -- you can have all those meanings in the dictionary. But unless you taste something of love, unless you fall in love yourself, unless you become soaked with love, unless your heart throbs with love, your heart sings with love, unless you feel the dance of love happening within you, you will not know the real meaning. The meaning has to be existential.

Today's story:

A MAN WHO HAD SPENT MANY YEARS TRYING TO PUZZLE OUT MEANINGS WENT TO SEE A SUFI AND TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS SEARCH.

Every single word has to be meditated upon.

A MAN WHO HAD SPENT MANY YEARS TRYING TO PUZZLE OUT MEANINGS...

There are many people -- and they are very respectable people, because people think they are doing something

great; philosophers, thinkers, theologians -- they are simply wasting their life, and wasting it to no purpose. They go on seeking and searching for meaning in words, they become very very skillful about words, but all that they know are words. Their words are empty.

THIS MAN HAD SPENT MANY YEARS TRYING, TO PUZZLE OUT MEANINGS...

Once a man came to me. For thirty years he had been searching into the lives of Buddha and Mahavira for only one single thing -- who was older? They both were contemporaries, and the records are puzzling and confusing because the people of those days were not much interested in records. They were not interested in the so-called history at all. Their interest was far deeper. They were not interested in the personality of Buddha, his body, where he was born, the exact date, et cetera. They were more interested in what had happened in his consciousness. Their records are very accurate as far as Buddha's enlightenment is concerned, but their records about his physical birth, his physical death, how long he really lived, are just very confusing.

So is the case with Mahavira: there are records which say Mahavira was older; and it can be proved that he was older because he never mentions Buddha. But Buddha criticized Mahavira many times. That means Mahavira must have been very old, already respected, recognized. Buddha must have been very young and he had to fight his way. He must have criticized Mahavira. Mahavira must have kept silent, because who bothers about a young man? Let him speak, it

doesn't matter. But there are books which say that Buddha was older and Mahavira was younger; they can also prove it.

Proofs are very easy. The same thing can be used to prove just the opposite, and the same thing has been used.

Those who think that Buddha was older say that he was angry with Mahavira because he was younger and was trying to convert his disciples; that's why he was angry and he criticized Mahavira. Mahavira did not bother. Who bothers about an old man? "He will be here just a few days, and gone." He went on working on his own. And he had all to gain, because he had no disciples that Buddha could take away, but he could take away Buddha's disciples. Buddha must have been angry.

That is how people go on thinking. Both kinds of people miss. They don't understand either Mahavira or Buddha, because neither could Mahavira be angry nor could Buddha be angry. And neither of them could be interested in converting others' disciples. But this is how scholars think. That is their mind that comes in. It says something about the so-called scholars and the historians.

This man who came to me, for thirty years -- he was a well-known man, had written many books, particularly on Mahavira and Buddha -- his whole problem was how to decide who was older. He asked me, "Can you shed some light on this problem, who was older?"

I said, "That is just rubbish to bother about. Why should I waste my time on who was older? And how does it matter in any way? It is not going to affect what Buddha was, whether he was three years older than Mahavira or ten years younger. Neither is it going to affect Mahavira's

vision. But why have you wasted thirty years? Your thirty years have just gone down the drain. And if some day you come across Buddha and Mahavira, they will laugh. They will say, 'You are a fool! Why have you wasted your thirty years? And you are getting old; any day you will die -- when are you going to become a Buddha on your own?'"
He was shocked, because nobody had been so hard on him. For a moment he could not speak a single word. But he was an intelligent man, he recognized the truth. He said, "Perhaps you are right. But nobody ever told me this; everybody appreciated my work, that I am doing some great research. You are the first person who has been so hard with me. But I can see the point -- my thirty years are lost."
And from the day he saw me, just within six or seen months he was dead. So his whole life gone, and he was thinking he had been doing great research.
And there are millions of people; your universities are full of such people -- they strut about and brag about how many Ph.D.s and D.Litt.s they have, and how many papers they have published in great academic journals. But if you look into their work you will be surprised: it is just trivia, utterly meaningless.
This man must have been a philosopher. HE HAD SPENT MANY YEARS TRYING, TO PUZZLE OUT MEANINGS... WENT TO SEE A SUFI AND TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS SEARCH.
Now, a Sufi is just the opposite of a philosopher. A Sufi is one who is not concerned with words at all. A Sufi is one who is not interested in scriptures at all. A Sufi is one who is interested in going into existence itself. He does not want

to bother about the word "beauty", he wants to experience beauty itself. He is not concerned about the word "water", he is thirsty and he wants to drink water. His interest is in drinking, his interest is existential.
HE TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS SEARCH. The Sufi must have laughed inside himself. This is not a search at all! The search has to be inwards; the search has to be into reality, into that which is, not into words and puzzles. All that search into words and theories keeps you away from the real search.

THE SUFI SAID: "GO AWAY AND PONDER THIS... IHMN."

The man must have felt very happy -- so now he had got a real puzzle from a real Sufi. He must have really rejoiced. He must have pondered over it.
It was just a koan, just as Zen Masters give koans -- "Go and ponder over the sound of one hand clapping," or "Go and meditate on the original face that you had before your parents were born." Now what kind of face did you have before your parents Were born? Not even you, but your parents... even they were not in existenCe. Then, what face did you have? That is your original face. Go and ponder over it. Absurd... you cannot figure it out. The whole point is to give you something absurd, to make you aware that all your life you have been doing such absurd things and thinking that you are doing some great research or search, that you are a spiritual seeker.
Now see the point: the Sufi says, "Go away and ponder this -- IHMN. " And that man did not even ask what it is!

That's what he had been doing his whole life. It must have fallen in a harmony with his mind. He must have been intrigued, tremendously thrilled: "Now this is a real puzzle and I will show this Sufi that I can find out the answer to it. "

THE MAN WENT AWAY. WHEN HE CAME BACK, THE SUFI WAS DEAD.

Remember, if you come across a Master, don't miss the opportunity, because the next time you come the Master may not be there. Life is fleeting.
He missed a great occasion. He was face to face with a Master who could have guided him into the innermost mysteries of life, but he became satisfied with a toy, a meaningless thing. He could have become a disciple. Instead of becoming a disciple he was perfectly satisfied with something utterly foolish, and he did not even ask what it was. That would have been against his intellectual ego; he would find out himself.
There are people who come here, but they would not like to get involved in the experiment that is going on here. They remain outsiders, spectators, because they believe that they can work it out on their own. Why should they get involved? They should watch from the outside, find a few clues, and then escape. Those clues will all be rubbish -- they will be like IHMN. A few people come here, and then they become very scared.
Just a few days ago a famous Dutch actor, writer, a well-known person in Holland, came, and started becoming afraid. He had come with the idea of becoming a sannyasin,

not exactly knowing what it meant. He must have thought that it was just a formality. Watching here, seeing sannyasins committed, devoted to a great inner search, he became more and more afraid. He had come with a friend; the friend is now a sannyasin.

When his friend took sannyas he was there, and in that darshan, two, three times, he started weeping. When his friend was taking sannyas tears were flowing from his eyes: a great turmoil -- to be or not to be, to take the jump or not; a constant hesitation. His innermost core wanted to get involved, but his worldly-wise mind was afraid, thinking, "What will happen back home? Moving in orange in Holland? People will think that I have gone mad." And he is well-known.

That is the trouble when you become well-known. When you are famous you are more of a prisoner than you are a free man, because then you have to look at what people will think because your prestige is at stake. It is good to be a nobody; you can move into the search easily. When you are somebody, then the fear arises.

The fear was not spiritual, the fear was very worldly.

For two lectures he was here, crying, weeping, and then he even became afraid to come to the lectures. And then yesterday suddenly he escaped from Poona; gone to Nepal. And this is just out of fear. He seems to be an intelligent person, but is using his intelligence in a wrong way.

The day he was at darshan I could feel his heart. He has the heart; the heart is not dead yet. Just a little caring, just a little watering, a little better soil -- that sannyas could have provided easily -- a little meditation, and he would have become a totally transformed person. He would have been

on the wing. But he has missed. And I know he will have to come back.

But then, who knows? I may be here, I may not be here. But this opportunity he has missed. And he is not a young man; he is getting old. Maybe I will be here; he may not be able to come back, he may not be here tomorrow. Life is very precarious.

To come across a Master and to miss the Master is the greatest accident, very unfortunate, that can happen to a man.

And remember, this has been happening to all of you, because many of you were there when Buddha was on the earth, and many of you were there when Jesus was crucified, and many of you were there when Lao Tzu was alive, and many of you must have come across many Masters, because you are not new ones. You have been here as long as the existence has been here; you are ancient ones. But you have missed.

And one can always find explanations for missing.

Now, this man is really to be pitied. He was so close to the flame. A little more courage and he would himself have become aflame, but he missed. He went with a toy -- IHMN... so foolish, but that's how it happens.

You go to a Master and you want something without risking anything at all. And nothing can be attained without risk. You have to pay for everything. And when you want truth, you have to pay with your totality, with your whole being.

THE MAN WENT AWAY. WHEN HE CAME BACK THE SUFI WAS DEAD. "NOW I SHALL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH, " MOANED THE PUZZLER. AT THAT MOMENT THE SUFI'S CHIEF DISCIPLE APPEARED. "IF," HE SAID, 'YOU ARE WORRYING ABOUT **THE SECRET** MEANING OF IHMN, I WILL TELL YOU. IT IS THE INITIALS OF THE PERSIAN PHRASE 'IN HURUF MAANI NADARAND' WHICH MEANS, 'THESE LETTERS HAVE NO MEANING.'"

Sometimes -- and it happens to almost all -- you become puzzled by such stupid things that later on you will laugh at yourself. You will find it very ridiculous -- why had you become so interested in such a thing?

Just watch your own questions. How many of them are just useless? and why do you go on pondering over them? and why do you go on feeding them with your energy? Why do you go on carrying their load? Just watch for twenty-four hours, take note. You will be surprised -- ninety-five percent of the load can be dropped right now, and you will feel such great freedom.

But the problem is that the ego always wants some problems. It exists through problems. If there is a problem to solve, the ego has some work to do. If there is no problem to solve, the ego has nothing to do; and when there is nothing to do the ego starts dying. The ego is a great doer.

That's why all real Masters in the world have been telling you: meditation is nothing but a state of non-doing, a state of passivity. Sitting silently, doing nothing, and the spring

comes, and the grass grows by itself. Meditation is not something which you have to do, it is something which you have to be. It is a state of non-doing, it is a state of utter receptivity. Only then, the ego dies.
That's why ego is not interested in meditation. It is perfectly interested in chanting a mantra, and that mantra will be nothing but IHMN. It is perfectly happy just with something to do; give it something to do and it is perfectly happy. And it creates mountains out of molehills. It makes small problems very big. It is a very great magnifying glass; just ants start looking like elephants. Then you have much work to do -- because if there is only an ant, what work is there? And the ego is not much interested in the ant, it needs elephants. It makes mountains out of molehills. I have heard...

Mrs. Smith's husband was of a nervous disposition and somewhat inclined towards hypochondria. From time to time he would be taken with strange ailments which for some reason or another never developed into anything fatal. But one morning, just at breakfast time, it appeared that Mr. Smith's time had come. He staggered out of his bedroom with ashen face and terror-stricken eyes. His body was bent forward in the shape of a parenthesis.
"Ah, Carrie! " he wailed, "it has come just like expected. I am due to be an invalid the rest of my days."
"Henry!" shrieked Mrs. Smith. "What on earth has happened?"
"It came on while I was dressing. All of a sudden I found that I could not lift my head. I could not straighten up. Now I feel that I am actually being drawn double."

"Are you in great pain?"
"No, no pain at all -- it is probably paralysis! Run for a doctor! "
Mrs. Smith flew. In a few moments she was back with the family physician, and entering the room where her husband lay, she stood by wringing her hands while the doctor made an examination. Suddenly the doctor's shoulders began to quiver and heave.
"Ah, doctor, is there any hope?"
"Why yes, Mrs. Smith, there is," said the doctor presently. "In fact, his condition should improve rapidly after he has unhitched the third buttonhole of his vest from the top button of his trousers. "

All your problems are like that. Sometimes a very small problem is magnified by your ego, because the ego always likes big things. It lives on big things, it is not interested in small things.
The chief disciple said, "Don't be worried. "

"IF YOU ARE WORRRING ABOUT **THE SECRET** MEANING OF IHMN, I WILL TELL YOU IT IS THE INITIALS OF THE PERSIAN PHRASE 'IN HURUF MAANI NADARAND' -- WHICH MEANS, 'THESE LETTERS HAVE NO MEANING AT ALL.'"
"BUT WHY SHOULD I HAVE BEEN GIVEN SUCH A TASK?" SAID THE PUZZLING MAN
"BECAUSE, WHEN A DONKEY COMES TO YOU, YOU GIVE HIM CABBAGES THAT IS HIS NUTRITION, NO MATTER WHAT HE CALLS IT DONKEYS PROBABLY THINK THAT THEY ARE

DOING SOMETHING FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN EATING CABBAGES."

The Master had to give something stupid to this man, because this man could not have understood anything better than that. You get only that which you deserve, because nothing more can be absorbed by you.

Remember it always: you have to be worthy to get something better. The Master is always just. He is ready to give you as much as you can take, but he cannot give you more. You will not be able to understand it; in fact, you will misunderstand it. You may misuse it. You may harm yourself with it, because anything that you cannot absorb, cannot digest, becomes poisonous to your system. The Master has to be careful to give you only that which you can absorb. If you can eat only cabbages then only cabbages will be given to you.

The disciple is one who prepares himself, who prepares to receive more. He does not demand, because demands cannot be fulfilled. You can demand anything which may not have any relevance to your being. The donkey can demand anything -- which may not prove nutritious, which may not be nourishing, which may even be poisonous. But the Master has to give only that which you need in a particular moment.

If you need a shock he will give you a shock; if you need a good beating he will give you a good beating; if you need love he will give you love; if you don't need love in a certain moment he will ignore you, he will completely forget about you, as if you don't exist at all. But whatsoever

is your need, the Master fulfills it. He does not fulfill your demands, remember.
And the person who fulfills your demands is not a Master. He is dangerous -- beware of him, because he does not know your real needs. He cannot be any help to your growth. It is a long journey, a perilous journey too, hazardous. The path is an uphill, mountainous track; there is every possibility -- a slight mistake and you will fall into the ditch, or you will disappear into the valley. It is a narrow path. It is a razor's edge.
The Master has to be very careful to give you only that which you are capable of absorbing. If you absorb it, more will be given to you. You will never be loaded. The Master gives nourishment, not weight, because the weight will become a hindrance to your progress. He does not give you knowledge, he gives you only hints; then you have to work upon those hints. But you always receive that which you need, never less, never more.
If you are blind the Master will not talk about light; that will not be of any help to you. If you are deaf the Master will not talk about music and will not play his flute; that will be useless. First your eyes have to be opened. And remember, nobody is blind; people are only blindfolded, so the blindfold can be removed.
The real Master will not talk about light but will try in every way to remove the blindfold. Rut the problem is: you may resist, because you may think that your blindfold is a protection to our eyes. Your ears may be blocked but you may think that it is a safeguard, that it doesn't allow unnecessary sounds to enter you. You may have the idea that sounds are dangerous or light is dangerous.

People are living with so many misguides, with mis-education, with so many false ideologies, but still they have many opinions. It is very rare to find a man who has no opinions.
The Master first has to take all misguidance, all mis-education, all opinions, away from you. Those are your blindfolds. Otherwise it is playing music to a deaf person or bringing light to a blind man. It is utterly futile, and no Master ever engages in any futile activity.

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner. She was some-what modest and diffident, and was rather awed by the bishop's presence. For some time she hesitated to speak to him, waiting for what she considered a favorable opportunity. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she turned to him and said,
"I beg your pardon, but are you fond of bananas?"
The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning forward, asked, "What did you say?"
"I said," repeated the young lady, blushing, "are you fond of bananas?"
The bishop thought a moment and then said, "If you want my honest opinion, I have always preferred the old-fashioned nightshirt."

If you are talking to a deaf person, remember not to use words like bananas; he may think you are talking about pyjamas.
You have to take every care -- with whom you are talking, what you are saying, what it is going to become in him; because what you say is not the point, what will be heard is

the point. What you give is not the point, what will be received is the point. And it is not necessary that whatsoever is given will be received. In this very exchange, things change. One thing is said, another thing is heard; one thing is given, another thing reaches.
The Master is very careful -- he gives only that which can reach you. The first thing is to make a contact with you. And this man missed from the very beginning. If he had been a little alert, the first thing, the first intelligent thing to inquire about would have been, "What is this IHMN?" He simply went away and started pondering over it. He relied too much on his own ego. He must have thought, "I have been working so many years thinking about puzzles, riddles, problems. I will solve this." He was not even anxious to know what exactly it was.

A great Sufi parable is:
A king wanted to appoint a prime minister. Four great thinkers of the country were called. They were put into a room and they were told that the door was going to be locked and the lock was not an ordinary lock, it was a mathematical puzzle: "Unless you solve the puzzle you will not be able to open it. If you solve the puzzle you will be able to open the lock and come out."
He went out, closed the door. Three persons out of the four started immediately working. They had brought papers and they had brought a few guidebooks, and they started working hard. There were a few numbers written on the lock; they watched the numbers, they noted down the numbers. They started working out the problem, what the problem was.

The fourth simply sat in the corner. The three others thought him to be mad: "What is he doing?" He was sitting there with closed eyes. After a few minutes he stood up, went to the door, pushed the door -- and it opened! and he went out!

And all those three were engaged, continuously engaged. They didn't even see what had happened, that the one man was already out.

When the king came with the man, he said, "Now stop your activity. The examination is over. I have chosen my prime minister. This is the man. " They could not believe their eyes. They said, "What has happened? He was not doing anything, he was just sitting in the corner. How could he solve it?" And the man said, "There was no problem. I simply sat there, and the first thing, the basic thing, was to know whether the lock was locked or not. The moment I came to feel it, I simply meditated silently. I just gathered my consciousness together, I became completely quiet. From where to start? The first thing an intelligent person would ask was whether there was really a problem or not. If there was a problem it could be solved; if there was no problem how could it be solved? And if you start solving, now you are going into an infinite regress; you will never be out of it. So I went just to check whether the door was really closed, and it was not closed."

And the king said, "Yes, that was the trick: there was no lock. The door was not closed, it was left open. I was waiting for the man who would ask the real first question. You accepted the puzzle and you started solving it; that was where you missed. You could not have solved it even if you

had worked for your whole life. This man knows how to be aware in a situation. He asked the right first question."

This seeker, the so-called seeker, missed. The right first question was to ask, "What is this IHMN?" and the whole story would have been totally different; but he went to solve it.
Now the disciple said, "There is no problem. It simply means 'These letters have no meaning', and you were searching for meaning."
In fact, no letters have any meaning. Meaning is in life, not in words. Meaning is in living, not in scriptures. Meaning is in love, not in the word "love". Meaning is in loving. Change the gestalt: that is the message of the story. Change your mind from words to life itself. Become more existential. Had he asked the right question he would not have missed the Master.

Now he asks the disciple: "BUT WHY SHOULD I HAVE BEEN GIVEN SUCH A TASK?" CRIED THE PUZZLING, MAN.
"BECAUSE WHEN A DONKEY COMES TO YOU, YOU GIVE HIM CABBAGES."

"You were a donkey and nothing more. You were a very scholarly, learned man, knowledgeable -- you were a donkey."
That is the Sufi meaning of the word "donkey": one who carries great weight of knowledge.
"The Master knew you, he recognized you immediately, he respected your donkeyhood. He simply gave you cabbages.

That's how a donkey has to be received. This was just a cabbage. "

THAT IS HIS NUTRITION.

"And you were happy, and you went away with great gratitude towards the Master."

NO MATTER WHAT HE CALLS IT...

"You called it a great puzzle given by a great Sufi Master, but it was simply cabbage. You meditated over it, but it was nonsense. One cannot meditate over it, there is nothing to meditate over."

That is the meaning of a Zen koan: there is nothing to meditate over in it.

Sometimes it has happened: the Master has given the koan "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" and the seeker simply slapped the Master. And the Master laughed. He said, "There is no need for you to meditate over it. You already know the answer! "

This is the answer: when a Master gives you the koan, go and meditate... what is the sound of one hand? This is the answer, but you cannot imitate it. If you just imitate it you will be caught. If it happens spontaneously -- "What nonsense!": and the seeker simply slaps the Master, and he says, "What are you trying to do with me -- making a fool of me? Stop playing games with me! I have come here really to seek" -- that is the beginning of a right disciplehood. He is not hitting the Master out of disrespect, not at all. He is simply saying to the Master, "Don't play

games with me. Don't befool me. I don't need cabbages, I am not a donkey. These cabbages may have worked for other donkeys but these will not work for me. I need real nutrition."

"DONKEYS PROBABLY THINK THAT THEY ARE DOING SOMETHING FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN EATING, CABBAGES."

That's what the donkeys in the universities and the colleges and research centers and great academies think -- that they are doing something great. They are simply eating cabbage; that is their nutrition. They are struggling, fighting about small matters: who was older, Buddha or Mahavira; whether Krishna ever existed or not; whether Jesus is a myth or a historical person. This is all nonsense.
The real thing is one: when am I going to become authentic, true, original; when am I going to know myself; when will I be able to answer the question, "Who am I?" That is the only religious question; all other questions are false. And if you have asked the one question, the basic question, the answer is hidden in the question itself.
If you go on asking deep inside yourself, "Who am I?" and you don't accept any false answer given by the mind, from the labels attached to you -- that you are this or that, a Hindu, Mohammedan, communist, Catholic, man, woman, beautiful, ugly, old, young, body, mind -- if you don't accept any answer given by the mind and you go on asking and asking, and the question penetrates your heart like an arrow and goes deeper and deeper to the ultimate core, there, suddenly, is the explosion.

Not that you will hear a voice saying who you are; there is nobody. But you have come to your source; you have tasted it, you have known it, you have experienced it. And with that one question solved, all questions disappear. That one experience is the experience of God. It liberates. It is truth. Truth is in your being, but you can find it only by becoming a quest, an intense, passionate longing to know yourself.
Drop all other unnecessary questions. Only one question is relevant: Who am I?

The Secret

Chapter #8

Chapter title: The Cool White Shine Of His Beloved
18 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, I TOO, THEN, AM A DONKEY. IF YOU HAD GIVEN ME IHMN TO MEDITATE OVER, I WOULD HAVE SILENTLY ACCEPTED IT OUT OF TRUST THAT YOU WERE GIVING ME WHAT I NEEDED. OR IS IT A MATTER OF TRUST? CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE RIGHT ATTITUDE OF A DISCIPLE RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM THE MASTER?

Idama, the moment you recognize that you are ignorant, you are no more, because only intelligence can see the point of one's own stupidity. The stupid person cannot see it; that's why he is stupid. The most fundamental stupidity is that one cannot see it. When you start seeing your unintelligence, intelligence is arising in you. When you start recognizing your confusion you are becoming clear. Otherwise who will recognize the confusion? You are becoming separate from the confusion.

You say, "I too, then, am a donkey." If really you can see it, then you are no more. Then the first ray of intelligence has penetrated you. No donkey can accept it; the donkey will make much fuss about it. If you tell the donkey, "You are a donkey," he will kick you! He will become your enemy. But if you can find a donkey who simply tries to understand the fact of his stupidity, that's enough proof that the change has started happening.

And secondly, Idama, you did not understand rightly the meaning of the story. The person who had come to the Sufi Master was not a disciple. He was just curious. He had come accidently. Just because he was going to all kinds of people -- to all Masters, learned people, schools -- he had come to this Master too. It was just part of his accidental life. He was not there to seek and to search. He was not there to be in the company of the Master; he was not ready to dissolve into the Master. He was not surrendered either. Listen to the story again:

A MAN WHO HAD SPENT MANY YEARS TRYING TO PUZZLE OUT MEANINGS WENT TO SEE A SUFI AND TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS SEARCH....

He must have bragged about his search. He had come to be recognized by the Master, that "Yes, you are a great seeker; you have already done so much." He had come to be certified. He had not come as a seeker, he had not come to become part of the family of the Master, because unless somebody becomes part of the family of the Master, falls in tune with the Master, nothing can be done for him. He was an outsider, just a visitor, was bragging about his search -- which was utterly meaningless because he was simply trying to think over puzzles.

That's what philosophy is: it is nothing but trying to puzzle out meanings. It is like a blind man thinking about light. You must have heard the ancient Indian parable that five blind men went to see an elephant. They touched the elephant from all sides. Somebody touched his legs and thought that the elephant is like a pillar, obviously, and so on, so forth; and they all started quarreling. Everybody was proposing a philosophy about the elephant and nobody had seen the elephant. They were all blind, but a part of the elephant had been touched by each. But the part is not the whole, and if you start calling the part the whole you are falling into one of the greatest lies possible. It is the greatest lie because it contains a little portion of truth in it. It is a half-truth, a partial truth, and a partial truth is more dangerous than a total lie because it can deceive people. You can be deceived through it, and you can deceive others, because it contains a little ingredient of truth.

They all started fighting and quarreling. That's what philosophers have been doing; this is the story about philosophers.

And each philosopher has touched a part -- because the totality is not conceivable through the intellect. The totality is conceivable only when you dissolve your ego, your intellect, your heart, everything into it -- when you disappear into the ocean like a dewdrop falling into the ocean. Then you know the whole of it, then you see, then you experience. Otherwise everybody comes to touch a small portion of this infinite universe, and then he starts claiming, "This is the truth." That's how systems of philosophy arise.

This man must have been a philosopher. He was trying out, figuring out what this reality is, who has created it, why he has created it, what is the purpose of existence, what is the goal, what is the source. And those are all puzzles, and insoluble puzzles; they cannot be solved. Only stupid people become interested in them, but these stupid people think they are religious.

Seeing this man's utter stupidity, the Master had given him another puzzle, because that's what he was interested in.

I will not give you IHMN unless I see that a donkey has arrived. Donkeys keep far away from me -- they know that they will be exposed here. They never come close to me. It needs courage to come close to me because the closer you come, the more you will be exposed; the closer you come, the more naked you will be standing under the sun; the closer you come, the more your image about yourself will be shattered into pieces; the closer you come, the more you will see that whatsoever you have been doing up to now has been utterly absurd.

It needs guts to come close to me. It always needs guts to come close to a Master.

The man had come just out of curiosity: maybe he can get another puzzle. His interest was not truth, his interest was puzzles. He wanted some puzzle so he could take a challenge and start working out the way to solve it. He was not interested in truth.

Truth is not a puzzle at all. Let me repeat it: truth is not a puzzle. Truth is not a problem, not at all. Truth is very simple, utterly simple. And truth is not a problem, but a mystery -- just as love is a mystery, not a problem. You cannot solve it through logic, mathematics. You can move into love, you can be madly in love, you can have the taste of it, it can transform you, but it is not a problem to be solved but a mystery to be lived.

Truth is this mystery that surrounds you, in the form of people, in the form of trees, animals, birds, stars. This whole mystery is the truth. There is nothing problematic about it. It is already here. You are in it; how can you solve it? You are it; who is there to solve it? There is nobody except the mystery. How can a small ripple in the ocean solve the mystery of the ocean? It itself is part of the mystery. So are we.

The religious person is one who has seen the fact that existence is not problematic; it is mysterious, it is miraculous. You dive deep into it. Celebrate it Make a festival out of it. Sing, dance, love, pray, paint, create music -- but don't try to solve it.

The musician is much closer than the philosopher; so is the poet much closer than the philosopher; so is the dancer even closer than the musician and the poet. Why is the dancer so much closer? Because in the dance you dissolve:

the dancer disappears and only the dance remains. Dance is one of the deepest meditations possible.

In India we have conceived of God as the dancer, Nataraj. That's very significant, because when a painter paints, immediately he becomes separate from the painting. If the painting remains in his being, he is one with it. When it is yet hidden, just a seed, just a thought, a dream, then the painter is one with his painting. The moment he has painted it, poured it on the canvas, he has become separate from it. Duality has arisen. So is it the case with the poet, so is it the case with the musician.

Only the dancer has something unique: the dancer remains one with the dance. Even when he starts dancing, the unity is not broken, there is no duality. Utter oneness. In fact, when the dancer is thinking about the dance there is a duality -- the idea of the dance and the dancer -- there is a subtle duality. The moment he starts dancing even that duality disappears. Then the dancer is the dance. There is no dancer separate from the dance, no dance separate from the dancer. This is Unio Mystica.

God is a dancer. That means he has not painted the world; otherwise he would have become separate from it. It is not his poetry; it is not his music. It is his dance. He is in it, he is it -- right this very moment, these green trees, and the sun pouring its gold through them, and the call of the bird, and you here sitting in silence, just being with me for no particular reason, just enjoying this moment, this silence. This is it.

The man who had come to the Sufi Master was a thinker; he was not a disciple. Very knowledgeable. Had he been a disciple, the Master would have never given him IHMN,

because it is utter nonsense. He had given this to the man just to see how he reacted -- and the man was very happy, grateful, that now he had got a great Sufi puzzle, he would go and meditate. It was his ego that was satisfied. He was gratified. It was not trust that he didn't ask a question; it was because of the ego that he didn't ask a question. How can such a great philosopher ask a question? He will work it out himself; he will go home and ponder over it.
Idama, you ask me, "If you had given me IHMN to meditate over, I would have silently accepted it out of trust.... " He had not accepted it out of trust. If he had known even a little bit of trust, if the Master had seen even a little trust in his being, this puzzle would not have been given to him. There was no trust. The man must have been a doubter because thinkers live through doubt. They live in doubt; doubt is their very medium of functioning.
A student comes to the Master with all kinds of doubts. That is the difference between a student and a disciple. When the disciple comes, he comes all in trust.

... THE SUFI SAID, "GO AWAY AND PONDER THIS -- IHMN." THE MAN WENT AWAY....

Not because he trusted, not because he was a devotee, not because he was in any love relationship with the Master, but just because he said, "Okay, so I will bring the answer. Just give me a little chance. I have all the capacities and the intelligence and the talent, and I have worked out many puzzles before. Soon I will be here with the answer. "

... WHEN HE CAME BACK, THE SUFI WAS DEAD. "NOW I SHALL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH!" MOANED THE PUZZLER....

But he could not get anything out of those four puzzling letters, IHMN -- because there was nothing to get out of them.

... AT THAT MOMENT THE SUFI'S CHIEF DISCIPLE APPEARED. "IF," HE SAID, "YOU ARE WORRYING ABOUT **THE SECRET** MEANING OF IHMN, I WILL TELL YOU. IT IS THE INITIALS OF THE PERSIAN PHRASE 'IN HURUF MAANI NADARAND' -- WHICH MEANS: 'THESE LETTERS HAVE NO MEANING.'"

"BUT WHY SHOULD I HAVE BEEN GIVEN SUCH A TASK?" CRIED THE PUZZLING MAN.
"BECAUSE WHEN A DONKEY COMES TO YOU, YOU GIVE HIM CABBAGES. THAT IS HIS NUTRITION, NO MATTER WHAT HE CALLS IT. DONKEYS PROBABLY THINK THAT THEY ARE DOING SOMETHING FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN EATING CABBAGES."

The Master had given such an absurd thing to meditate over because the man wanted some challenge to his ego. He was not interested in truth. He was interested in some great puzzle so he could fight with the puzzle, find out a solution to the puzzle, and feel good that "I have got the intelligence, that I have got such power, that I am no

ordinary man; I am a great philosopher" -- although he was only a donkey, and only cabbages were given to him.
You say, "If you had given me IHMN to meditate over, I would have silently accepted it out of trust..." First, I will not give such a thing to any of my disciples. But sometimes I give a few puzzles to people -- because they are not disciples, even if they think they are. If they are not disciples, or only pretending to be disciples, I give them a few puzzles. But if they can accept those puzzles out of trust, that very phenomenon immediately makes them disciples.
There is a subtle point to be understood. If the Master had seen that this man had accepted out of trust, if this man had bowed down and touched the feet of the Master -- if the Master had seen in some way that he had accepted out of trust he would have said, "Wait, let me change it. You don't need a cabbage, you are not a donkey. "
Trust is the greatest intelligence. Why don't people trust? because they don't trust their intelligence. They are afraid, they are afraid that they may be cheated. They are afraid; that's why they doubt. Doubt is out of fear. Doubt is out of a kind of insecurity in your own intelligence. You are not so confident that you can trust and you can go into trust. Trust needs great intelligence, courage, integrity. It needs a great heart to go into it. If you don't have enough intelligence, you protect yourself through doubt. It is doubt that shows that you have a very mediocre mind, although mediocre minds, people who doubt too much, think that they are "great skeptical minds". It doesn't matter what donkeys think; cabbages are cabbages. It is their nutrition, although they think they are doing something very great,

something very significant. Maybe they are waiting for the whole existence to be grateful to them because they are transforming cabbages into great energy!

The man who doubts thinks that he has great intelligence. That's why he doubts, that's why he is skeptical, that's why he is atheistic and all that. That is not true.

If you have intelligence you are ready to go into the unknown because you know that even if the whole known world disappears and you are left in the unknown, you will be able to settle there, you will be able to make a home there in the unknown. You trust your intelligence. Doubt is on guard. Intelligence keeps itself open because intelligence knows, "Whatsoever happens, I will be able to take the challenge, to respond adequately." The mediocre mind has not that trust in itself.

What I am saying is you can trust a Master only if you trust yourself. If you can't trust yourself, how can you trust the Master? If you can't trust yourself, how can you trust your trust in a Master? It is impossible.

If the Sufi had seen even just a little ray of trust in the man, he would have immediately taken the puzzle back. He would have himself said, "This means nothing. You don't need a cabbage -- you are not a donkey. You are not merely a knowledgeable man; you are a real seeker. Now rather than giving you a puzzle, I will give you a taste of the mystery that I am, and the whole existence is, and you are too. But you are fast asleep -- let me awaken you." Then the whole thing would have been different.

Idama, I cannot give it to you because you have trust. Have you watched one thing? It is very difficult to deceive a small child. Even very cunning people find it very

difficult. If a small child is carrying a note of a hundred rupees, nobody will be able to cheat the child. It will be very difficult to cheat the child. Why? -- because of the trust, the innocence, the very innocence. And if you take the note from the child you will never be able to forgive yourself. That memory will haunt you forever and ever; it will create hell for you.

Have you watched some strange things like this? You are sitting on a railway platform and you tell some stranger who is sitting by your side, "Please, just take a little care of my luggage; I am going to purchase a ticket. " You don' t know the man, he is an absolute stranger, you have never seen him before. You are leaving your suitcases, all your money, all your things in the hands of an unknown stranger. Who knows? he may escape with the whole thing, but it never happens. Why does it never happen? -- because of trust. How can that man deceive you? You trusted him, an unknown stranger. There was no need to trust him: you don't have any proof of his honesty, of his character, you know nothing about him -- but it never happens.

If you are watching your luggage, he may steal something -- that is possible -- but if you leave your luggage to him and go to purchase a ticket, it is impossible. What makes it impossible? Trust has its own power. Trust has its own energy, its own vibe. The very gesture that you trusted him makes it impossible, he cannot deceive you.

That means, when people deceive you, it is not only their fault. You are also at fault. You must be carrying mistrust in you -- they got the vibe. If trust prevents them from deceiving you, then your mistrust about people must be

creating an atmosphere in which deceiving becomes easier for them.

Idama, I would not have given it to you. I have seen the light of trust in your eyes. And even if I had given it to you, out of trust it would have changed its total quality. Then it would not have been just a puzzle, it would have become a koan. If you had accepted not out of the ego but out of the trust, it would have become a great meditation. And if you had accepted out of trust and love, just repeating this sound, meaningless sound, would have led you into some deeper realms of your being.

It is said -- an ancient Indian story -- there was a dacoit, a robber. He was looting all kinds of people. One day he came across the mystic Narda. Narda was singing on his one-stringed guitar, utterly lost in ecstasy, passing through a jungle, and the robber caught hold of him. Narda continued playing on his one-stringed guitar.

The robber's name is Balia; later on he became a great seer, Valmiki. He was the first man to write the story of Rama. Balia could not believe his eyes, because he had seen two types of people up to then, up to that moment. One was the type who would start trembling, seeing the strong man. He was a very strong man, and very dangerous and murderous. Just seeing him there, the other would start trembling and collapse, would give all that he had, voluntarily, to him. He had seen one kind was that, the coward, the fearful. And the other kind was the brave, who would start fighting back. Either the person would start running or the person would start fighting. Fight or flight -- these had been his two experiences up to then about people.

But Narda did nothing. He was a third type. For the first time Balia had come upon the third type. He continued playing on his musical instrument with the same joy and the same ecstasy. Even Balia started feeling the joy, the vibe. And Narda was dancing, and Balia also started dancing. And Balia said, "This is strange. What are you doing to me? I am a robber and a murderer. I can kill you. You should not trust me. "

But there was nobody to listen to him; the song continued, the music continued, that celestial vibe continued. And then when Narda was finished with his music he asked Balia, "What do you want?"

By this time a great change had happened. Balia said, "I would like to be as ecstatic as you are. Can you help me? I don't want anything else. You are the first man who is really rich. I have come across only beggars up to now -- rich beggars, poor beggars, but all beggars. You are the first man who is really rich, and you have such richness that I cannot rob it. It is your inner richness. Can I also have some glimpses like this? Is it possible for a murderer like me, a robber like me, a sinner like me? What should I do?"

Narda said, "You do one thing: start chanting the name of Rama."

Then Narda went, and Balia got really into it. He was a man of will, very strong. He chanted day in, day out.

When you chant "Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama" continuously, when there is not much gap between "Rama" and "Rama", slowly, slowly you will start hearing "Mara, Mara, Mara." If you chant "Rama, Rama, Rama" continuously, the gestalt will change. The "m" of the "Ram" will become joined with the "ra" of another "Ram"

that is following. Then it becomes "Mara, Mara. " Ram means God, Ram means the immortal element, the eternal element; mara means death.

Balia was a very uneducated man, had never been in any kind of religious education. He forgot all about Ram; slowly slowly he chanted only "Mara, Mara, Mara." Months passed. Narda went back; he was surprised. Balia was chanting "Mara, Mara, Mara"; his whole body was chanting "Mara, Mara, Mara." Narda could feel from miles away the change that had happened to that jungle. It had a different atmosphere. When he came closer and heard "Mara, Mara," he was surprised because this man has been chanting completely in a wrong way.

He came closer and saw Balia. The man was totally transformed. He was luminous -- the ecstasy had happened. It happened even by chanting a wrong mantra. Narda kept quiet; he didn't say anything to him. There was no need, no point in disturbing the poor man. He had arrived!

There is a Sufi saying that even a wrong means becomes right in the right person's hand, and vice versa, even a right means becomes wrong in a wrong man's hand. And it is so. The ultimate result depends on your heart, not on the means used. When a Master is alive, he can use any means, and they all become transforming forces. When the Master is gone, all those means slowly, slowly lose the grace. Then people go on doing them for centuries, but nothing happens. Right means in wrong hands are wrong; wrong means in right hands are right.

If you had trusted, then even this meaningless sound, IHMN, would have become a great meditation to you.

And the last thing, Idama, you ask, "Can you please explain the right attitude of a disciple receiving instruction from the Master?" Only no attitude is the right attitude from the side of the disciple. If you have a certain attitude, that means you are not totally open. You are open only in a certain way, in a limited way. You have your certain conditions. No, the disciple has no conditions; the disciple's surrender is unconditional. He is just open -- no attitude. Because "attitude" means your mind is still functioning. You are carrying a certain attitude; you are saying, "If you say this, I will follow; if you say something else, I am not going to follow. I will go only up to that limit; beyond that I am not coming with you."

You are keeping a suspicious eye. You are judging the Master from the corner of your eye, whether he is giving you the right thing -- as if you know what is right -- whether he is the right Master -- as if you can judge who is the right Master and who is not.

How can you judge? You have never known light. How can you judge those eyes which have seen light?

The only approach -- the right approach -- towards a Master is to have no attitude. That's the meaning of surrender: just being open, vulnerable. The disciple has to disappear; only then is he a disciple. If the disciple is still there then he is only a student, not a disciple; then he has come to gather a few more bits of knowledge. Then he will accumulate a little more knowledge and will go home -- a few more feathers for his ego, a few more decorations.

But you are decorating your prison cell. You can decorate it with precious stones, with diamonds, but then too it is a prison cell.

The Master is there to help you to come out of your prison, come out of your ego, come out of the shell that you have become enclosed in. You can't have any attitude towards the Master. Love knows no attitude, love knows no conditions. Love is unconditional. Only then is the Master allowed in, with no strings attached. Only then can the Master pour into your being. And that very pouring is a transformation.

The second question:

Question 2
IS IT NOT POSSIBLE AT ALL THAT THE, GREAT RELIGIOUS, SCRIPTURES OF THE WORLD CAN HELP THE SEEKER IN HIS SEARCH FOR GOD?

The real seeker cannot search for God, because to start a search for God means you have already accepted that God is. You have already concluded. How can you start a search from a conclusion? You are already prejudiced. You are a believer, not a seeker. The seeker cannot search for God, because he does not know.
He can only search into existence, not for god. He can inquire into the reality that surrounds him, not for God.
Yes, but when you go deep into reality you find God. God cannot be the beginning of your search; it is the end, the climax, the culmination. God is the discovery. How can you begin with God?
Once a psychologist and a professor of Jaipur University came to see me. He said, "I am a man of science and I have

decided to prove through scientific methods and inquiry, the reality, the truth of reincarnation. "

I told him, "Do you know what scientific inquiry means? Scientific inquiry means that you have not decided anything at all in the beginning. The inquiry is open. You say,'I am a man of science.' You are not. And you say, 'I have decided to prove through scientific methods the existence, the reality, the truth of reincarnation.' If you have not already proved it, how can you accept it? And if you have proved it already, then what are you going to prove, then what is the point of your inquiry? Either you know the truth of reincarnation -- then there is no need to inquire, or you don't know the truth of reincarnation -- then how can you decide from the very beginning that you are going to prove it? This is a prejudiced inquiry; this is not inquiry. "

Inquiry means you move without any conclusion. Maybe it is true, maybe it is not; maybe something else is true. You simply keep your doors open. Whatsoever the truth, you allow the truth to have its say.

I told the professor, "You are just a Hindu, already prejudiced, believing in reincarnation. Just as Christians don't believe in it, you believe in it. A Christian also starts a "scientific inquiry" to prove that there is no reincarnation. Will it be scientific? It will only be a Christian inquiry, an effort to use science to prove your prejudices. Your inquiry will be a Hindu inquiry, not a scientific inquiry. "

The scientist cannot be a Hindu or a Christian or a Mohammedan; the scientist has simply to be a scientist. He can only inquire. Inquiry means you have not arrived at any conclusions, no a priori conclusion. That is the fundamental of all inquiry.

You cannot inquire and search for God. You can only inquire into the reality that is already available: these trees, these rocks, these rivers, these people -- you. You have to go into it. No scripture is going to help you, because all scriptures will make you prejudiced and all scriptures will only be borrowed. You will become a donkey.
I have heard...

The new clergyman was coming to call, and the mother gave Emma some instructions:
"If he asks your name, say Emma Jane; if he asks how old you are, say you are eight years old; if he asks who made you, say God made me."
The clergyman arrived in due time, and, putting down his hat and Bible, approached little Emma, and patting her head, asked:
"What is your name, little girl?"
"Emma Jane. "
"And how old are you, Emma Jane?"
"Eight years old, " replied Jane.
"Well, well, well! Isn't that fine! Do you know who made you, Emma Jane?"
The little girl hesitated for several moments, and then she replied, "Mamma did tell me the man's name, but I've gone and forgotten it. "

Borrowed, learned from others, from scriptures, from traditions, your knowledge is never going to become your knowing. It will make you only more and more ridiculous. This is not the way of a seeker.

The seeker has to begin in absolute openness, with no conclusion this way or that. The seeker has to begin without any belief or disbelief. The seeker has to begin with great trust in his intelligence, that is true -- trust in intelligence but not in any conceptions.
Your scriptures can only be in your mouth, they cannot reach your heart.

Some wasps built their nests during the week in a Scotch clergyman's best breeches. On the Sabbath as he warmed up to his preaching, the wasps too warmed up, with the result that presently the minister was leaping about like a jack-in-the-box and slapping his lower anatomy with great vigor, to the amazement of the congregation.
"Be calm, brethren," he shouted. "The word of God is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!"
Just learning words, theories, systems of thought is not going to help you at all. Deep down you will remain the same. Deep down no change has ever happened through knowledge. At the most you can cultivate a beautiful personality, a beautiful outside. Jesus has condemned such people as "whited sepulchres" -- just whitewashed from the outside.
Deep inside, how can words change you? Yes, you can cultivate a decorum, you can cultivate a certain character, but the character remains superficial; it is never your consciousness. And only consciousness matters, only what you can see on your own is decisive. All else will make you a donkey, and all the scriptures will prove nothing but cabbages.

You ask, "Is it not possible at all that the great religious scriptures of the world can help the seeker in his search for God?"

Buddha has said again and again, "IHI PASSIKO" -- "Come and see." Don't believe because the Vedas say so, don't believe because the ancient Masters say so, don't believe because the traditions say so -- and don't believe even because I say so. Come and see -- ihi passiko. Come and experiment. But how can you experiment with scriptures? You can experiment only with a living Master. Religion lives only while there is a living Master. Once the Master is gone, you have scriptures, words, memories, nostalgia, but the spirit has left. You only have the cage, the bird has flown.

That's how all the traditions have been created. When Jesus was there, there was life in what he was saying. Those words had fire. His passion was in his words; his heart was beating in his words. Those words were hot. Now turn the pages of the Bible -- those words are just ashes, just utterly cold. There is nothing left. You will have to again find a living Master.

And the problem is, when Jesus is alive nobody listens to him. He is condemned from every corner. When he dies everybody worships him. The same people who had been condemning him become his worshipers. They start feeling guilty. To put their guilt right they start worshiping; worship comes out of guilt.

The same people who condemned Buddha become Buddhists and go on praising him for centuries. But when the Buddha is alive he is condemned; only very rare courageous people follow him. The general masses are

always against a living truth. They are too engrossed in their lies, they are too involved with their futile life, they are too ignorant to see the light or even to raise their eyes, and they become angry easily.

The presence of a Buddha or a Christ creates much anger in the masses, but when the Buddha or the Jesus is gone, the same masses start feeling guilty that they didn't behave rightly with the man. Now things have to be put right: they start worshiping. But worship is not religion. Worship is a way of avoiding religion, and worship brings no transformation, so there is no risk. You can be a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan; there is no risk.

The risk was there when Mohammed was alive. It was dangerous to be with that man, it was a question of life and death; but now to be a Mohammedan is perfectly convenient, comfortable. And if you live amidst Mohammedans it is dangerous not to be a Mohammedan. It is better to be a Mohammedan; it makes your life more easy. To be a Mohammedan becomes a kind of lubricant. And so is the case with the Hindus and the Christians and the Jainas and the Buddhists. These have become social conveniences.

You will have to come out and search for some place where fire is still alive, where God is still alive, where a Bible is still in the process of being born, where a Geeta is being expressed. Soon those words will become scriptures. Scriptures are the footprints of the Buddhas, but the Buddhas are gone and you are worshiping the footprints on the sands of time. It is utterly meaningless, stupid. Those footprints are not the feet of the Buddha. If you had surrendered to the feet of Buddha you would have been

transported into another world. From time to eternity you would have been transported, from the finite to infinity you would have been transported, from death to deathlessness you would have been transported, if you had surrendered to the alive feet of a Buddha.
But Buddha is gone. On the sands of time his footprints are left. You are putting flowers at and bowing down to the footprints, but footprints cannot help.
That's what your scriptures are all about, footprints -- of beautiful people, but the worship of the footprints is just meaningless. You cannot get anything out of the footprints. If you really want to know the truth of existence you will have to be in the company of someone who has known. Seek a man who has eyes, seek a man who has love, seek a man in whose heart there is the flame of prayer. Then there is a possibility: the flame may jump into your heart. You may become aflame.
Come closer to a Master. There comes a moment when you are so close, in deep intimacy, that the flame from one lit candle jumps into another unlit candle. Then the disciple becomes the Master himself. That's the only way to seek and search, all other ways are just to avoid, pretend.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO TAKE SANNYAS BUT IT WILL BE TOTALLY RUINOUS FOR MY CAREER AS ORANGE CLOTHES WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED AT MY PLACE OF WORK. IS THERE ANY ALTERNATIVE TO THIS?

Shirish Ghurye, remember only one thing: if you really want to do something, do it. If you don't want to do it, don't do it, but be clear. Don't be a hotch-potch, don't be a mess. When you really want to be a painter, become a painter then, whatsoever the risk. Yes, you will not be able to become a prime minister by becoming a painter. You will not be very respectable in the society, because your paintings are not useful to the society in any way. They are not utilitarian. And the greater they are, the less utilitarian they will be. The more original they are, the less they will be understood and sold. But if you want to be a painter, be a painter -- even if that means remaining poor, even if that means remaining starved, even if that means that you will be dying earlier.

Suffer, if it means suffering, because even in that suffering you will have a subtle joy that you are doing the thing that you wanted to do. You will have a tremendous contentment. Comforts you may not have, convenience you may not have, but you will have contentment, and that is the real value.

But if you think of other things, if you are considering every other thing, then it is better to be a politician than to be a painter. You will become rich, you will be powerful, you will be well-known, you will be respected. Your family will be proud of you; your parents will be proud of you, your wife, your children, all will be proud of you. Everybody's ego will be fulfilled. Your neighbors will be proud. Everybody will think that you are a precious gem, but you will be discontented.

I have heard, a great surgeon was retiring. He had served almost fifty years. He was now seventy-five, still perfect in his surgery. All his friends, his patients, his well-wishers, his students had gathered to celebrate this occasion. Many speeches were delivered in praise of him; he was praised like anything. He was almost a demigod in his world, in the world of surgeons.

But he was sitting there looking very sad, and when finally one of his famous colleagues was praising him and saying that he is the greatest surgeon that has happened down the ages and it will take many centuries again to get such a perfect hand, such an artistic hand, the old surgeon started crying and tears came to his eyes. People were worried about what had happened, and they asked, "Why do you look so sad and why are tears in your eyes? You should be perfectly happy. What more can one expect in life? You are one of the most successful men. "

He said, "That I know, but I know something else too -- I am the most frustrated too because I wanted to become a dancer and not a surgeon. Now I have succeeded -- in something which I never wanted to become. My whole life has been a wastage. Even if I had become only a dancer, unknown to the world, I would have been utterly contented. I would have done my thing."

Remember, if you want to become a sannyasin, become. There will be problems; there are bound to be problems. It is not cheap. You will have to pay the price for it. Yes, you are right, it may ruin your career, but who bothers for a career except stupid people? Career? What does that mean? That you will live safe and you will die safe? That you will live with much money and you will die a rich man? But

what about your inner contentment? If your soul remains crippled and paralyzed, what is the point of gaining the whole world?

The real thing is to have the joy, the joy of life, that you lived courageously in your own way and whatsoever was asked as a price, you paid it. And whenever you attain something through paying for it, it is more valuable. If you can get it cheap, it loses all value.

Sannyas is costly -- particularly my sannyas. If you become a traditional sannyasin, Ghurye, there will be no problem. Just a few days before a Jaina woman came and started crying. I said, "What is the matter?" She said, "My husband has become your sannyasin. If he really wants to become a sannyasin he should become a Jaina sannyasin. Then at least he will be respectable. Becoming your sannyasin is dangerous. Now people have started thinking that he has gone crazy. Even his own children are suspicious. I myself think that something has gone wrong with him."

Now she is ready if he becomes a Jaina sannyasin, although by becoming a Jaina sannyasin he will have to leave the house, the family. The wife is ready; she told me, "I am ready. If he has to leave the home and the children and me, we will manage. It will be difficult, but we will manage. By becoming your sannyasin he is not leaving the house -- that is the problem. Now the neighbors are asking,'What kind of sannyasin is he? Still living with the family, still living with the wife and the children, still going to work? What kind of sannyasin is he?'

"I am being tortured," she said, "continuously ridiculed. I am ready if he leaves the home; it's okay, we will manage. It will be difficult, it is going to be financially difficult, but

we will manage. We will be poor, but that's okay. At least we can keep our heads proud, high. "
You see, if you become a traditional sannyasin your parents may not be so angry. In fact they may enjoy. People will say, "Look, your son has become a great sannyasin. You are fortunate -- the tree is known by the fruit. Look, your son... such a great sannyasin. He has renounced the world."
And your father will feel proud, mother will feel proud. Even your wife, who will be suffering very much because you have left her, even she will feel proud that she is the wife of somebody who has renounced the world, a traditional value. And everybody will be thinking highly of you and your family.
If you become my sannyasin you are crazy, you are mad: "You have fallen in this man's trap and he is just hypnotizing people and doing nothing. You are a victim."
Everybody will advise you, "Why don't you go to the psychiatrist and take some help? Why don't you go to the mountains and rest a little?"
Yes, Ghurye, you are right, it may ruin your career. It is dangerous.
In the days of Mahavira it was dangerous to become a Jaina sannyasin. Just wait two thousand years; then my sannyasins will be respected. It will help their career By that time everything will be dead; whatsoever I am saying will have lost all fire, all rebellion, things will have become formal. Then, Ghurye, you will have to wait at least two thousand years. Then you can become my sannyasin without ruining your career, and your wife will be happy, and your children and your parents, and everybody will be happy -- but then you have to wait for two thousand years.

If you want to become a sannyasin right now there are going to be problems. But a real man is born out of facing problems and challenges.

Never decide for the career. Think of consciousness, because that is the only richness. And think of the inner journey. And always be authentic to yourself. For no other consideration should you compromise. A compromising person has no soul. The more you compromise, the less soul you have. By and by you are just nothing, just apparently alive, but deep down, dead. Beware of it.

Ghurye has been asking many questions; I have not answered him yet. This is the first question I am answering. And I am answering this question to provoke in him a respect for his own soul. Nothing else is more important. If you cannot respect your own longing, then you are disrespectful to God. If you cannot assert yourself in the way you want to be, then you are a coward, then you are compromising; then you will never have a centering, you will never have an integrated being, you will never find yourself crystallized. You will always remain a hazy, cloudy thing.

The soul is born through such sacrifices. I am not saying that there will be no problem. There will be problems -- many more than you can think of right now, many more than you can even imagine. Friends will turn into enemies, your own family will start looking at you as if you have fallen from grace, and certainly your colleagues wherever you work will start putting you out of their circle, as if you are an outsider, a foreigner.

But all these problems are worth facing. These are the steps of the temple of God. This is real sacrifice, austerity. And

slowly, slowly when one passes through such fire, the gold that you are carrying within you becomes pure; and only through the purity of your inner gold, one day, the golden flower blooms.

I am all for individual freedom, and freedom is the door to God. What do I mean by freedom? To live fearlessly is freedom, to drop fear is freedom. Fear creates our chains. Now you are afraid of the job, career, family, neighborhood. These are all chains made of your fear. Drop these chains. Live in freedom. Live authentically the life you really want to live. Don't try to be somebody else, just be yourself.

A great Hasidic mystic, Josiah, was dying, and somebody told him, "Master, why don't you pray now to Moses, because now you are on your deathbed? Pray to Moses. He will help you in the other world. "

Josiah opened his eyes and said, "Stop all this nonsense! God is not going to ask me, 'Josiah, why were you not Moses?' He will ask me, 'Josiah, why were you not Josiah?' Moses has nothing to do with this. I have to answer for myself, why I was not myself, why I betrayed my innermost being. That's the question!"

Freedom means don't betray yourself, whatsoever the cost. Remain true to yourself, and you will be true to God.

A parable:

In the land of the moths, there is the legend of the Old One. It tells that one night, when the then very young moth was flying about with his friends, he happened to look up and saw a wondrous white light hanging between the branches of a tree. It was in fact the moon, but as all moths are so

preoccupied with the candles, street lamps, and other lights that they are constantly circling, our hero and his friends had never seen it before.
With this sight came a sudden and firm resolution: our moth would never again settle for flying around anything else but the moon. And so every night, when the moths would venture out from their resting places and each head for a suitable light, our moth headed upwards towards the heavens.
But the moon, although it seemed always so near, remained always beyond his finite capacity for flight. He never, however, allowed his frustrations to overcome him, and in fact his efforts, though unsuccessful in making him into a lunar astronaut, yielded him one unexpected dividend.
For while his friends and family, his neighbors and co-citizens of moth-land all reviled and ridiculed him, they all preceded him to the grave in the fiery incinerating death of their kind, burned to a crisp in one of those accessible flames they had set as their goal.
The Old One died peacefully at a very ripe age, beneath the cool white shine of his Beloved.

Sannyas means you have become interested in the moon. Sannyas means you have become interested in attaining the impossible. Sannyas means now you are entering into a journey for the unknown shore. It is dangerous, but through this danger one is reborn. Through this impossible longing -- passion for the impossible -- something integrates in you. Other moths are bound to be angry with you. They will ridicule you because you are insulting them. They feel the insult because they are only living around candles and

street lights, and they think that is the only goal worth achieving in life -- to go round and round around a candle and then die.
The people who are living for money and power and prestige are going round and round around street lamps. They will naturally be offended by you when you raise your heads towards the moon. They will ridicule you, they will call you mad. They will say, "Nobody has ever attained it. Don't be foolish. Be normal. Come. How beautiful is this candle, and this street light!"
Sannyas means love for the moon. That very love transforms. It is not a question of whether you reach to the moon or not: that very love transmutes, that very love becomes the alchemy. You are no more part of the ordinary world, you start living in an extraordinary world. The poetry is born in you, the music is heard of the unknown, some dance starts happening. That's what God is all about. Sannyas is an invitation for God to become a guest in your being. Sannyas is readiness to be a host for God.

The last question:

Question 4
WHY IS THE WEST BECOMING MORE AND MORE INTERESTED IN MEDITATION? AND ALSO, WHY IS THE EAST LOSING INTEREST IN ITS OWN SPIRITUAL TREASURES?

A lawyer made his way to the edge of the excavation where a gang was working, and called the name of Timothy O'Toole.

"Who is wanting me?" inquired a heavy voice.
"Mr. O'Toole," the lawyer asked, "did you come from Castlebar, County Mayo?"
"I did that."
"And your mother was named Bridget and your father Michael?"
"They was."
"It is my duty then," said the lawyer, "to inform you, Mr. O'Toole, that your Aunt Mary has died in Iowa, leaving you an estate of 60,000 dollars."
There was a short silence below and then a lively commotion.
"Are you coming, Mr. O'Toole?" the lawyer called down.
"In one minute," was bellowed in answer. "I have just stopped to lick the foreman." It required just six months of extremely riotous living for O'Toole to expend all of the 60,000 dollars. His chief endeavor was to satisfy a huge inherited thirst. Then he went back to his job. And there, presently the lawyer sought him out again.
"It is your Uncle Patrick this time, Mr. O'Toole," the lawyer explained. "He has died in Texas and left you 40,000 dollars."
O'Toole leaned heavily on his pick and shook his head in great weariness.
"I don't think I can take it," he declared. "I am not as strong as I once was, and I misdoubt me that I could go through all that money and live."

That's what has happened in the West. Man in the West has succeeded in attaining to all the affluence that the whole of humanity has been longing for down the ages. The West

has succeeded materially in becoming rich, and now it is too weary, too tired. The journey has taken all its soul. The journey has finished the Western man. Outwardly all is available, but the contact with the inner is lost. Now everything that man needs is there, but the man is no more there. Possessions are there, but the master has disappeared. A great imbalance has happened. Richness is there, but man is not feeling rich at all; man is feeling, on the contrary, very impoverished, very poor.

Think of this paradox: when you are outwardly rich only then do you become aware of your inner poverty, in contrast. When you are outwardly poor you never become aware of your inner poverty, because there is no contrast. You write with white chalk on blackboards, not on white boards. Why? Because only on blackboards will it show. The contrast is needed.

When you are outwardly rich, then suddenly a great awareness happens that "Inwardly I am poor, a beggar." And now a hopelessness also comes as a shadow that "All is attained that we had thought -- all imagination and fantasies fulfilled -- and nothing has happened out of it, no contentment, no bliss."

The West is bewildered. Out of this bewilderment a great desire is arising: how to have contact with one's self again. Meditation is nothing but getting your roots again into your inner world, into your interiority. Hence the West is becoming very much interested in meditation, and very much interested in the Eastern treasures.

The East was also interested in meditation when the East was rich; this has to be understood. That's why I am not against richness and I don't think that poverty has any

spirituality in it. I am utterly against poverty because whenever a country becomes poor it loses contact with all meditations, all spiritual efforts. Whenever a country becomes poor outwardly, it becomes unaware of the inner poverty.

That's why on the Indian faces you can see a kind of contentment that is not found in the West. It is not real contentment; it is just unawareness of the inner poverty. Indians think, "Look at the anxiety, anguish, and the tension on the Western faces. Although we are poor, we are inwardly very content." That is utter nonsense; they are not contented. I have been watching thousands of people -- they are not contented. But one thing is certainly there, they are not aware of the discontent, because to be aware of the discontent outer richness is needed. Without outer richness nobody becomes aware of the inner discontent. And there are enough proofs of it.

All the avataras of the Hindus were kings or sons of kings -- kings or princes. All the Jaina teerthankaras, all the Jaina prophets, were kings; and so was Buddha. All the three great traditions of India give ample proof.

Why did Buddha become discontented, why did he start a search for meditation? Because he was rich. He lived in affluence; he lived in all that was possible, all the comforts, all the material gadgets. Suddenly he became aware. And he was not very old when he became aware; he was only twenty-nine when he became aware that there is a dark hole inside. Light is outside; hence it shows your inner darkness. Just a little dirt on a white shirt and it shows. That's what happened.

He escaped from the palace. That's what happened to Mahavira; he also escaped from a palace. It was not happening to a beggar. There were beggars also in Buddha's time. In fact, the story is that Buddha renounced the world when he saw a beggar for the first time, and an old man, and a dead body, and a sannyasin. Beggars were there.

Buddha was going to participate in a youth festival, he was to inaugurate it. From his golden chariot, he saw a beggar -- for the first time -- because his father had managed his whole life that Buddha should never see a beggar, or an ill man, or an old man, or a dead man; because astrologers had told the father when Buddha was born that if he ever saw these things he would immediately renounce the world, so don't allow him to see them. So wherever Buddha would move to, beggars would be removed, old people would be removed or forced to remain in their houses, not to come out. Even in Buddha's garden no dead leaf was allowed. Every dead leaf was removed during the night so in the morning when Buddha would come there he could only see youth, young leaves, young flowers. He had never seen a flower withering.

When he saw a beggar for the first time... And the parable is beautiful; it says the gods became worried: "The father is succeeding too much. Twenty-nine years have passed, and Buddha has the capacity to become one of the most awakened persons in the world." The gods became worried: "The management of the father is such that he may never come across a beggar or an old man; he may miss." So they pretended -- one god walked like a beggar, another like an

old man, another became like a dead man, another like a sannyasin.
Beggars were there but they didn't renounce. They had nothing to renounce; they were contented. Buddha became discontented.
When this country was rich, many more people were interested in meditation; in fact, all the people were interested in meditation. Sooner or later they would start thinking of the moon, of the beyond, of the inner.
Now the country is poor, so poor that there is no contrast of the inner and the outer. The inner is poor, the outer is poor. The inner and the outer are in perfect harmony -- both are poor. That's why you see a kind of contentment on Indian faces that is not true contentment. And because of this people have become accustomed to thinking that poverty has something spiritual in it.
Poverty is worshiped in India. That is one of the reasons why I am condemned continuously, because I am not in favor of any kind of poverty. Poverty is not spirituality; poverty is the cause of the disappearance of spirituality.
I would like the whole world to become as affluent as possible. The more people are affluent, the more they will become spiritual. They will have to; they will not be able to avoid it. And only then does real contentment arise.
When you can create inner richness and there comes a moment when again a harmony happens -- outer richness meeting inner richness -- then there is real contentment. When outer poverty meets inner poverty, then there is false contentment. Harmony is possible in these two ways. The outer and inner in harmony, and one feels contented. India looks contented because there is poverty on both sides of

the fence. There is perfect harmony, the outer and inner are in tune; but this is ugly contentment, this is really lack of life, lack of vitality. This is a stupid kind of contentment, dull, insipid.

The West is bound to become interested in meditation, there is no way to avoid it. That's why Christianity is losing its hold on the Western mind, because Christianity has not developed the science of meditation in any way. It has remained a very mediocre religion; so is Judaism.

The West was poor: that is the reason. Up to now the West has lived in poverty. When the East was rich the West was poor. Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, all the three non-Indian religions, were born in poverty. They could not develop meditation techniques, there was no need. They have remained the religions of the poor.

Now the West has become rich and there is a disparity. The Western religions were born in poverty; they have nothing to give to the rich man. For the rich man they look childish, they don't satisfy. They CAN'T satisfy him. The Eastern religions were born in richness; that's why the Western mind is becoming more and more interested in Eastern religions. Yes, the religion of Buddha is having great impact; Zen is spreading like fire. Why? It was born out of richness.

There is a tremendous similarity between the Western psychology of the contemporary man and the psychology of Buddhism. The West in is the same state as Buddha was when he became interested in meditation. It was a rich man's search. And so is the case with Hinduism, so is the case with Jainism. These three great Indian religions were

born out of affluence, hence the West is bound to be attracted to these Eastern religions.
The East is losing contact with its own religions. It cannot afford to understand Buddha -- it is a poor country. You will be surprised, poor Indians are being converted to Christianity. Rich Americans are being converted to Buddhism, Hinduism, Vedanta, and the untouchables, the poor, the poorest of the poor in India, are becoming Christians. Do you see the point? These religions have a certain appeal for the poor. But they don't have any future, because sooner or later the whole world is going to become rich.
You will find many Indians here either, because I don't praise poverty, I have no respect for poverty. Man has to given both kinds of richnesses. Why not both? Science has developed the technology to make you outwardly rich. Religion has developed the technology to make you inwardly rich: that is Yoga, Tantra, Taoism, Sufism, Hassidism -- these are the technologies of the inner.
A story:

The central figure of this story is one of those persons who accepts everything that happens as manifestation of a divine power. Not for him, he said, to question the workings of a Divine Providence.
All his life misfortune had been his, yet never once did he complain. He married, and his wife ran away with the hired man. He had a daughter, and the daughter was deceived by a villian. He had a son, and the son was lynched. A fire burned down his barn, a cyclone blew away his home, a hailstorm destroyed his crops, and the banker foreclosed on

his mortgage, taking his farm. Yet at each stroke of misfortune he knelt and gave thanks to "God Almighty for his interminable mercy."

After a time, penniless but still submissive to the decrees from one high, he landed in the county poorhouse. One day the overseer sent him out to plow a potato field. A thunderstrom came up but was passing over when, without warning, a bolt of lightning descended from the sky. It melted the plowshare, stripped most of his clothing from him, singed off his beard, branded his naked back with the initials of a neighbouring cowman, and hurled him through a barbed wire fence.

When he recovered consciousness he got slowly to his knees, clasped his hands and raised his eyes towards heaven. Then, for the first time, he asserted himself: "Lord," he said, "this is getting to be plumb ridiculous!"

This is the situation of the East: "This is getting to be plumb ridiculous!" But the East goes on thanking God, goes on feeling grateful. There is nothing to feel grateful for any more! The East is utterly poor, ill, starved; there is nothing to be grateful for. But the East has forgotten how to assert, the East has forgotten to do anything about his condition.

So the East cannot meditate. The East is living almost in a kind of unconsiousness. It is too hungry to meditate, too poor to pray. Its only interest is in bread, shelter, clothing; so when the Christian missionary comes and opens a hospital or opens a school, the Indians are very much impressed -- this is spirituality. When I start teaching about meditation they are not interested, not only not interested, they are against it: "What kind of spirituality is this?" And I

understand -- they need bread, they need shelter, they need clothes.

But it is because of their mind that they are suffering. On the one hand they need bread, shelter, clothes, better houses, better roads; and on the other hand they go on worshiping poverty. They are in a double bind.

The East cannot yet meditate. First it needs scientific technology to make it a little physically better. Just as the West needs religious technology, the East needs scientific technology.

And I am all for one world, where the West can fulfill the needs of the East and the East can fulfill the needs of the West. The East and the West have lived apart too long; there is no need any more. The East should not be the East any more and the West should not be the West any more. We have come to that critical moment where this whole earth can become one -- should become one -- because it can survive only if it becomes one.

The days of the nations are over, the days of divisions are over, the days of the politicians are over. We are moving in a tremendously new world, a new phase of humanity, and the phase is that there can be only one world now, only one single humanity. And then there will be a tremendous release of energies.

The East has treasures, the religious technologies, and the West has treasures, the scientific technologies. And if both can meet, this very world can become a paradise. Now there is no need to ask for another world; we are capable of creating the paradise here on this earth, for the first time. And if we don't create it, then except for us, nobody else is responsible.

I am for one world, one humanity, and ultimately one science which will take care of both -- a meeting of religion and science -- one science which will take care of the inner and the outer, both.
That's what I am trying to do here. It is a meeting place of East and West; it is a womb where the new humanity can be conceived, can be born. You are fortunate. You may not be aware of it, that you are participating in something of eternal value a great experiment upon which the whole future of humanity depends. If you become more conscious of it, it will be better, because you will be more helpful then.

The Secret

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Truth Simply Is
19 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

BAHAUDIN SHAH ONCE GAVE AN ADDRESS ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF THE SUFIS. A CERTAIN MAN WHO THOUGHT THAT HE WAS CLEVER AND COULD BENEFIT FROM CRITICIZING HIM, SAID, "IF ONLY THIS MAN WOULD SAY SOMETHING NEW! THAT IS MY ONLY CRITICISM." BAHAUDIN HEARD OF THIS, AND INVITED THE CRITIC TO DINNER. "I HOPE THAT YOU WILL APPROVE OF MY LAMB STEW," HE SAID. WHEN HE HAD TAKEN THE FIRST MOUTHFUL, THE GUEST

JUMPED UP, SHOUTING, "YOU ARE TRYING TO POISON ME -- THIS ISN'T LAMB STEW!"
"BUT IT IS," SAID BAHAUDIN, "THOUGH SINCE YOU DON'T LIKE OLD RECIPES, I HAVE TRIED SOMETHING NEW. THIS CONTAINS LAMB ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE IS A GOOD DASH OF MUSTARD, HONEY AND EMETIC IN IT AS WELL."

TRUTH IS. Truth simply is. It is neither old nor new. It is eternal, it has no reference to time at all; it is beyond time. That is the meaning of the eternal. Eternal does not mean forever, because forever has a reference to time; eternal does not mean permanent, because permanency has a reference to time. Eternal simply means timeless. It is. Truth is never past and never future. It knows only one tense, the present. Truth knows only one time, now -- which is not time at all; but it is timelessness. And truth knows only one space, here -- which is not space at all; it is transcendence of space. Truth is always now-here. Truth has no history. History belongs to the world of lies. Politics has history, religion has no history.

This is the first thing to be understood: that truth cannot be old and cannot be new either. If truth can be new then one day it will become old. Whatsoever is new today will be old tomorrow. Truth is never old, hence it can never be new.

Truth is equivalent to existence. In a way, it can be said that it is as old as the mountains, and as new as this morning's dewdrops -- but that is only a way of saying. What is being said is that truth is eternal.

But there are people who are very much interested in the old. They are past-oriented. They believe in something only if it is very old. The older it is, they think, the better it is. All that is old is gold for them. They go on trying to prove that their scripture is the oldest scripture in the world, their religion the most ancient.

There is another group of people who think the new is always better than the old because it is new. It is more evolved, more improved, more refined.

These are the two kinds of people; both go on missing the truth. One is past-oriented, the other is future-oriented; and truth exists now, neither in the past nor in the future.

Before we can enter into this small parable you will have to understand something about time, because basically it is a question of understanding time and its process.

Time moves in a horizontal line from past to future. Time's movement is linear; hence it is shallow, it can't have any depth. One moment is followed by another moment and so on, so forth. Before you can catch hold of the moment it is already gone, so you cannot move into depth. You cannot dive in time; you can only float, you can only swim. It is very thin, it has no depth. It is horizontal.

Eternity is vertical: it moves into depth and into height. Just think of the cross of Jesus: that is a symbol for time and eternity. The cross is made of two lines, one horizontal on which Jesus' hands were nailed, the other vertical on which his body was nailed. The cross represents the whole phenomenon of time. The horizontal line is history, politics, the mundane life, the world of events, the world of facts. The vertical line is the world of truth, not of facts.

The vertical line is the world of absolute reality, of God, of nirvana, of meditation.

Whenever one starts moving into the vertical world, one simply goes beyond time. Then there is nothing new, nothing old. Truth only is.

Time, the horizontal line, consists of two things -- past and future. The present is almost absent. You never become aware of the present -- or have you ever become aware of the present? -- because the moment you become aware, it is already past. You always become aware of the past.

For example, this moment: if you become aware of it, the time that is taken by your becoming aware is enough to make it past. The moment you say, "Yes, this is the present," it is already gone. You cannot even utter the word "now", because when you have uttered it it is no longer now. The present that you think exists in time is almost nothing. It is sandwiched between the past and the future. The past is big. Look backwards -- it stretches and stretches, and on and on. It seems to be beginningless. And so is the future very big -- it goes on stretching ahead of you, on and on, endlessly.

Between these two big phenomena, past and future, your present is just a sandwiched atomic moment of which you cannot even become aware. The moment you know it, it is no more there; it is already gone. You only become aware of the past. So time consists of past and future.

Eternity consists of the present. Then what we call "present" is nothing but the spot where eternity crosses time, where eternity penetrates time. There is a way to move into that eternity: that's what meditation is all about.

Meditation is a drop into eternity. That's why all techniques, all methods of meditation, insist: don't be too obsessed with the past, let it go; and don't be too infatuated with the future, let it go too. Slowly, slowly withdraw yourself from past memories and future projections. The past is no more, the future is not yet; both are non-existential. To remain in the non-existential is to remain in misery, because existence is bliss, satchitananda -- it is truth, it is consciousness, it is bliss. Non-existence is untruth, unconsciousness, misery; just the opposite. And we live in the non-existential.

Just watch what goes on inside you: either you are thinking of the past, the nostalgia of the past -- your beautiful childhood, or your youth, your love affairs, and this and that -- or you are immersed in the future -- what you are going to do tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow. Either you are drowned in the past or you are drowned in the future. That's why you are not. That's why you yourself have become a falsehood. You are too concerned with the false, and that concern makes you pseudo. Withdraw yourself from the past and the future.

This is real renunciation, this is sannyas: withdrawing yourself from past and future; not by effort. Remember, if you withdraw yourself by effort you will be deceived. If you withdraw yourself by effort, if you say, "I will withdraw myself from the past so that I can be in deep meditation," then your deep meditation is a future project. Then it is neither meditation nor deep. You have already moved from the past to the future. If you say, "If I withdraw from the past I will attain to nirvana," now you have only substituted the past with the future. Both are the

same, both are non-existential. It does not make any difference.

If you withdraw from your future, you say, "I will not desire the future because I have to attain to nirvana, to enlightenment, to satori" -- but this is future. You cannot withdraw by effort, because in effort you will always be motivated. There will be a desire, there will be a goal.

Then how to withdraw? One withdraws only by understanding the situation that the past is not, it is futile; not that it is going to lead you into the world of truth if you withdraw from the past, no. Just seeing the futility of the past -- that this is all memory, dust that has gathered on the mirror of consciousness; it is just useless -- you wash it away, with no motivation; just seeing the futility of it, you drop it. Not that you drop it for something else; if you drop it for something else the future has entered in. You have deceived yourself.

And when you drop your past seeing the futility of it, how can you go on living in the future? -- because the future is always based in the past. Whatsoever you want tomorrow is nothing but all those beautiful things that you had yesterday. You want a repetition -- maybe modified, a little bit better, refined -- but it is the past again. When the past is dropped seeing the futility of it -- for no other reason -- just out of this understanding that it is futile it drops out of your hands, with it the future also disappears. Future is the shadow of the past. You had been with a woman yesterday and you would like to be with the woman again tomorrow -- that is future. Yesterday you had been to Latif's and the food was delicious; tomorrow you are again thinking to go there. Your tomorrow is nothing but a reflection of your

yesterday. When the yesterday disappears, reflections disappear. With the past, in the same package, the future is also dropped. And then there is present. Not that you had asked for it or you had longed for it or you had desired and worked and practised for it, no; because the past and future are no more there, then the present is. The same space that was occupied by the past and the future is now empty. In that emptiness one feels the present.

And to be in the present is to be in truth. Then you have depth, you have fallen into the vertical dimension. You have heights, heights which are higher than Everest and depths which are deeper than the Pacific. Then your life has a grandeur, a splendor.

This is what is called Buddhahood, Christ-consciousness, or whatever you will.

There are people who are past-oriented, there are people who are future-oriented -- both go on missing. The orthodox, the conformist, is past-oriented, and the revolutionary, the rebel, is future-oriented; there is not any difference between them. The orthodox thinks the Golden Age was in the past, "the Garden of Eden". The revolutionary, the so-called communist, the fascist, the socialist -- he thinks the Golden Age is to come. It is in the future, the utopia, the classless society where everyone will be equal, the world of freedom where exploitation will have disappeared and paradise will descend on earth. But paradise is right now, here.

Beware of these two traps. You need not go into the past to search for truth. You need not go into the scriptures, because scriptures belong to the past; and you need not go into imagination, logic, because all that logic can do is

create utopias in the future. You need not go anywhere, neither in the past nor in the future. You have to be just here.

And the utter beauty of the moment, and the utter blessedness of the moment.. and one is transformed -- not by doing anything, but just by being here.

Allow yourself this fall into the present more and more. And you will be afraid, because it is really a fall. You will be going into depths, and those depths are abysmal; there is no bottom, and we have become accustomed to floating on the surface. For many lives we have been just swimming on the surface; we have forgotten the depth of the ocean, of this reality. So when you start falling into depth you will become afraid, you will have a very deep, frightening, scary experience; you will be in panic.

That is the moment when you need a Master to say to you, "Don't be worried, there is nothing that can be lost, and that which can be lost is not worth keeping. That which is essential will remain with you, only the non-essential will be gone -- and it is good that the non-essential go."

The man of awareness becomes the man of the essence. Personality consists of the non-essential. Your soul consists of the essential, and the essential is immortal. The non-essential is momentary, and we cling to the non-essential; hence we suffer, because we cannot keep hold of it. It disappears sooner or later. Whatsoever we do is futile because the momentary cannot be forever. Just as it comes, it goes. It is a wave, a ripple, a bubble; sooner or later it will be gone. For the moment it looks so beautiful -- the sun is reflected in it and a small rainbow surrounds it -- but it is just a soap bubble. You can play with it but don't

become attached to it, otherwise you will suffer. And that's why people are suffering: they become attached to soap bubbles.

They have given different names to the soap bubbles. Somebody calls it love, somebody calls it money, somebody calls it power, somebody calls it life, prestige, and so on, so forth -- but they are all soap bubbles. Any moment, they will be gone, and you will be left in despair. To cling to the personality is to cling to soap bubbles.

But this has been the attitude of your so-called thinkers down the ages. One party says the old is gold, and the older it is, the better. That's what Hindus say, that their Vedas are the oldest scriptures. That's what the Jainas say, that their first teerthankara, Adinath, is the ancient-most Master in the world. It may be so, but it has nothing to do with truth. It has something to do with history, it has something to do with the body and the personality of Adinath, but it has nothing to do with his inner truth, not at all.

Just the other day in the newspapers, I came across Morarji Desai's statement about me, that Rajneesh cannot be compared with Mahavira. Why? What can the problem be? Mahavira is old, ancient; twenty-five centuries have passed -- how can Rajneesh be compared to Mahavira? But Morarji Desai has to be reminded.

Jesus said of Abraham: I am before Abraham was. Abraham preceded Jesus by at least twenty-five centuries, just as Mahavira has preceded me. But Jesus says, "I am before Abraham was." What does he mean? Morarji Desai will be at a loss.

I also say, "I am before Mahavira was." The difference between me and Mahavira is only on the surface, on the

horizontal line where we are separated by twenty-five centuries; but on the vertical?... And it is the vertical which is significant, not the horizontal. On the vertical, we are not two.

That's what Jesus is saying: "I am before Abraham was." He is not saying that Jesus is older than Abraham. He is saying this reality of I-amness, this truth of being, is eternal. It was there even before Abraham.

But maybe Morarji Desai is not interested in Jesus and Abraham. He has a very conditioned Hindu mind. Then I will remind him of a great mystic, Gorakh. Gorakh says, "My Master is my son, and my Master's Master is my grandson, and my Master's Master's Master is my great-grandson." What does Gorakh mean? Is he just destroying the whole idea of history? The disciple saying that "My Master is my son" now, is he putting things upside down? How can Gorakh be the father of his own Master? and how can he be the grandfather of his own Master's Master? What he is saying is simply this: that in time there is a sequence -- the father precedes the son, never otherwise -- but in the world of eternity nothing is preceded by anything; all simply is. There, distinctions, distinctions of time, disappear; only one remains.

Morarji Desai is offended because some of my sannyasins met him and compared me with Mahavira. He was very angry; he said, "No, you cannot compare Rajneesh with Mahavira." Why? Essentially there is only one truth. Lies are many, truth is one. Diseases are many, health is one. Mahavira moved in the vertical and disappeared as a personality and became the essence; so did it happen to Mohammed, so did it happen to Bahaudin, so has it

happened to me! -- and so can it happen to anybody who is courageous enough to take the jump into the vertical.
The moment you take the jump into the vertical, personality disappears; you are no more A, B, C. Then the taste is the same just as from wherever you taste the ocean it is the same salty taste. The taste of truth is one. It is the same truth that Jesus tasted, it is the same truth that Buddha and Mahavira tasted. It is the same truth that I am tasting and you can taste. And that taste knows no time, no distances. My disciples were not wrong. Each Master contains all the Masters of the past and all the Masters of the future. I contain all the Masters that have been and all the Masters that will ever be -- because the taste is the same. When you disappear, when the ego is no more there and there is only an inner empty sky, when the forms of the clouds have disappeared into the formless sky, then how can there be any difference?
Yes, clouds are different from each other: if you watch the sky, each cloud has a personality, a different form. You can even search -- one cloud looks like an elephant, another cloud looks like a camel, and so on, so forth. But when all the clouds have disappeared, have you ever seen any personality in the sky? The sky is impersonal; it has no form, no color, no name. You cannot find your elephants and camels in the sky, it is utterly empty of all forms. That is the state of a Master. So whether it happens in this body or it happened twenty-five Centuries before, in Mahavira's body, or it happened five thousand years before, in Krishna's body, it makes no difference. The sky was as formless in Krishna's time as it is in my time, as it will

always be. Only clouds are different; but to be cloudy is to be unenlightened.
Unenlightened people cannot be compared. You will be surprised to know this: unenlightened people cannot be compared. They are all different, because they are clouds: one is the elephant, another is the camel, and so on, so forth. Unenlightened people cannot be compared because they are Wearing masks, and each is wearing a different mask; that is the personality. The non-essential is so important, and the non-essential is different. The essential is not different.
Just the other day I came across a very beautiful story:

Samuel Pinsky was on a camping expedition when he got stranded in a small town. Hungry and without money, he tried everywhere to get something to eat, but always he was met with the hostility which provincials generally show Jews. At last he had the good fortune to come across a small circus, the owner of which was of his own race. Sammy immediately applied for a job, explaining that he would starve if he did not get something to do.
The circus owner thought for a moment, and then said that one of his lions had died recently and that Sammy might have a job if he could get inside a lion's skin and play lion. It was so arranged. Sammy was sewed into a lion's skin and occupied a barred den, exposed to the view of the admiring circus throngs.
All went well until one afternoon he was startled to see a huge Bengal tiger come bounding down the chute that led into his cage.

Sammy took to his heels. Round and round the big cage he ran on all-fours, with the tiger in hot pursuit. Finally, his last ounce of strength exhausted, the terrified Israelite fell to his knees, clasped his hands and began a Hebrew prayer: "Shema Yisroel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echod! (Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one!) "
The bounding Bengal tiger at once drew up and responded with the antiphony:
"Boruch Shem Kavod Adonai Malchooso Leolam Voed! (Blessed be the name of His glory for ever and for ever!) "
"Oi, Jew, " exclaimed Sammy, tearing off his lion's head.
"Oi, Jew," returned the other, tearing off his tiger's head.

When you drop your mask, when you drop your personality, when you look inwards, when you see the inner sky, then who is Rajneesh and who is Mahavira? Then who is Jesus and who is Abraham? Then who is Gorakh and who is Adinath? All have disappeared; it is the one truth.
But there are people who are too addicted with the past. Past-worship is one of the most poisonous things in the world: it does not allow you to be herenow. And there are others also.
Once, a professor who is -- or at least thinks he is -- in deep love with me came to me, and he said, "Your disciples go on comparing you with Jesus, with Mahavira. It should not be done! I am also a lover of yours. How can you be compared with Mahavira? Twenty-five centuries have passed. You have twenty-five centuries' more experience than Mahavira!" Now he was angry -- I should not be compared to Mahavira -- just as Morarji Desai is angry, for

different reasons. He was saying, "It is insulting and humiliating that you should be compared to Mahavira. Twenty-five centuries have passed. In twenty-five Centuries man has evolved, has become more knowing, has come to higher peaks." He said, "Comparing you with Mahavira or Jesus is like comparing Albert Einstein to Newton. "

I had to tell him just exactly the same as I am telling you and Morarji Desai -- that time makes no difference. And his example is not right, that Newton and Albert Einstein cannot be compared -- because both work in time. Certainly Albert Einstein is far ahead of Newton, Newton will look almost childish in comparison to Albert Einstein; but that is not the case with me and Mahavira.

It has nothing to do with human progress and all the explosion of knowledge in the world, because it is not a question of knowledgeability.! may know more than Mahavira ever did. Certainly, he had not read Sigmund Freud, he knew nothing about Albert Einstein, that is true, but that has nothing to do with the inner space.

After twenty-five centuries have passed, again, somebody will be there, ahead, coming; he will know more than I know. Certainly he will know more than I know, but still there will be no difference, not of an iota -- because it is not a question of knowledge and it is not a question of social evolution. It is a question of no-mind, it is a question of innocence. It is not a question of better universities, better books, better information about the world; it has nothing to do with that.

In fact, one has to drop all that one knows to go in. Mahavira dropped whatsoever he knew. I dropped

whatsoever I knew. When Mahavira became completely devoid of his knowledge, he attained. That's how it happened to me: whatsoever I knew, I dropped it. So I may have dropped a bigger burden than Mahavira, that is true, but that makes no problem. I may have had to clean and wash more dust from my mirror than Mahavira ever had to, but once the dust is cleaned and the mirror is reflecting perfectly, it is the same quality, the same mirroring It has nothing to do with dust.

Will you say that this mirror is great because we had to remove more dust from this mirror than the other mirror, because less dust was to be removed from the other mirror? Less and more dust make no difference.

Once a person has arrived, all that we know is irrelevant. He simply disappears from the world of time into the world of eternity -- and that is the world of truth.

This question of comparison arises again and again. It has to be understood; it will be good if it is clear to you.

Two unenlightened people cannot be compared because they are only personalities and nothing else. And personalities are different, because personalities are like diseases. Two enlightened persons can be compared because they are no more personalities; but if you think of their personalities, they also cannot be compared.

For example, if you look at Mahavira through his personality -- as Morarji Desai is doing -- then he is right. But that is not the right way to look at Mahavira or to look at me or to look at Bahaudin. Yes, Mahavira walked naked; I am not walking naked, so certainly I am different, he is different. This is the difference of the frame of the mirror, not of the mirror.

Just the other day I read in another newspaper: some Christian has asked why I am compared to Jesus. "Why do people go on comparing Rajneesh with Jesus? Jesus never lived in an air-conditioned house." That's true... poor Jesus... but that is not the question at all. Jesus ate meat; I am not eating meat. Jesus was drinking alcohol; I am not drinking alcohol. Do you think eating meat and drinking alcohol is a lesser sin than living in an air-conditioned room?

I don't think living in an air-conditioned room is any sin at all. I have never come across any scriptures about it! Certainly, if you look through the personality, I am a different person and Jesus is different.

Krishna had sixteen thousand wives... poor man. Just think of it -- how much he must have suffered! One wife is enough to create hell! Sixteen thousand wives...

Certainly I have a different personality than what Krishna had, but personality is not the essential thing. It is just the outer frame of the mirror. Buddha had a different personality, so had Lao Tzu. All Masters have different personalities if you look from the outside. Certainly, they lived in their time, in their own way. They did their thing, I do my thing.

This is why Morarji Desai thinks I cannot be compared to Mahavira -- because Mahavira believed in fasting, I believe in feasting. Mahavira lived naked, never used any vehicle. I move in a car; certainly I am different. But so was Krishna; he was moving in a gold chariot. What will Morarji Desai say about that? And Krishna used beautiful clothes -- not only clothes, he used ornaments like women use. In those

days it was the common thing, and it seems to be more natural. If you look into nature, you will always find it. For example, if you look at the peacocks, the male peacock has all the colors. The male peacock is decorated, the female peacock is not decorated. It is enough for the female peacock to be female; that's enough, nothing else is needed. That is more than is needed, that makes her beauty; just her feminine energy is enough attraction. But the male substitutes: he does not have that feminine beauty, that feminine, elusive mystery. He has to create some substitutes. Nature provides. The male peacock is very decorated, ornamental.

And so is it the case with all the animals. When you 'hear the cuckoo calling from the mango grove, it is the male cuckoo whose sound is so sweet. It is a substitute. You can see it everywhere.

In those old days, in Krishna's time, man was also decorating himself -- ornaments, all kinds of beautiful clothes, colorful designs. Now, if suddenly Krishna appeared in front of the Blue Diamond, the police would catch hold of him: "Looks like a mad hippie! What is he doing here?"

Personalities are different -- and it is good, perfectly good. Krishna had to live in his time, I have to live in my time. He used ornaments; that was the universal phenomenon. It was natural, it was befitting, it was in harmony with the background of his life. Jesus lived in his own way, I have to live in my own way.

I am NOBODY'S imitation. I am not here imitating Christ or Krishna or Buddha or Mahavira. I am living in my own way. I have to sing my song.

So if you listen to the songs, just to the words of the songs, they will be different, and then they cannot be compared and that is true; but if you listen to the soundless source of the songs, if you go deeper into the music of the songs, into the rhythm of it, then you will find the same rhythm, the same music, the same melody. Words are different: Krishna was speaking in Sanskrit, Mahavira was speaking in Prakrit, Buddha was speaking in Pali, Jesus was speaking in Aramaic. Now, I cannot speak in Aramaic and I cannot speak in Pali. That would be utterly meaningless. Even if I could speak, with whom would I speak? What would be the point of it?

I speak the language that can be understood, and I speak in the metaphors that can be understood.

In that sense -- if you look at the personality, at the form, of a certain Master -- no Master can be compared to anybody else, because personalities cannot be compared. But if you look at the deepest core, not at the circumference but at the center of the cyclone, then all Masters are one.

Joshu asked his Master Nansen, "The Way -- what is it?"

Nansen said, "It is every day mind."

Joshu said, "One should then aim at this, shouldn't one?"

Nansen said, "The moment you aim at anything, you have already missed it."

Joshu said, "If I do not aim at it, how can I know the Way?"

Nansen said, "The Way has nothing to do with "knowing" or "not-knowing". Knowing is perceiving, but blindly. Not-knowing is just blankness. If you have already reached the un-aimed-at Way, it is like space: absolutely clear void. You cannot force it one way or the other."

At that instant Joshu was awakened to the profound meaning. His mind was like the bright full moon.

Suddenly, he himself became that space, that clear, void emptiness.
Look into me, and you will find the same taste as was found by the disciples of Mahavira.
But the taste of a Master is available only to the disciples. Morarji Desai cannot have it. He does not deserve it! Only a disciple is worthy enough to partake of the being of the Master. Only disciples can understand what the Master is. Jesus was known by his disciples; others crucified him. The others were millions and the disciples were few. Couldn't those other people see that he was the son of God? Had they seen that he was the son of God, would it have been possible for them to crucify him? They could not see a thing, they were utterly blind. Only a few disciples were aware of something that had entered into Jesus from the beyond -- but only a few were aware.
And you will be surprised: had Morarji Desai been there, he would not have been aware, because the people of those days behaved in the same way as they are behaving with me today. The politicians were against Jesus. He was crucified by the conspiracy of the politicians and the priests. The professors and the pundits were against Jesus, the great rabbis were against him, the so-called virtuous people were against him. It looks really very paradoxical that he was understood by a prostitute like Mary Magdalene. He was understood by fishermen, woodcutters, villagers, innocent people; and the rabbis? and the professors? and the priests? and the politicians? -- they

could not see anything in him. They only saw some kind of danger. They only saw that this man's existence could be a beginning of rebellion; it was better to finish this man, it was better to destroy this man, so the seed was destroyed. Otherwise this man would bring chaos. That's what they are seeing again in me. In fact, they have started becoming afraid.

Just a few days ago, I had told you that a day may come when my sannyasins will have to go underground. I was simply meaning that you can easily go underground if you don't wear orange and the mala. In fact, the day I had decided to give you the color orange and the mala and a certain uniform of a sannyasin, this was part of the consideration: that if you become visible, you can easily become invisible, at any moment. That is **The Secret** of becoming invisible. You move in orange: you are a visible sannyasin. Going underground will be so simple: you simply don't move in orange, and you are underground. Now, from Delhi, the Poona police have received a note to go deep into this matter: "What does he mean by saying,'My sannyasins will have to go underground'? " Just stupid people. And if I call them stupid, they become very angry. They think I am slandering them, that I am abusing them. I am simply stating a fact.

Mrs. Vandergelt took her peke to the vet. "There is something wrong with Fido," she told the dog doc. "Yesterday I gave him a savory bone to chew on, but he refused it. This morning I tried to give him a piece of broiled sirloin steak, but he just walked away from it. And

this afternoon I put him next to a cute little female peke, but my Fido just turned up his nose at her."
The vet looked up from the dog and shook his head. "There is nothing wrong with your dog, madam," he told her. "He is just stupid."
Now, what can one do? The facts have to be stated as they are.
The politicians have always been stupid; this is nothing new. Otherwise why should they be politicians? They would have been poets, they would have been mystics, they would have been painters, they would have been musicians, they would have been dancers. But when a person cannot be anything, when he has no talents, no intelligence, then, the last possibility is he becomes a politician -- because in politics, stupidity is an asset. The more stupid you are, the more is your possibility of reaching to the top -- because it needs arrogance, violence. It needs insensitivity, it needs hatred, jealousy, ambition, to reach to the top of the ladder. And it needs utter unintelligence. Otherwise who should be interested in just becoming a ladder climber? Life has much more to give.
Just sitting under a tree and playing on your flute is far more satisfying than being a president of a country. Just being in love with a woman or a man is far more satisfying than having all the riches of the world and all the power that it can give.
When Alexander the Great came to India and conquered the frontier provinces, he was surprised to see one thing: that people were so contented, so happy. He could not believe his eyes. There was such order, and there seemed to be no imposition on them. He asked the king, whom he had

conquered and defeated... In fact, the king was defeated because the king had never prepared for war. His whole energy had been devoted to peace. It was a beautiful country, and people were happy, and people were still singing and dancing, and people were grateful to God. They had not thought that somebody was going to conquer them. For what? In fact, no resistance was given to Alexander the Great. People were not ready at all; they were simply surprised by the whole idea that somebody had started on a great movement, a struggle to conquer the whole world. They were puzzled: "For what?"

Even Alexander was puzzled and surprised, seeing the peace and the contentment and the joy. Even when the people were defeated there was nothing -- as if nothing had happened. Things continued as they were, as if nothing had happened.

He asked the king, "How have you managed this, this order? And I don't see much military, much police; I don't see much government machinery. And people are living with such love and brotherhood. How have you managed?"

The king said, "It has nothing to do with me. My prime minister -- he is a mystic. It is his work. "

"Where is your prime minister?" Alexander said. "I would like to see him, I would like to talk to him, I would like to learn something from him. I would like my country to also be in such order, in such inner discipline. I have fallen in love with this grace that I see all around. Although you are defeated, I don't see any sadness... as if I don't mean much."

The king said, "But the prime minister has become a sannyasin now; he has moved to the mountains. It may be difficult to find him."

But Alexander was insistent so messengers were sent; but messengers came back -- they said, "That old man has said that he is not interested in showing himself off to any Alexander, to any great king and conqueror, because the very idea of conquering others is so stupid. 'I am not interested in coming. You just go and tell him that I don't think that he is even worthy enough to be given any advice.'"

The politician's whole mind is nothing but ambition, and ambition is violent, ambition is murderous. It is ambition that has made the whole earth a hell.
Morarji Desai also thinks that I am slandering him, that I am abusing him. I am not. I have nothing to do with Morarji Desai. When I say something against any politician, it is being said against politicians as such. It has no personal difference.

Now this small story.

BAHAUDIN SHAH ONCE GAVE AN ADDRESS ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF THE SUFIS. A CERTAIN MAN WHO THOUGHT THAT HE WAS CLEVER AND COULD BENEFIT FROM CRITICIZING HIM, SAID, "IF ONLY THIS MAN WOULD SAY SOMETHING NEW! THAT'S MY ONLY CRITICISM."

Bahaudin gave an address on the principles and practices of the Sufis.... There is only one principle, and there is only one practice. What is the principle? The principle is that only God exists. There is no god but God: that is the

principle, that is the very seed of Sufism. Only God is -- in millions of forms. Forms are different, personalities are different, but deep down, if you go on searching for the innermost core, you will always find God and nothing else. So this is the fundamental principle; all other principles are secondary. This is the cornerstone of the temple of Sufism: God is.

And God cannot be new or old. You cannot use words like "was" in reference to God; you cannot say "God was", you cannot say "God will be". You can use only one tense, the present tense, for God: God is. God always is, so how can it be new or old? Yes, expressions can be old, but not the truth expressed. Bottles can be new but not the wine. What I am saying is only a new bottle for the eternal wine. That's what Bahaudin was saying.

But you can always criticize, and criticism can have two possibilities; one is: you can say, "This is something new." There are people for whom it is enough criticism to say that "This is something new." New means wrong, because if it were truth then others would have found it before you. How did it wait so long? If it is new it must be wrong. Why is it not in the Vedas? Why didn't Jesus say anything about it? Why did Buddha keep quiet about it? If they were knowers they must have known it, so if it is not there, then something is wrong.

This is one criticism: the people who always like the old, for whom if something is old it is bound to be right -- as if only Jesus is old and Judas is not old; as if only Rama is old and Ramana is not old; as if only Krishna is old and not the people who were against him. They are as old, so just anything being old does not mean that it is right.

And then there is the other party; this man must have belonged to the other party. He says there is only one criticism: "If only this man would say something new. That is my only criticism." He is saying: "You are just saying old things which everybody knows. There is no need to talk about old things, saying 'God is, truth is, truth is eternal.' This has been said so many times. Why go on repeating it? Say something new! If you have something new to say, say it! "

It is not a question of saying it, it is not a question of repeating it. Bahaudin is not repeating Mohammed. What he is saying is his own experience. Now what can he do if his experience and Mohammed's experience coincide? What I am saying is not a repetition of Buddha or Mahavira. I am saying it on my own experience, on my own authority. It is my experience; in that sense it is new. But what can I do? -- it has been the experience of all the Buddhas too; so in a Sense it is as old as the mountains and as new as the dewdrop on the grassleaves in the early sun. This is the paradox of truth: that everyone has to know it on his own, then it is new -- but it is the same truth. Buddha went to the sea and tasted it, and he said, "It is salty." After twenty-five centuries I went to the sea and tasted it and I said, "It is salty. "

Now the question is: is what I am saying just a repetition of Buddha? If I had not gone to the sea, and just reading scriptures I would have repeated like a parrot that the taste of the sea is salty because Buddha says it so -- and I trust him, he must be saying what is right; who bothers to go to the ocean? When Buddha has said so, it is finished, it is decisive forever -- then it would have been a repetition.

But I went to the sea; I tasted the sea and I found that it is salty. Now what should I do? Just because Buddha has also said it is salty, should I not say it is salty because people will think it is a repetition? But then I would be lying! Should I say that it is sweet? But then it would be untrue. I have to be truthful, so I have to say two things: one, that I have tasted it myself, and the second, that now I am a witness that Buddha was right. I am not saying it on Buddha's authority, I am saying it on my own authority. In fact, I am giving Buddha a witness, an eye-witness, that whatsoever he had said twenty-five centuries ago was true, was right. I know it through my own experience.

That's what Bahaudin was doing. Now this man says... He thought that he was clever, and clever people, or at least the people who think they are clever, are almost always stupid people. Only stupid people have the idea that they are clever.

A real intelligent person is not clever. When you have intelligence, what need do you have of being clever? Your very life shows your intelligence. The clever person is trying to show that he is intelligent, and only one who is not intelligent tries to show that he is intelligent. Remember it! Only the ugly person tries to show that he is beautiful, and only the ignorant tries to show his knowledge.

The man who knows never tries to show. It is seen by others; it happens on its own accord. When the spring comes and trees bloom, they are not advertising, "Come and see." But their perfume spreads to the winds; people start coming. And if people don't come -- because people are so blind, they have lost all sensitivity -- then at least

bees will come, butterflies will come, birds will come, and that is enough. But they come on their own.
When the perfume is released to the winds people start coming. There is no need to brag about the fact.
The person who is trying to be clever simply shows that he is not clever. He is afraid; if he does not show, he will be caught. If he does not show his knowledge, he will be caught: people may come to know that he is ignorant. Before they come to know he has to make much noise.
Morarji Desai was interviewed on the BBC a few days ago and the interviewer asked a very relevant question, significant too: "You talk so much of morality -- why don't you lead your country morally?"
Morarji Desai said in anger, "Then what am I doing? I am leading my country politically and morally, both. Do you mean to say that I should leave my prime ministership and lead the country only morally? Do you think yourself very smart? Nobody has asked this question of me. Do you think that you are very smart?"
Now the man had not asked anything wrong. It was a relevant question that if you talk too much of morality, why don't you become a moral teacher? Why are you wasting your time by being a prime minister? Then lead the country morally! Because what does a politician have to do with morality? The politician is bound to be immoral.
Immorality is a strategy for the politician, and morality too. He talks about morality to hide all the immoral practices that he goes on doing behind it. The morality, and the talk about it, and the religion, are just a camouflage.
The man had asked a relevant question, but Morarji became very much annoyed. And this is not a right way to answer,

to say, "Do you think you are very smart? Nobody has been able to ask me such a question up to now."
And my feeling is that the man was really intelligent: he simply said, "Thank you," and finished the interview. He must have been really intelligent. Now there was no point in continuing. Now there was no meaning. But why did Morarji Desai jump upon the poor man and tell him, "Do you think you are very smart?" That's what he was trying to show himself -- that he is very smart, very clever.
The really intelligent person does not try to show that he is clever or smart. He is clever, so there is no need to show it. He is not even conscious of it; he is un-selfconsciously intelligent. Cleverness is a plastic substitute for real intelligence.

THIS MAN WHO THOUGHT THAT HE WAS CLEVER AND COULD BENEFIT FROM CRITICIZING HIM, SAID, "IF ONLY THIS MAN WOULD SAY SOMETHING NEW! THAT IS MY ONLY CRITICISM."

Now he must be, he must have been a believer in the new; the new is right. If anything is new, then it is bound to be right: that is another extreme of the same stupidity. One extreme is: if anything is old then it is bound to be right; the other extreme of the same stupidity is that if anything is new, then it is bound to be right.
Right has nothing to do with old and new. Right is right; whether old or new, it doesn't matter. It does not add anything to it.

BAHAUDIN HEARD OF THIS AND INVITED THE CRITIC TO DINNER.

That was his way of creating a situation.

"I HOPE THAT YOU WILL APPROVE OF MY LAMB STEW," HE SAID.
WHEN HE HAD TAKEN THE FIRST MOUTHFUL, THE GUEST JUMPED UP, SHOUTING, "YOU ARE TRYING, TO POISON ME -- THIS IS NOT LAMB STEW"
"BUT IT IS," SAID BAHAUDIN," THOUGH SINCE YOU DON'T LIKE OLD RECIPES, I HAVE TRIED SOMETHING NEW. THIS CONTAINS LAMB ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE IS A GOOD DASH OF MUSTARD, HONEY AND EMETIC IN IT AS WELL."

This was Bahaudin's way of teaching.
Now, Buddha would not have done this; neither would Mahavira. This is Bahaudin's way; he wants to create a real situation. He is a very scientific mind: -he wants to hammer the truth while the situation is hot. He does not believe in talking, he believes in a pragmatic experimentation. He is very empirical -- rather than refuting the man verbally, he refutes the man in a very realistic way. Now he has shown the man his stupidity without saying a word. Now the situation is such that the man cannot argue.
Just by being new nothing becomes significant; and just by being old, nothing becomes wrong either.
Bahaudin is saying, "What can I do? If I were to mix into my statements of truth something of my own just to make it

new, it would be just like this stew. It contains lamb all right, but there is a good dash of mustard, honey and emetic in it as well. It would be poisonous, it would not be nourishing."

Man has existed for centuries; truth has been discovered again and again and again. Many people have reached to the ultimate light; they have expressed it in their own ways. Their languages are different but their message is the same. It is like, a few people go to see the sunset. One is a painter; he paints it. He is thrilled by the beauty of the sunset. He immediately goes to work -- he is lost in his painting, he forgets everything, he has to paint the sunset. It has stirred his whole heart. That is his way of expressing it. Another man, seeing the same sunset, may simply sit silently and watch it. He is also thrilled, but he goes into a deep meditation. You can see the grace on the man's face. You can see that it is not only that the sun is setting, something is disappearing in the man too. Maybe it is the ego that is setting. He has fallen into a deep harmony with the sunset; he is no more separate, he is part of it, part of the whole scene. He has disappeared as a spectator, he has melted into it. And the third may start playing on his flute; the sunset has become a song in him. And the fourth may start dancing. The message is the same, but the mediums are very different.

Now if later on you come to hear a record of the flute, and you see the film of the dancer, and you see the painting of the painter, and you see a photograph of the meditator, will you be able to recognize that the source of it all was a sunset? Will you be able to logically reach the conclusion that they have all expressed the same thing? It will be

impossible. Logically it is impossible, because what relationship will you be able to find between the flute and the painting? What relationship is there between sound and color? How will you deduce that these colors represent the same thing as these sounds? And how will you be able to see that one man started dancing and another became so silent that he looked like a statue? How can the same sunset stir such different manifestations? Still it was the same sunset.

It created dance in Krishna, it made Buddha a marble statue, it made Jesus sacrifice his all, it made Mahavira go naked, in utter innocence like a child. Different manifestations, but the source is the same.

But how can you deduce it logically? Logically there is no way -- unless you have also come upon the sunset. If you have seen the sunset, then you will be able to understand that the dance and the song on the flute and the painting and the man meditating are all using different languages -- because they are talented in different languages, because they know different ways of expression -- but the experience that has triggered those different manifestations comes from the same source, the same sunset.

Bahaudin speaks in his own way, but the truth remains the same. Truth is eternal. Truth is. Truth simply is. It is never new, it is never old, or, it is as old as mountains and as new as the dewdrops on the grassleaves in the early sun. It is both and it is neither; it is both and beyond.

But you cannot arrive at this conclusion only by thinking, you will have to move into experiencing. Truth has to become an existential phenomenon to you: you have to live

it. Only by living it will you be able to know it, not vice versa; not by knowing it will you be able to live it, no. That's what has been traditionally told to you: know about truth so that you can practise and live it. That is utter nonSense. Live truth so that you can know it. Living comes first, experiencing comes first, and then the shadow falls on your intelligence too and your intelligence can make an understanding out of it.
That's why Bahaudin created this situation; otherwise it would have been an unnecessary argument. This is his way. Each Master has his own way, but the truth is the same forever and forever.

A monk asked, "When I wish to become a Buddha, what then?"
Joshu said, "You have set yourself quite a task, haven't you?"
The monk said, "When there is no effort, what then?"
Joshu said, "Then you are a Buddha already."

YOU ARE TRUTH. There is no need to know about it; you have to be silently listening to it in your inner world. You have to become still, calm and quiet, and suddenly the truth arises in you. Truth is already the case.

Once Joshu was asked about the "holy" person, the "purified" person. He responded, "There is no room in my place for such a rascal! Why should one be purer than one originally is? And moreover there is no one to be pure or impure inside."
Then he was asked, "Who is Joshu?"

He said, "A rustic." And that is what he happened to be -- a Chinese peasant.
And then he was asked, "Then who is the Buddha?"
He laughed and pointed to the field and said, "The man leading his oxen, it is He."

You are divine, you are Buddhas. You have forgotten about it, that's all. It has to be remembered. All that is needed is remembering. Nothing has to be achieved -- you are it already. Truth is your very being, so it has not to be achieved. You have fallen in a kind of sleep. Awake, and you will know it; and you will not know it as an object, you will know it as your very subjectivity.
Soren Kierkegaard says, "Truth is subjectivity. " He is right. Truth is your innermost core.
And that is the only principle of the Sufis: Only truth is, or, Only God is.
And how to practise it? Then too there is only one single practise, zikr -- remember.
Come out of your sleep. Remember.

The Secret

Chapter #10
Chapter title: No Lower, No Higher
20 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
DEAR MASTER, WHAT IS SIMPLICITY?

Colin Doyle, simplicity is to live without ideals. Ideals create complexity; ideals create division in you and hence complexity. The moment you are interested in becoming somebody else you become complex. To be contented with yourself as you are is simplicity. The future brings complexity; when you are utterly in the present you are simple.

Simplicity does not mean to live a life of poverty. That is utterly stupid because the person who imposes a life of poverty on himself is not simple at all. He is a hypocrite. The need to impose poverty means, deep down, he hankers for the diametrically opposite; otherwise why should there be any need to impose it? You impose a certain character upon yourself because you are just the opposite of it.

The angry person wants to become compassionate; the violent person wants to become non-violent. If you are non-violent you will not try to become non-violent. For what? The person who imposes poverty upon himself is simply trying to live out a life according to others, not according to his own innermost core, not according to his own spontaneity. And to live according to others is never to be simple.

To live according to others means to live a life of imitation. It will be a plastic life: you will be one thing on the surface and just the opposite of it in your depths. And only the depths matter, the surface never matters. You will be a saint on the surface and a sinner deep down. And that's what is

going to be decisive about you because God is only in contact with your depth, not with your surface.
The surface is in contact with the society, the existence is in contact with the depth. The existence only knows what you are, it never knows what you are pretending. The existence never knows about your actings. You may be pretending to be a great saint, a mahatma, but existence will never know about it, because it never knows about anything false. Anything false happens out of existence. It knows only the real, the real you.
Simplicity means to be just yourself, whosoever you are, in tremendous acceptance, with no goal, with no ideal. All ideals are crap -- scrap all of them.
It needs guts to be simple. It needs guts because you will be in constant rebellion. It needs guts because you will never be adjusted to the so-called, rotten society that exists around you. You will constantly be an outsider. But you will be simple, and simplicity has beauty. You will be utterly in harmony with yourself. There will be no conflict within you, there will be no split within you.
The ideal brings the split. The bigger the ideal, the bigger is goin g to be the split. The ideal means somewhere in the future one day, maybe in this life or another life, you will be a great saint. Meanwhile you are a sinner. It helps you to go on hoping; it helps you to go on believing in the surface, that tomorrow everything will be okay, that tomorrow you will be as you should be. The today can be tolerated. You can ignore it, you need not note it, you need not take any notice of it. The real thing is going to be tomorrow.
But the tomorrow never comes. It is always today... it is always today.

And the person who lives in ideals goes on missing reality because reality is now, here. To be now and to be here is to be simple: to be like trees, herenow, to be like clouds, herenow, to be like birds, herenow -- to be like Buddhas, herenow. The ideal needs the future. Simplicity is not an ideal. People have made an ideal out of simplicity too; such is human stupidity.

Simplicity can never be an ideal, because no ideal can create simplicity. It is the ideal which poisons you and makes you complex, divides you, makes two persons in you -- the one that you are and the one that you would like to be. Now there is going to be a constant war, a civil war. And when you are fighting with yourself -- the violent person trying to be non-violent, the ugly person trying to be beautiful, and so on, so forth -- when you are constantly trying, endeavoring to be something else that you are not, your energy is dissipated in that conflict, your energy goes on leaking. And energy is delight. And to have energy is to be alive, to be fresh, to be young.

Look at people's faces, how dull they appear. Look into their eyes, their eyes have lost all luster and all depth. Feel their presence and you will not feel any radiance, you will not feel any energy streaming from them. On the contrary you will feel as if they are sucking you. Rather then overflowing with energy they have become black holes: they suck you, they exploit your energy. Being with them you will become poorer. That's why when you go into a crowd and come back you feel tired, weary, you feel exhausted, you need rest. Why? Why after being in a crowd do you feel as if you have lost something? You certainly lose something, because the crowd consists of black holes.

And the more unintelligent the crowd is, the more of a mob it is, the more you will feel exhausted.

That's why when you are alone, sitting silently, not with anybody -- in a tremendous celibate state, just alone -- one becomes replenished, rejuvenated. That's why meditation makes you younger, makes you livelier. You start sharing something with existence. Your energy is frozen no more; it starts flowing. You are in a kind of dance, as stars are. A song arises in you.

But in the crowd you always lose. In meditation you always gain. Why? What happens in meditation? In meditation you become simple: the future is your concern no more. That's what meditation is all about: dropping the concern with past and future, being herenow. Only this moment exists. And whenever it happens, whenever only this moment exists -- watching a sunrise, or looking at a white cloud floating in the sky, or just being with a tree, silently communing, or observing a bird on the wing -- whenever you forget all about past and future and the present moment takes possession of you, when you are utterly possessed by this moment, you will feel rejuvenated. Why? The split disappears, the split created by the ideals. You are one in that moment, integrated; you are all together.

Simplicity is not an ideal; you cannot impose simplicity on yourself. That's why I never say that people like Mahatma Gandhi are simple. They are not, they cannot be. Simplicity is their ideal, they are trying to attain it. Simplicity is a goal far away in the future, distant, and they are striving, they are straining, they are in great effort. How can you create simplicity out of effort? Simplicity simply means that

which is. Out of effort you are trying to improve upon existence.

Existence is perfect as it is, it needs no improvement. The so-called saints go on constantly improving upon themselves -- drop this, drop that, repress this, impose that, this is not good, that is good.... Continuous effort, and in this very effort they are lost.

Simplicity is a state of effortlessness;it is humbleness -- not the humbleness created against arrogance, not humbleness created against the ego, not humbleness opposite to the proud mind. No, humbleness is not opposite to pride. Humbleness is simply absence of pride. Try to see the point. If your humbleness is against your pride, if you have strived to drop your pride, your ego, your arrogance, then what you have done is only repression. Now you will become proud about your humbleness; now you will start bragging, how humble you are. This is what happens. Just see the so-called humble people -- they are constantly broadcasting that they are humble.

The really humble people will not know that they are humble; how can they then brag about it? How can the humble person know that he is humble? The humble person is a person no more. The humble person is in a state of fana: the humble person has dissolved. Now he is only a presence. Humbleness is a presence, not a characteristic of personality, not a trait, but just a presence. Others will feel it, but you will not be able to feel it yourself. So is the case with simplicity.

Simplicity simply means living moment to moment spontaneously, not according to some philosophy, not according to Jainism, Buddhism, Hinduism, not according

to any philosophy. Whenever you live according to a philosophy you have betrayed yourself, you are an enemy to yourself. Simplicity means to be in a deep friendship with oneself, to live your life with no idea interfering.
It needs guts, certainly, because you will be living constantly in insecurity. The man who lives with ideals is secure. He is predictable; that is his security. He knows what he is going to do tomorrow. He knows, if a certain situation arises, this is the way he will react to it. He is always certain. The man who is simple knows nothing about tomorrow, knows nothing about the next moment, because he is not going to act out of his past. He will respond out of his present awareness.
The simple person has no "character", only the complex person has character. Good or bad, that is not the point. There are good characters and bad characters, but both are complex. The simple person is characterless, he is neither good nor bad, but he has a beauty which no good people, no bad people can ever have. And the good and the bad are not very different; they are aspects of the same coin. The good person is bad behind it and the bad person is good behind it.
You will be surprised to know that saints always dream that they are committing sins. If you look into the dreams of your so-called saints you will be very much surprised. What kinds of dreams do they go on seeing? That is their suppressed mind that bubbles up, surfaces into their dreams. Sinners always dream that they have become saints. Sinners have the most beautiful dreams, because they have been committing sins their whole life. They are

tired of all those things. Now the denied part starts speaking to them in their dreams.

In dreams the denied part speaks to you, your unconscious speaks to you: the unconscious is the denied part.

Remember, if you are good in your conscious, if you have cultivated good characteristics in your conscious, you will be bad: all that you have denied will become your unconscious, and vice versa.

The simple person has no conscious, no unconscious; he has no division. He is simply aware. His whole house is full of light. His whole being knows only one thing, awareness. He has not denied anything, hence he has not created the unconscious. This is something to be understood.

Sigmund Freud and Carl Gustav Jung and Alfred Adler and others think that the conscious and unconscious are something natural. They are not. The unconscious is a by-product of civilization. The more a person is civilized, the bigger an unconscious he has, because civilization means repression. Repression means you are denying a few parts of your being from coming into light, you are pushing them into darkness, you are throwing them into your basement so that you never come across them.

People have thrown their sex, their anger, their violence into the basement and they have locked the doors. But violence, sex and anger and things like that cannot be locked up. They are like ghosts. They can pass through the walls, there is no way to prevent them. If you succeed in preventing them in your daytime, they will come in the night -- they will haunt you in your dreams.

It is because of the unconscious that people dream. The more civilized a person, the more he dreams. Go to the

aboriginals, the natural people -- a few are still in existence -- and you will be again surprised to know that they don't dream much, very rarely, once in a while. Years pass and they never report any dreaming. They simply sleep, without dreams, because they have not repressed anything. They have been living naturally.

The simple person will not have the unconscious, the simple person will not have dreams, but the complex person will have dreams.

Mahatma Gandhi said that although he had succeeded in attaining celibacy as far as the waking consciousness is concerned, in dreams sexual imagery still floated into his being. To the very end he was having sexual dreams, and he was very much puzzled. He was puzzled because he was absolutely mis-educated about the whole phenomenon. He was thinking that he had done whatsoever one can do to be celibate. And he had done it; there is no question about his sincerity as far as his efforts are concerned, he was very sincere. He had done all that is said by the tradition, and he had failed.

In Mahatma Gandhi's failure the whole tradition has failed -- the tradition of repression, the tradition of denying, the tradition of life negation, the tradition of imposing ideals. All has failed in his experiment, because in the night whenever he would sleep, the unconscious would start speaking and the denied parts would start playing in his mind. All that he had denied would surface.

That's what happens to you. If you have a fast one day, in the night you will have a feast in your dreams. In the dreams Deeksha is bound to invite you for a special treat! The fast creates the feast in the dream. And the people who

are feasting in the day may start thinking of fasting; they always think about it.

It is only rich countries which become interested in fasting. Now only America is interested in fasting, dieting, and all things like that. A poor country cannot think of fasting. A poor country is always fasting, always dieting, always under nourished. Only rich people think of fasting. In India, Jainas are the richest community; their religion consists of fasting. Mohammedans are the poorest, their religion consists of feasting. When a poor man celebrates a religious day he gives a feast. When a rich man celebrates his religious day he fasts.

You can see the logic in it. We go on compensating. The dream is compensatory, it compensates your waking life. The simple man will not dream, the simple man will not have any unconscious.

The simple man will be simple. He will live moment to moment with no idea how to live; he will not have any philosophy of life. He will trust in his intelligence. What is the need of having a philosophy? Why should one have a philosophy? -- so that it can guide you. It means if you are stupid you need a philosophy of life so that it can guide you. If you are intelligent you don't need any philosophy of life. Intelligence is enough unto itself, a light unto itself.

A blind man asks for guidance: "Where is the door? In what direction should I move? Where is the turn?" Only the blind man prepares himself before he takes any move. The man who has eyes simply moves because he can see. When the door comes he will know and when the turn comes he will know. He can trust in his eyes.

And that is the case with the inner world too. Trust in your intelligence, don't trust in philosophies of life; otherwise you will remain stupid. The major part of humanity has remained unintelligent because it has trusted in philosophies of life -- Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan.

Again, something of very great importance to be remembered: each child is born intelligent. Intelligence is not something that a few have and a few don't have. Intelligence is the fragrance of life itself. Life has it -- if you are alive you are intelligent -- but then if you never trust in it it starts slowly, slowly disappearing from your life. If you don't use your legs you will lose the capacity to run. If you don't use your eyes for three years and you remain with a blindfold you will become blind. You can keep your senses alive only if you go on continuously using them.

Intelligence is a natural phenomenon; every child is born intelligent. Very few people live intelligently, and very few people die intelligently. Ninety-nine point nine percent of people remain stupid their whole life -- and they were not unintelligent in the beginning. So what happens? They never use their intelligence. When they are small children they trust their parents and their guidance.

In a better world the parents, if they really love their children, will teach them to trust their own intelligence. In a better world the parents will help the children to be independent as soon as possible, to be on their own.

Then, they have to trust the teachers in the school; then the professors in the college and in the university. By the time one third of their life is gone, they come out of the university utterly stupid. One third of their life they have

been taught to trust somebody else: that's how their intelligence has been prevented from functioning.
Look at small children, how intelligent they are, how alive, how fresh, how tremendously ready to learn. And look at older people, dull, insipid, not ready to learn a thing, clinging to all that they know, clinging to the known, never ready to go in any adventure.
In a better world children will be thrown upon themselves as fast as possible; the whole effort of the parents should be to make the child use his intelligence. And the whole effort, if education is right -- if it is education and not MISeducation -- will be to throw the child again and again to his own intelligence, so that he can function, so that he can use his intelligence. He may not be so efficient in the beginning, that is true -- the teacher may have the right answer, and if the student has to work out his own answer the answer may not be so right -- but that is not the point at all. The answer may not be so right, it may not correspond to the answers given in the books, but it will be intelligent. And that is the real crux of the matter.
A teacher told his students, "Make some pictures, paint something about Jesus, " and the children painted. The teacher had been talking about Jesus; it was a Christian Sunday school. One child painted one aeroplane. It was a very haphazard effort, it only looked like an aeroplane; and four windows were on the aeroplane. The teacher was intrigued. He said, "Who are these people looking from the windows?" The child said, "One is God the Father, the other is Jesus Christ the Son, and the third is the Holy Ghost." Certainly the teacher was even more curious. "And

who is this fourth?" -- because three are okay, but who is this fourth? And the child said, "He is Pontius the Pilot." The question may not be answered rightly -- that is not the point -- but look at the intelligence. Now the teacher would have never found it on his own, that "Who is the fourth?" Only a child can have such an intelligence, so fresh. Who bothers about your trinity! Just see the child and his intelligence.

Watch children and you will be constantly surprised. But we just start destroying their intelligence because we are too concerned about the right answer -- not the intelligent answer, but the right answer. That is a wrong concern. Let the answer be intelligent, let the answer be a little bit original, let the answer be the child's own. Don't be bothered about the right, don't be in such a hurry; the right will come on its own. Let the child search for it, let him stumble upon it on his own. Why are we in such a hurry? We simply drop the child's growth of intelligence; we supply the right answer. lust think: the whole process is that the child is never allowed to find the answer himself. We give him the answer. When the answer is given from the outside, intelligence need not grow, because intelligence only grows when it has to find the answer itself.

But we are so obsessed with the idea of the right. No wrong should ever be committed. Why not? And the person who never commits any wrong never grows. Growth needs that you should go astray sometimes, that you should start playing around, fooling around, that you should find original things -- they may be wrong; and you should come to the right by your own efforts, by your own growth; then there is intelligence.

To be simple means to be intelligent. Simplicity is intelligence, living without ideals, without guides, without maps, just living moment to moment without any security. Our concern with the right and our fear of the wrong is nothing but our fear of the insecure. The right makes us secure, the wrong makes us insecure, but life is insecurity. There is no security anywhere. You may have a bank balance, but the bank can go bankrupt any day. You may have the security of having a husband or a wife, but the wife can leave you any moment, she can fall in love; or the husband may die.

Life is insecure. The security is only an illusion that we create around ourselves, a cozy illusion. And because of this cozy illusion we kill our intelligence. The man who wants to live simply will have to live in insecurity, will have to accept the fact that nothing is secure and certain, that we are on an unknown journey, that nobody can be certain where we are going and nobody can be certain from where we are coming.

In fact, except for the stupid people nobody has illusions of certainty. The more intelligent you are, the more uncertain you are. The more intelligent you are, the more hesitant -- because life is vast. Life is immense, immeasurable, mysterious. How can you be certain?

Living in uncertainty, living in insecurity, is simplicity. And that's what I mean by sannyas: a life of insecurity, a life without ideals, without character, a life not rooted in the past, not motivated by the future; a life utterly herenow.

The second question:

Question 2
I AM A VERY CURIOUS PERSON. THAT'S WHY I HAVE COME TO YOU. OSHO, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT CURIOSITY?

Curiosity is good, curiosity is beautiful, but don't stop at it. It is a good beginning, but not the end, because curiosity always remains lukewarm. It is an intellectual gymnastics. It is good to be curious because that is how one starts the journey of inquiry into existence; but if one simply remains curious, then there will be no intensity in it. One can move from one curiosity to another -- one will become a driftwood -- from one wave to another wave, never getting anchored anywhere.

Curiosity is good as a beginning, but then one has to become more passionate. One has to make life a quest, not only a curiosity. And what do I mean when I say one has to make one's life a quest?

Curiosity creates questions, but your life never becomes a quest. Questions are many, a quest is one. When some question becomes so important to you that you are ready to sacrifice your life for it, then it is a quest. When some question has such importance, such significance that you can gamble, that you can stake all that you have, then it becomes a quest.

Curiosity is good as a triggering point for a quest, but there are many people who simply remain curious their whole life. Their life is a wastage; they are rolling stones -- they never gather any moss. They remain childish, they never become mature. They ask a thousand and one questions, but they are not really interested in answers. By the time

you have answered them, they have prepared another question. In fact, when the Master is answering the question, if the disciple is only a curious one, he is already thinking about other questions to ask. He is not listening to the answer at all. He is not interested in the answer, he has enjoyed asking the question.

And then your curiosity can get you hooked on something utterly nonsensical. There are people who are curious as to who made the world. Now this is utter nonsense. Buddha said it so many times, that "How is it going to affect your life? It is not going to deepen your meditation, it is not going to help you become enlightened, it is not going to give you freedom, it is not going to give you any light; why are you concerned with who made the world?" Whether it was A or B or C, a Christian God, a Hindu God or a Mohammedan God, how does it matter to you? Even if it is decidedly known that A made the world, what are you going to do then? Then you will start asking something else; that question is finished.

But these questions are never finished, because these questions are utterly meaningless, absurd -- so they are never finished. One can go on asking and asking and asking, and the whole life can become just a wastage.

It's good to be curious as a beginning, but don't remain curious forever. You will need some more passion in order to grow. Curiosity is not hot enough to transform your life. It is superficial, shallow. You will have to create a longing to know truth, an immense, intense passion for truth. Because that needs courage, because risk is involved, people go on thinking about questions. That is their substitute for the quest.

And this is the difference between philosophy and religion: religion is a quest, philosophy is only curiosity. The philosopher is never transformed by whatsoever he finds. He remains the same. For example, if you meet Aristotle you will not find any impact of his philosophy in his life, no, nothing of it. He will be as devoid of his own philosophy as you are. He only thinks, he does not live it. But if you meet the Buddha, then whatsoever he says, he lives it. He says only because he lives it; saying comes later on. Living comes first, living precedes it.
Make your life a quest. It is good that you have come here, but don't go as you have come. Go with a passion, a fire in your heart. Otherwise curiosity can be dangerous too.
I have heard...

Sam Jones, the most inquisitive man in New Haven, was riding down a branch line from Storrs, when an Englishman came into the car with a crutch and only one leg. After a long pause in which he was consumed with growing curiosity, Sam began talking:
"Guess you were in the army, stranger?" looking down at the leg.
"Oh, no, I have never been in the army."
"Fought a duel somewhere, maybe?"
"No, sir, never fought a duel."
"These streetcars are dangerous things," hazarded Sam.
"I was never in a streetcar or railroad accident," the Englishman expanded.
All of Sam's leading questions got him nowhere. At last he asked outright just how the man had lost his leg.

"I will tell you," said the Englishman, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question."
"Very well, just tell me how you lost that leg, and I won't ask another question."
The Englishman regarded him agreeably. "It was bit off," he said.
"Bit off!" exclaimed Sam. "Well, I declare. I should like to know what on earth -- ."
"No, sir, not another question," glared the Englishman. "Not one. "
Sam Jones reached New Heaven with a sick headache.
He died within a week of unsatisfied curiosity.

Let your curiosity be transformed here. Let it become a flame in your being, a quest. You have come here philosophically. Go from here as a religious person. Religion is the quest for truth. It wants to know it, and not on somebody else's authority, not borrowed from scriptures. Religion wants to know it on one's own, and to have that quality is one of the greatest blessings of life.
I create inquiry here, not an inquiry that can ever be satisfied by anybody else even I cannot satisfy it. I simply give you a thirst; I make you more and more thirsty. One day that very thirst will take you into your innermost shrine.
There truth waits for you. There God abides.

The third question:

Question 3

SHREE MORARJI DESAI, PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA, TOLD A GROUP OF YOUR SANNYASINS WHO MET HIM AT SURAT THE OTHER DAY THAT HE DID NOT LIKE YOUR THINKING,YOUR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, AND YOUR WORK. HE ALSO SHOWED STRONG DISLIKE FOR OUR ASHRAM AND ITS ACTIVITIES. OSHO, WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Anand Maitreya, Morarji Desai has the mind of a fascist. How does it matter whether he likes my philosophy of life or not? Who is he? By being the prime minister of this country, it does not mean that everybody has to agree with him, that only that which he likes can exist or has the right to exist. If he does not like my work, my activities, my philosophy of life, that is his problem. He should try to understand more; he should try to be a little more intelligent, a little more aware and meditative.

That does not mean that he has to prevent my work, but that's what he is doing, trying to do. And the strange thing is he has come to power in the name of democracy. What is democracy then?

Democracy means everybody has the right to think in his own way, to live in his own way. Democracy means that the government is not going to impose its own ideology on everybody, that the government will keep away from interfering in people's freedom.

What I am saying, what I am, has nothing to do with him or his government. But this is how it happens to every politician: when he is out of power he talks about democracy; when he is in power he becomes a fascist.

Morarji Desai is another illustration of Lord Acton's famous statement: Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Just within one and a half years he has forgotten all about democracy? It always happens.
It is something strange that power changes people. My own observation is that power does not change them, in fact, but only exposes them. It brings whatsoever is real in their being to the surface. When a person is not in power, he cannot be fascist; he has to hide that trait. He cannot be arrogant, he has to create a facade around himself so nobody comes to know about it; otherwise he will never be able to get into power. Once he gets into power, then there is no need; he is no more afraid of the people, now he is in power. Now he can do whatsoever he always wanted to do but was not capable of doing.
Morarji Desai has been against me all along. The conflict has continued at least for fifteen years, but because he was not in power, he could not do a thing. Now he is in power, so the fascist in him surfaces.

A group of former schoolmates had a reunion and were talking about old times. One of them, a great politician, said, "When I was a little boy, I wanted to be a pirate."
"I am glad one of us has fulfilled his ambition," said somebody.

Politics is the last shelter of the scoundrels.
Why do people seek power? Somewhere deep down there is a great desire to dominate, that's why they seek power. So naturally, when they have power, they want to

dominate; they want to dominate each and every phenomenon that is happening.

My work is not political, not at all. Why should he be worried about my work? What I am doing is something psychological. It is none of his business, but the power wants to express itself. A deep desire has always been in him to prevent my work, but up to now he was not capable of doing it. Now he is capable of doing it, and he cannot resist the temptation.

Once, when I started criticizing Mahatma Gandhi, he wanted that my entry into his province, Gujarat, should be prevented -- even my entry -- but he could not do a thing about it. Now he is in power, and he has had this wound about me in his heart for fifteen years. But his disliking is not any criterion. If he dislikes, he is perfectly free to dislike. My own feeling is that he does not understand what I am doing here.

In the first place, I have no philosophy of life. All that I am teaching to my people is to live without a philosophy of life -- to just live! I am teaching life, not a philosophy of life! Secondly, I am not teaching any doctrine, any dogma. I am not teaching thinking. On the contrary, I am teaching my people how to be without thought, how not to be in the thinking, how to disappear from the world of thinking, how to be utterly silent so not even a single thought moves in your mind. When the screen of the mind is utterly empty, when the projector of thinking has stopped functioning, meditation arises. And meditation is the door to God.

I am not here teaching people how to think. This is not a school of philosophy. I am not trying to give you better minds. This is not a place to cultivate mind and knowledge,

this is a place to drop all mind and all knowledge. This is a place where you learn how to be a no-mind. I teach no-mind.

So my feeling is that he does not understand a bit what is happening here. But he is a very prejudiced man and he thinks he knows. He thinks he knows all that is worth knowing.

And all that he knows is just playing the games of politics, and nothing else.

You say he said that "he did not like your thinking, your philosophy of life, and your work. He also showed strong dislike for our ashram and its activities. "

He is obsessed with me and with my ashram. Why should he have a strong dislike for me and for my ashram? He must be having great nightmares about me and my people. You must be doing Kundalini Meditation in his dreams, and Chaotic Meditation. This dislike shows that somewhere deep down there is a "like". This enmity shows that somehow deep down he is interested. If you hate somebody so much, that is an indication that you are attracted, that you are magnetically pulled.

And I know the reason is there for that magnetic pull. He cannot come because of his arrogance, but the pull is there. His whole life he has tried to meditate -- and he has failed. Hence the attraction. He wants to meditate, but it is difficult for his egoistic pattern of life to come here as a disciple, to come to learn. It is difficult.

But the pull is there, and whenever you are attracted and something prevents you, attraction becomes repulsion. When love starts being blocked, it becomes hate. Hate is nothing but love doing sirshasan -- love standing on its own

head. He is immensely attracted; that's why he goes on making statements about me, goes on criticizing me, and without any understanding at all.

He also said, somewhere, just a few days before, that he is willing to appoint a commission to inquire into the activities of my ashram, of this commune, but he said, "That is not going to profit Rajneesh and his work." Now what kind of commission will this be if he has already decided that that is not going to profit the ashram? A commission means an open inquiry. If the decision has already been taken, if he has already concluded that this is not going to help my work, that this is going to harm my work, what kind of inquiry will this be?

That's what he is doing with other people, with Indira. He has already decided, and then a commission is made. The commission only goes through empty gestures; the conclusion has already been reached. The commission has only to make a show that justice is being done.

This is not the way of a democratic person. This is the way of a fascist.

There is only one hope, that he is very old.... It is good that he is not young; otherwise this country would suffer very long.

It is very difficult for Indians to be democratic because India has lived down the centuries in a very fascist way. The Hindu mind is fascist. The Hindu mind believes that they are the purest people in the world, that they are the highest people of the world, that they are the most religious people of the world, that God has chosen them specially, that their country is not ordinary earth, it is divine land, that their scriptures are not ordinary scriptures like other

scriptures of other religions -- they have been written by God himself.

The Hindu mind is fascist, it is not religious, and the Hindu mind has lived with this attitude for at least five thousand years.

It has crushed the downtrodden, the poor; they have not been treated as human beings. They are called untouchables; they cannot even be touched. Not only can they not be touched, the Hindu mind has not even tolerated their shadows to fall upon them. When an untouchable in the ancient days used to pass, he had to shout that "I am passing through this street. Please, move yourself away from me." Otherwise who knows? Even if his shadow touches you, you will have to take a bath, you will have to purify. And naturally, if you have to take a bath, if unnecessarily you have to go back to the river and you have to do the whole ritual, prayer, et cetera, and then do your purification, you become annoyed.

Untouchables have even been killed just because their shadow has touched a brahmin, the highest Hindu caste. And even today they are being killed.

And since Morarji Desai has come to power, in this one and a half years, more untouchables have been killed than ever in the thirty years' history of Indian freedom. Their houses are burned, right now, in this day, the twentieth century. People are treated like cattle, not even like cattle, worse than that. People are treated as things. People are being burned and killed; their women are being raped, for no other reason: just because they are untouchables.

And small things annoy the Hindu mind. If the Untouchable wants to go into the temple he cannot. If he

tries he will be killed. And these are the people who think they are religious, and even the temple is not democratic. If the untouchable goes to the well, he is not allowed to draw water from the common well, because the well will become impure. If the untouchable wants his children to be in the same school, it is difficult, and so on, so forth.

So, small things annoy the Hindu mind; they have been fascist all along. And Morarji Desai is a Hindu chauvinist. Hindus have been against women down the ages. No other country has repressed women like this. The woman has been condemned as the door to hell. The woman is the source of all sins; the woman is the source of all degradation, immorality; the woman is the source of all that is bad in the world, all that is evil. She is the agent of evil. Now, what kind of mind is this? And these people brag about their purity, their religiousness, their spirituality.

Now these are the things that are creating trouble about me in Morarji Desai's mind I respect woman as much as I respect man; to me, they are equal. And I condemn all those scriptures which have condemned women as the source of evil. Those scriptures are the source of evil!

To me, the brahmin and the untouchable are the same. I don't believe in any castes. I don't believe in any distinctions between people -- black and white, Hindu and Mohammedan, Christian and Jew. And that is creating great turmoil in their minds. What am I doing? It seems blasphemous; it seems that I am betraying their tradition.

I am not betraying their tradition; I am simply destroying it! It needs to be burned, it needs to be thrown to the dogs, this whole tradition.

And then, the Hindus have been very much against life. And Morarji Desai is a representative: he is life negative. I am life affirmative. My only sin is that I love life and that I teach my people to live intensely, totally, wholly.

But in a democracy nobody can prevent me. Otherwise why go on bragging that this country is the greatest democracy of the world? Your actions show just the opposite. But the Hindu mind is hypocritical: it says one thing and does another.

Even the so-called greatest Hindus are hypocrites; their saying and doing are never the same. They have said that only God exists and all is illusion. And still the untouchable is not illusion. The distinction between the brahmin and the untouchable is real -- and all is illusion, only God is real!

Even Shankara, the man who represents the essential Hindu teaching of God being the only reality and the world being illusory, even he, one day when he took his bath in the Ganges in Varanasi and was coming up the steps and was touched by an untouchable, was very angry, started abusing the untouchable. And the untouchable said, "Sir, you have said that all is illusion, only God is true. Then why are you feeling so offended? One illusion has touched another illusion -- and between two illusions can there be a real touch? The touch is also illusion. Why are you getting so annoyed?

"And if only God is real, and you say God is everywhere and all is God, then am I not part of God? Only you are part of God? And if God has touched a God, how can one God make another God impure?"

But this is how the Hindu mind has functioned. It talks of great things, and it lives in a very opposite way. That has become its habit.

"Chandulal," said a rich Hindu grocer in Ahmedabad to his assistant, "have you mixed the glucose with the syrup?"
"Yes, sir."
"And sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir."
"Dampened the lettuce and mushrooms?" "Yes, sir."
"And put water in the milk?" "Yes, sir."
"Then you may come in to prayers."

This has been the way. Life is one thing -- and the Hindus live it as disgustingly as anybody else in the world -- and philosophy is another. They are beautiful talkers, immensely articulate, very philosophical and logical, but that seems to have nothing to do with their quality of life. With me they are all angry because I am not a hypocrite. I live the way I like to live. I say things that go in tune with my life. For example, I am not against life and its joys -- that's what I say, and that's how I live. They would have loved me very much if I was living like a beggar on the surface, if I was standing naked on the road, and carrying a deep desire inside me to reach sooner or later to heaven and enjoy all the joys there.
And what joys are these so-called saints thinking to enjoy in heaven? The same joys that they are renouncing here. They renounce love here, they renounce the woman here, and they are waiting for paradise where they will get beautiful women whose bodies are of gold and who never age -- who remain stuck at the age of sixteen and whose

bodies don't perspire. And they are waiting for heaven because there are trees; they are called kalpavrikshas -- wish-fulfilling trees. You sit underneath the tree, and any wish that arises in you is immediately fulfilled -- immediately. Not a single instant passes between the wish and its fulfillment.

But here, live a pretentious life. Don't enjoy, don't love, renounce everything and wait for eternal pleasures.

These people think that they are renunciates? What kind of renunciation is this? They are simply living a double life. Their inner life remains that of desire, longing, lust, and their outer life remains that of an ascetic.

I am not an ascetic. I am living herenow in paradise. And I teach you also to live herenow in paradise: this very earth the paradise, this very body the Buddha. I am not against life's pleasures; they are beautiful. I am not against all that life can shower on you. Its beauties, its joys, its blessings have to be received gratefully. I am not in any way condemnatory of anything.

I am not a worshiper of poverty, because poverty is the source of all sins. I would like the whole earth to become richer and richer, more affluent and more affluent. I would like everybody to have all that technology can provide now. Nobody need live starved, beggarly, dirty.

This is possible now. Technology can make this earth better than any paradise that you have invented in your scriptures. But the Indian mind is against joys. And deep down, there is a great desire to have them too -- which is natural! I am not saying that it should not be there inside you. I am saying you should not live against it. It is natural, it is God-given. Everyone wants to live a life of pleasure and not of

pain, and this is natural, and I don't see that anything is wrong in it. Everybody would like to have a beautiful house surrounded by beautiful trees, and this is natural! The person who does not want it that way has something wrong in his head. He is neurotic.

Once a Hindu sannyasin came to see me. He saw all the beautiful trees and many flowers, and on the grounds where I was living I had a small pond, lotus flowers were there. He looked all around and he said, "Why all these trees? Why all these flowers? A man like you should live an ascetic life." He was angry.

From where was this anger coming? He was living a neurotic life. To live with lotus flowers is beautiful, it is prayerful, it is meditative. Everybody should have a pond with lotus flowers.

But in India, people are even against flowers. And then they think they are great spiritualists; they think they are not hedonists. Their hedonism is only postponed, that's all. And because of that postponement they live a double life.

I am teaching my people to live a single, unitary life. There is no need to postpone. Be natural. I want Buddha, Gautam the Buddha, and Zorba the Greek to come closer and closer -- to become one. My sannyasin has to be "Zorba the Buddha." Bring earth and heaven closer; let God and his world be joined together. Let your body and your soul be one -- a song sung in togetherness, a dance where body and soul meet and merge.

I am a materialist-spiritualist. That is their trouble: they cannot conceive of it. They have always thought that materialism is something diametrically against, opposite to spiritualism, and I am trying to bring them closer. In fact,

that's how it is. Your body is not opposed to your soul; otherwise why should they be together? And God is not opposed to the world; otherwise why should he create it? There is tremendous harmony between the creator and his creation. In fact, when you attain to the space in which I am, you will see the creator has become his creation, he is not separate at all. He has become the trees and the birds and the animals and the mountains and the rivers and the people: God has become his world.

This is my fundamental: that I am in tremendous love with existence, because it is God's manifestation, in all its forms. There is nothing lower and nothing higher, all is one. And the "lower" and the "higher" have to be bridged because, down the centuries, you have been taught that the "lower" is far away from the "higher", so they have become unbridged. A gap has come into your being; that gap has to be bridged.

That's my whole work here, and I can understand why Morarji strongly dislikes it. He is a traditionalist, an orthodox Hindu, with no vision, with no insight into life. He is just a fascist Hindu, and my approach towards life is that of individual freedom -- utter freedom for the individual.

The individual should not be interfered with unless he becomes dangerous to other people. Unless he starts interfering with other people's freedom he should not be interfered with. Each individual has to be himself and has to be given space enough to be himself.

That, the fascist mind cannot allow.

They have already decided against me. They have not come here, they have not seen what is happening here; he is not

ready to appoint a commission so that our people can explain to their so-called experts what is happening here so they can have a more realistic approach. He is not willing to appoint a commission.

And he says if I go on insisting for a commission, then he will appoint one, but he wants that that will not be helpful in any way, that it will even harm. Why? The commission has to be open.

And I am not worried whether your commission harms or helps. We will have a good time, it will be fun. We will share a few jokes, that's all. I am not worried whether your commission helps me or harms me, what your commission can do.

But your commission may be helped. They may start thinking anew; it may be a blessing for them.

But the politicians go on thinking that they are creating great order. That's what Morarji Desai thinks, that he is creating great order in the society, and I am dangerous, that I am creating disorder.

I am not creating disorder. The society is in disorder. The society is already dying, it is rotten. You have become accustomed to its rottenness; that's why you can't see it. Just look around. What kind of society is this? Everybody is against everybody else; everybody is at each others' throats. Everybody is jealous, violent, angry, full of hatred. Everybody is trying to dominate and kill the other in some way or other. And everybody is suicidal. Nobody seems to be dancing with joy, nobody seems to be in a state of celebration.

What more disorder can there be? The whole country is suffering from violence, hooliganism, murders; the whole

country is in chaos. And these people think that I will destroy the order of the society

I am trying to bring real order. The real order comes from the within; it comes out of understanding. The real discipline is not that which is imposed from the outside. That's the difference between religion and the irreligious mind. The irreligious mind is always behavioristic. The irreligious mind is represented by Pavlov, Skinner, and people like these. The Skinnerian approach is that you change the behavior of the person, and that will change his inner being. The religious approach is you change his inner being, and his behavior will follow. The outer is a shadow; it is not the center.

That's what I am doing here. My work is utterly religious. It is against Skinner and the behaviorists. I don't believe that you can change the person's soul by changing his outer behavior. You can change his outer behavior, and he can pretend, he can act, and deep down he will remain the same -- because the center remains unaffected by the circumference.

You can start being simple outwardly -- you can drop your clothes, you can renounce your home -- but sitting in a Himalayan cave, what will you think? How is your thinking going to be different? How will your mind be different just by moving from the house to the cave? The mind does not change so easily. And if the mind changes, then you are alone even in the crowd, then you are in meditation even in the marketplace.

I am trying to make people aware that the change, the real change, comes from within and spreads outwards. But they are afraid that I may create a chaos.

A surgeon, an architect, and a politician were arguing about which of their professions was the oldest.
"Mine is, " said the surgeon. "It began when God removed Adam's rib to make Eve."
"My profession is older," said the architect. "It began when God created the world out of chaos."
"Yes, " said the politician, "but who created the chaos?"

And Morarji Desai and company think I am going to create chaos?
I am trying to bring order, real order. Their anger, their annoyance, is natural. If I am right, then they are wrong. And not only that they are wrong, but their whole tradition is wrong, their scriptures are wrong. They have lived up to now in illusions, without taking any note of the reality.
I am bringing a new vision, a new religion into the world -- the religion which is wide enough to contain the world and God, both together, a vision big enough to contain the soul and the body both.
Up to now, the materialist was thought to be irreligious. He lived half, he lived the body part; and the spiritualist lived the other half, the soul part. And both were ugly, because both were incomplete. Both had wounds because both needed the other to be whole and the other was missing. Both were unbalanced, both were neurotic.
Man can become sane only when man becomes whole. How to make man a perfect circle, a wholeness? The only way is to bring materialism and spiritualism closer and closer, so close that their boundaries disappear, that matter

becomes divine, that God becomes matter. In that state only will man be able to be sane.

Traveling all over the country, while I was preparing for you people, I was studying all kinds of people -- neurotic, psychotic, all kinds of people spiritual, material. Then I had seen Morarji Desai too -- just to see this kind of neurosis, to watch, to observe what kind of neurosis creates a politician -- and watching him I was so perfectly satisfied that I never went to see any other politician. Enough was enough.

If I am right, then they will have to drop many vested interests, and that is difficult. They would like rather to forget all about me. But I am not going to leave them so easily. I am going to insist, I am going to hammer the truth again and again.

This time, something is bound to happen. The world is ready; it has prepared for many centuries for this revolution to happen. It has become tired of materialists, it has become tired of spiritualists; it needs a new vision. And this new vision is going to be against both. The spiritualist, the old spiritualist, is going to be against me. And, you will be surprised, that the old materialist is also going to be against me.

Just the other day I was reading an article against me by Khwaza Ahmed Abbas -- he is a communist, a materialist. Now Morarji Desai and Khwaza Ahmed Abbas are strange bedfellows! Morarji Desai thinks he is a spiritualist. Khwaza Ahmed Abbas thinks he is a communist, a materialist, a Marxist. Both are against me. How can they both be against me? They can both be against me because the spiritualist will feel that I am betraying spiritualism by bringing materialism in, and the materialist will feel that I

am betraying materialist philosophy by bringing spiritualism in.
So you have to be aware of that fact, that I will have more enemies than Jesus had, I will have more enemies than Buddha had. But I will also have more friends than Jesus had and I will also have more friends than Buddha had. And this time the division will be such that all the neurotic people -- spiritualist, materialist -- they will be against me; and all the sane people and people who would like the world to become sane will be with me.

The Secret

Chapter #11
Chapter title: The Lion And The Fox
21 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FOX WHO MET A YOUNG RABBIT IN THE WOODS. THE RABBIT SAID, "WHAT ARE YOU?" THE FOX SAID, "I AM A FOX, AND I COULD EAT YOU UP IF I WANTED TO." "HOW CAN YOU PROVE THAT YOU ARE A FOX?" ASKED THE RABBIT. THE FOX DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, BECAUSE IN THE PAST RABBITS HAD ALWAYS RUN FROM HIM WITHOUT SUCH INQUIRIES.
THEN THE RABBIT SAID, "IF YOU CAN SHOW ME WRITTEN PROOF THAT YOU ARE A FOX, I'LL BELIEVE YOU."

SO THE FOX TROTTED OFF TO THE LION, WHO GAVE HIM A CERTIFICATE THAT HE WAS A FOX. WHEN HE GOT BACK TO WHERE THE RABBIT WAS WAITING, THE FOX STARTED TO READ OUT THE DOCUMENT. IT SO PLEASED HIM THAT HE DWELT OVER THE PARAGRAPHS WITH LINGERING DELIGHT. MEANWHILE, GETTING THE GIST OF THE MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST FEW LINES, THE RABBIT RAN DOWN A BURROW AND WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.
THE FOX WENT BACK TO THE LION'S DEN, WHERE HE SAW A DEER TALKING TO THE LION.
THE DEER WAS SAYING, "I WANT TO SEE WRITTEN PROOF THAT YOU ARE A LION...."
THE LION SAID, "WHEN I AM NOT HUNGRY, I DON'T NEED TO BOTHER. WHEN I AM HUNGRY, YOU DON'T NEED ANYTHING IN WRITING."
THE FOX SAID TO THE LION, " WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME TO DO THAT, WHEN I ASKED FOR A CERTIFICATE FOR THE RABBIT?"
"MY DEAR FRIEND," SAID THE LION, "YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID THAT IT WAS REQUESTED BY A RABBIT. I THOUGHT THAT IT MUST BE FOR A STUPID HUMAN BEING, FROM WHOM SOME OF THESE IDIOTIC ANIMALS HAVE LEARNED THIS PASTIME."

MAN IS CONTINUOUSLY PREOCCUPIED WITH INVENTING A SELF FOR HIMSELF, but the invented self can never be the real self. There is no possibility that

the invented will ever be the real. The real self has to be discovered, not invented.

The invented self becomes our ego. The real self is not in any way the ego. The real self is not a self at all; it is utter emptiness, and the silence of emptiness, and the joy of emptiness.

If you want to invent a self you will have to ask others; that's the only way to invent it -- to gather opinions of what people think about you. That's what we go on doing our whole lives. That's why we are so afraid of people's disrespect. That becomes our bondage. We want to be respectable, because if we are respectable then people's opinion about us is beautiful. They praise us and we can have a better self. If we are not respectable people condemn; and then you will not ever have a beautiful self, you will have an ugly self. Your self consists only of the opinion s of others; it is a patchwork. A has said something, and B has said something else, and C something else, and so on, so forth. You collect all these things, these paper cuttings. Then you make an image out of them -- you fix them together, you glue them together.

From the very beginning the child starts collecting this rubbish. The mother says something, the father, the brother, the neighbors: if it is gratifying he starts feeling proud, if it is not gratifying he starts feeling depressed. To avoid depression he goes on flattering everybody that he meets. The flattery is nothing but an arrangement: "I will flatter you so that you can give me a good certificate. I will flatter you more if you are willing to give me an even better certificate." But all these certificates are just from the

outside, and nobody knows you, who you are -- not even you yourself.

So what others say about you is almost irrelevant to your reality. They only know your appearance, and appearances can be very false. The person who looks very gentle on the outside may be very egoistic inside. That gentleness may be just a camouflage, a protection, an armor. The man who looks very clever on the outside may be just the opposite -- he may be utterly stupid. The stupid person has to pretend cleverness; it hurts to know, "I am stupid." The man who goes on bragging about his knowledge is bound to be ignorant. But who wants to be known as an ignorant person? -- he collects some information and goes on broadcasting that information to people. Slowly, slowly he gathers a reputation that he knows, but this knowledge is false, this reputation is false. These certificates are given to you by people who don't know you, who can't know you. There is no way for anybody else to know you except yourself. And whatsoever they are saying, they are saying only so that you can give them a good certificate. So it is a mutual conspiracy; we are deceiving each other. Somebody says, "You are beautiful," and of course you have to return the compliment. Somebody says, "You are so intelligent," and you have to return the compliment: "You must be a very intelligent person, otherwise you would not have known about my intelligence. You must be a man of great understanding -- you are the first man who has understood me."

This constant preoccupation with inventing one's own self has to be understood. Why is it there at all? It is there because you are feeling a constant gnawing emptiness

within your heart. You don't know who you are, and it is very difficult to live without knowing who you are. Unless you know who you are whatsoever you do is going to be a failure, a frustration.

You can succeed in being fulfilled only if you know who you are. Then you will choose your life in such a way that it becomes a fulfillment to your real needs. Otherwise, not knowing yourself, whatsoever you do remains accidental. Maybe once in a while your arrow may reach the target, but that is accidental and it will happen only once in a while. You are shooting in darkness, without knowing who you are, without knowing where the target is. It is almost impossible that sometimes it may hit the target; ninety-nine percent is the possibility that you will remain empty and you will die empty. Your life will be a tragedy. That's why people carry such a tragic sense on their faces, in their eyes. Watch people, watch yourself, and you will see -- people are living a very tragic existence. Their whole past has gone in vain and they know that today is also slipping out of their hands; and deep down the suspicion that whatsoever they have been doing in the past they are going to do in the future too. So it is all a meaningless journey, "a tale told by an idiot, full of fury and noise, signifying nothing".

And unless significance is felt, how can you be joyous? Unless your life throbs with significance how can it become a song? Only a significant life becomes a song. When you start feeling there is meaning, when you start feeling that you are fulfilling something very essential to existence -- that you are needed, that you are part of this cosmic drama, this cosmic play, that without you

something will be missing, that without you the drama will not be the same at all -- then great respect arises towards oneself; and in that very respect gratitude towards existence, prayer, thankfulness.

But the most fundamental thing is to know oneself: Who am I. And to know oneself means to discover -- because you are already there, you are not to be invented. Whatsoever you invent will be a fiction, will not be truth. And how can you delude yourself? Maybe for one day you can delude yourself, for two days, but for how long? Delusions wear out. They cannot remain against reality forever. Reality goes on asserting.

And there are only two kinds of people in the world: the majority consists of those who invent the self, and a very small minority of those who discover the self. And the difference is vast, the difference is tremendous: they are two worlds apart. A Buddha, a Jesus, a Bahaudin, a Rumi, a Mansur -- they discover.

What do I mean by discovery? The first thing to remember is that you already have the self. You are. That needs no proof. That is indubitably there, you cannot even doubt it. The great European philosopher, Descartes, says, "The only indubitable fact about life is that I am." Only this cannot be doubted; everything else can be doubted. You can doubt the world; it may not be, it may be just a dream, as Hindus say -- that it is maya, an illusion, a dream in God's mind. Maybe, possibly; it cannot be denied, there is no way to deny it. That's exactly what Berkeley says -- that the world is not a real world, it is a fantasy, a thought, not a thing. Nobody has ever been able to refute Shankara or Berkeley. It cannot be refuted. How to refute it?

Berkeley was walking with Doctor Johnson. Doctor Johnson was a realist. He was very offended by the Berkelinian idea that the world is only a thought, not a thing; that it is just a fiction, a mind projection -- there are no trees outside, there are no people outside; only I am. Johnson, being a realist, was getting very angry, more so because he could not find how to refute this man logically, how to prove that the tree outside there was really there.... How to prove it? -- because in the dream also we see trees, and they look almost the same as these trees. And in the dream also we think that they are there; only in the morning when we wake up do we find that they were not there. Who knows? -- when death comes and we wake up finally, we may come to know that all those trees, and the people, and the world, and the earth, and the moon, and the sun, were all just a long, long dream. How to prove it?

... He took a rock from the road and hit Berkeley's feet with the rock. Blood started oozing and Berkeley was in great pain and very angry too. He said, "What kind of behavior is this? What wrong have I done to you? Why have you hit me with the rock? I don't see the point."

Johnson laughed and he said, "This is to refute your so-called idealism. Now if the rock is unreal, why are you crying? Why are there tears in your eyes? How can I hit with an unreal rock?"

Berkeley started laughing. He said, "But my pain is unreal too, and my tears are unreal too. Only I am real. Who knows that the tears are flowing, that the blood is oozing, that the feet are hurting like hell? Only I who knows, the witness, is real. Everything else, Doctor Johnson -- you and your rock and the world -- is all unreal. "

Now how to prove it? Johnson was not capable of proving it. His realistic argument had failed, utterly failed. No, it cannot be proved, it is always doubtful.
For example, you are listening to me: maybe you are just dreaming. Maybe many have fallen asleep; maybe with closed eyes you are asleep, and you are having a dream. The other cannot be proved.
The only indubitable phenomenon is my own existence. That cannot be doubted. Why cannot you doubt it? -- because even to doubt it, it will be needed. If I say I am not, even to say this -- that I am not -- I have to be there. So to doubt oneself is the only impossible thing.
And we don't know who we are. The only indubitable fact has not been discovered; and we have been struggling to discover many dubitable things. And the irony: we go asking others, whose existence is dubitable, about who we are. Whatsoever they are going to say will remain only their opinion. They cannot penetrate your being; nobody can penetrate anybody else's being.
In your innermost core you are ultimately celibate, alone. Nobody has ever walked into that solitude, into that shrine of your being, and nobody will ever walk there. Even lovers cannot penetrate into each other's core. The core remains beyond. Only you, and only you, can know it.
But people go on asking, "Who am I?" And watch yourself -- directly, indirectly, that's what you are trying to do. How much you hanker for a compliment! How much you long that somebody will say that you are beautiful, that you are very intelligent, that "You have made my life worth living", that "It is because of you that I have tasted something of meaning". Just watch your mind! -- this is a constant

preoccupation. And how worried you become when somebody says something that goes against your image, how much you feel hurt, how much you start defending, fighting, arguing. Why is there so much fear? Why is there so much longing to have good opinions from others? -- because that is the only way to create a false self.

The false self is cheap. It is very easy: it needs only a little sociability, it needs only a little cleverness, cunningness; it needs only to be formal, mannerly, it needs etiquette. It needs a little alertness about what people want -- "Be that. If you cannot, at least pretend to be that." If they respect a knowledgeable person, then gather knowledge. Go to the university, have a few degrees so that you can write a few letters behind your name. If they respect character, then cultivate character.

It may be doing great harm to you; that is not the point. It may be going against your grain, it may be creating a division in your being, it may be creating a duality, a schizophrenia, but that is not the point. Respect has to be gained, because only through respect can you have a beautiful decorated self; and everybody will be supporting it.

A sannyasin has to be very much aware of this trap. You are not to invent your self. You have to discover it. And discovery means an inward journey. Discovery means not asking the other but asking oneself "Who am I?" asking in one's aloneness "Who am I?" letting this question penetrate deeper and deeper, like an arrow, so that it penetrates your very core -- and there, one day, is the revelation.

And the moment you know who you are your whole life is transformed. Your whole life becomes divine because you

are gods. Your faces are different, your talents are different, your colors are different, your minds, your conditionings are different, but these are only layers around you; they don't constitute your core. The core is your original face, uncontaminated by the society.

And when you come to know your original face -- the face that you had before you were born and the face that you will again have when you have died, the face that has been given to you by God -- that face is the greatest experience. Knowing it, one knows all. Not knowing it, you can become very knowledgeable, but you are just hiding your ignorance.

The people who are very much concerned with inventing a self live a very mediocre life. They have to live a mediocre life, because they have to satisfy the mediocre crowd around themselves.

In India, if you want to be respected as a mahatma you will have to starve, you will have to fast. Unless you fast nobody is going to respect you as a mahatma. If you want this identity then you will have to fast. You will have to adjust to the demands of a mediocre society.

And everywhere the society consists of mediocre minds -- the middle class, the bourgeoisie; those who have known nothing except chasing after money and power, those who have never seen anything in depth, those who are not aware at all of the vertical dimension of life, those who go on running as fast as they can on the horizontal plane. And then one day they fall in their graves without knowing at all what they have missed, without knowing the glory and splendor of life and existence.

Society consists of the mediocre people, and to adjust yourself to the mediocre people is to become a mediocrity on your own. Beware of it. Watch your steps. The trap is all around and the trap is very alluring because it gives you the cheap satisfaction of being a certain self. And all kinds of selves are available; you can go window-shopping. If you want to become a mahatma then the mask is sold in the marketplace; you just have to know a few requirements of how to be a mahatma: what to eat, what not to eat; when to sleep, when not to sleep; how to move, with whom to move; what scriptures to read, what books to avoid. Just small things, trivia... any stupid person can manage it. In fact only stupids can manage it. If you have intelligence, you would like to live your own life on your own terms. You will not compromise. You will live like a Jesus. Even if it means crucifixion, it's okay. Jesus died on the cross, but died with a self, died with a discovered self. That's why he was not angry with the people who were killing him, because now he knew nobody could kill. People can kill only the self that they have given to you. They are powerful about it: they can withdraw their support and you will start collapsing.

People can only kill politicians, not the mystics. People can kill the politician because the politician exists only on people's votes, their opinions. They can withdraw their opinion and you are nobody. The throne of the politician is carried by the mediocre crowd; any moment it can change its mind, any moment somebody else can satisfy it more, can be more compromising with the mediocre people. It can change immediately.

You cannot destroy a religious man; that is impossible. You can kill him, but even in your killing him he remains deathless.

That's the whole meaning of the resurrection. People crucified Jesus, but they could not -- that is the meaning of the parable. I am not saying that it is an historical fact, that he walked again on the earth. People killed him, but people can kill only the self that they have given, they cannot kill the self that has been discovered. It is beyond their reach, it is beyond their vision. How can they kill it? They cannot even see it. The people who were crucifying Jesus were absolutely unaware of the person whom they were confronting. Who was this man that they were killing? They were killing God! They were killing one of the most significant expressions of God on the earth, but they were blissfully unaware.

That's why Jesus said, "Father, forgive these people, because they don't know what they are doing. They don't know me, and what they are killing is their own idea of me. They cannot kill me."

That's why people like Jesus, Socrates, Buddha, are not at all worried about what you think about them. They know themselves; your thinking makes no difference. Your thinking will make a difference to you, but it makes no difference to them. They go on living on their own; they live an authentic life.

My sannyasins have to remember it: don't hanker for a self from the outside. It is a wastage of time, and the people can withdraw it at any moment. And their minds are not very stable, they constantly change. Their minds are not very integrated, they cannot retain any state. They don't know of

any continuity in their being; they are fragments. One day they will support and praise you, another day they will pull you down and condemn you.

This is what has been happening down the ages, the whole history is full of it. One day they call you great, another they start condemning you. In fact, whomsoever they call great they are bound to condemn. There is a rationale behind it: whomsoever the mediocre person calls great, he starts feeling inferior in comparison to the person he has made great. Nobody likes to feel inferior. Then sooner or later he takes revenge so that he can pull you down and can show you that you are "made of mud as I am made of mud". First they put you on great pedestals, only to pull you down. They enjoy the game very much.

Beware of it! Don't depend on what others say. It is utterly irrelevant. All that matters in the ultimate sense is what you know about yourself.

I am reminded of an incident. I had just passed my Master's degree in the university and I was in search of a service, of a job. I approached the education minister, I talked to him. He said, "It will be possible, there is a vacancy, but you will have to produce two character certificates." I said, "From whom?" He said, "You can ask your vice-chancellor to give you a character certificate. You can ask the chancellor, the proctor, or there are so many famous professors in your university; you can ask anybody."

I said, "But that won't do -- because if the vice-chancellor of my university wants a character certificate from me, I will not give it to him. How can I ask a character certificate from a man to whom I cannot give a character certificate? He is one of the most corrupted politicians of the country.

He has become the vice-chancellor not because he has any abilities to be a vice-chancellor, but just because he is a politician. I will not ask any character certificate from him. I cannot ask my professor either because I know him intimately. In fact he is afraid of me. I know all the ins and outs of his life. He is a very cowardly man, ready to bow down to any person who has authority and power. I have seen him flattering stupid politicians because he is also hoping to become the vice-chancellor of the university some day and the only way is to go on flattering the politicians, the powerful people. No, I will not ask for a character certificate from him.

"All that I can do is: I am here. You look into my eyes, you hold my hand. I will look into your eyes and you look into my eyes; I will know your character, you will know my character -- and it is finished. "

He became a little worried. He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "This is my hand! You give your hand to me and look into my eyes! " and he started looking here and there. It is very difficult for cunning people to look into anybody's eyes directly. They are so full of guilt. I could see perspiration coming over his head. I said, "Why are you getting so much in a panic? Just look into my eyes and see! I am here, feel me. If you want me I can be here as many days as you want, sitting in this room. I will see your character, you will see my character. "

He signed the papers. He said, "You go! You are appointed! And never come again! You are the only person who has frightened me."

Never depend on others' opinions. Who are they? How can they give a character certificate?

This whole parable is beautiful. It is a hit on human stupidity. Remember, if you are asking for a self to be invented with the help of others, you will remain mediocre. You will never be the flowering of intelligence. Intelligence comes only when you discover yourself. Intelligence is the shadow of that discovery; the great exhilaration that happens when you have stumbled upon yourself face to face, when you have encountered yourself, when you know who you are. Suddenly you are rooted in existence, suddenly you are beyond time. Even death cannot kill you and fire cannot burn you. You are eternal. In that eternity all fear disappears. And when there is no fear there is freedom. In that beautiful experience of oneself all hankering for possessions disappears, because you possess the very kingdom of God. Now nothing is of worth. In that experience all doubts dissolve. You have come to an absolute rock, and only on this rock can the temple of religion be built. This rock is eternal. Otherwise whatsoever you are doing is just making sandcastles on the seashore; just a strong gust of wind and all those castles will disappear.

All that you are doing is writing your name on the sand. Time is just sand and nothing else. Time cannot give you any taste of the eternal, and without that taste one remains frightened of death. The invented self is always afraid, continuously afraid. It lives in fear, it lives in paranoia, it lives in neurosis. The discovered self knows nothing of the abnormal, perverted, neurotic mind. It becomes simple, it becomes ordinary, but that ordinariness is luminous. Kierkegaard calls this attitude of constantly remaining preoccupied with inventing a self "philistinism". This

means a mediocre existence, living in the security of the womb, a superficial satisfaction with everything as it is. It means to live life on the surface and to never explore its deeper, psychic dimensions. It is the refusal to be born, the refusal to grow. It means being close-minded to passion, risk and broader perspectives. It is a state of shut-upness. People are living as if they are closed from everywhere. Their existence is a kind of shut-upness. Their existence is windowless: the sun never penetrates into their beings, nor the wind, nor the rain. They simply live closed into themselves. They are afraid of coming into the open, because if they come into the open people may change their ideas about them. When they want to cry they laugh, because what will people think? Crying is sissy! They will condemn. They keep a very strong face, the face of steel, and behind this is a child who wants to cry, who wants to play around, who wants to run in the garden after the butterflies, who wants to collect wildflowers. But that they never allow: they remain stiff. They go on repressing the child, and that child is far more valuable than what you are pretending to be because the child is real, authentic. And the people who live in this kind of shut-upness cannot grow, because growth means being in constant communion with existence, being nude with existence, hiding nothing, keeping no secret, remaining available and vulnerable, remaining open to all kinds of risks and dangers. Only then does growth happen.

You see people all over the world growing old, but without growing up. Even in their old age they remain childish deep down, because they never allowed their own real self to grow. They have been piling upon the false self, decorating,

bringing more ornaments for the false self, creating new props so it doesn't collapse; but this false self cannot grow. Remember one thing: no false thing can ever grow, it remains stuck. Can you think of a plastic flower growing? The real rose grows, the plastic rose remains as it is. It is dead, how can it grow?

The self that is given to you by others is a dead entity; it cannot grow, it cannot flow. It is a frozen thing! And with that frozen thing you will be imprisoned.

When I look at people, watch their faces and their beings, I am constantly in deep pain seeing them. Great compassion arises. They could have been beautiful beings but they have remained retarded. They could have been glowing beings but there is no glow, there is no fire. And all that they think they are doing, and all that they think that they are living, is just so futile. It is futile because it does not bring growth. The most important thing in life is growth. Religion is the science of growth. And the beginning of the growth is changing the gestalt from the false self to the real self. The real is already given, it is a God-given gift; the false has to be gathered from people, people who don't know themselves. How can they give you any sense of reality? Beware of it!

The beginning of the inner journey has to start with the question "Who am I?" And it has to become more and more a quest than a question. The question means a superficial curiosity, the quest means a passionate love-affair.

It will be good to understand this word "question" and the symbol of the question-mark. The symbol of the question-mark is very significant. You may be surprised to know that it comes from the first incident in human history: the

meeting of the serpent with Eve near the Tree of Knowledge. The serpent created the first question in Eve's mind: to eat the fruit or not? The question-mark is the snake standing on its tail. It represents the snake on its tail. History begins with a question-mark, the whole of human history; the serpent started it. He has remained in the symbol, the question-mark, standing on his tail. He must have stood on his tail and must have talked to Eve, must have seduced her into eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

In another sense, properly understood, it is also the sign of how knowledge has come into being. All knowledge starts with questions. To ask is the beginning of any inquiry. But if the question remains only a question, then you will remain Adam and you will never become a Christ. Hence the other symbol has also to be understood: that symbol is the serpent eating its own tail.

That symbol has been used by many ancient esoteric schools. It was used by Rosicrucians, and many gnostics have used the symbol of a snake eating its own tail. Then the snake becomes a circle. When the snake starts eating its own tail, it is a quest. Why is it a quest? When a question remains just a question its interest is in an answer, verbal, intellectual, but no verbal, intellectual answer can satisfy it. New questions will arise out of the answer.

This has been the path of philosophy. Philosophy is synonymous with the question-mark, the serpent standing on its tail.

Then what is the history of religion? Just the opposite -- the question eating itself -- the snake eating its own tail. In the religious quest, questions disappear, thirst remains. There

comes a moment when nothing is in your mind, not even the question. The question has eaten itself up.
That's what happens in a Zen koan: an absurd question. And why absurd? -- for this particular reason: if it is not absurd then the mind will supply an answer. And if the mind supplies an answer, out of that answer ten more questions will arise. And then it will be a regress ad infinitum; there will be no end to it. Hence an absurd question is given to the meditator so that mind cannot supply any answer. If no answer is supplied how long can you go on asking the question, how long? -- one year, two years, three years, four, five, six... one gets tired. A moment comes when one is so exhausted with the question and the futility of it all, and one knows there is no answer to it. One day, out of sheer exhaustion, the question slips out of your consciousness. You are left alone, a pure mirror reflecting nothing.
The question has eaten itself; that is koan. The snake has started eating its own tail: now the circle is complete, the perfect circle. The perfect circle has been the symbol of wisdom. The question is the beginning of knowledge, the perfect circle is the symbol of wisdom.
Adam is a question-mark, Jesus is a full circle -- so is Buddha, so am I, so can you be. You come to me as a question-mark, but please don't go from here as a question-mark. And don't go from here becoming a little more knowledgeable, gathering a few answers -- because those answers will soon become questions. Go from here as a perfect circle -- the snake eating its own tail, and then there will be no more questions.

And the state of the mind which does not question is the state of mind which is the answer. Not that any answer comes to you; it itself is the answer -- the silence, the stillness, the utterly contentless consciousness, is the answer. It is samadhi. And only in samadhi do you know who you are.

This small parable....

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FOX WHO MET A YOUNG RABBIT IN THE WOODS. THE RABBIT SAID, "WHAT ARE YOU?"

The rabbit must have been a philosopher.

THE FOX SAID, "I AM A FOX, AND I COULD EAT YOU IF I WANTED TO."
"HOW CAN YOU PROVE THAT YOU ARE A FOX?"

That's what the philosophic mind always asks: "How can you prove that you are a fox?"
People come to me and they ask, "How can you prove that you are Bhagwan?" There is no need to prove it. I am. And I am very much surprised, because you also are the same, but completely unaware. Maybe my declaring that I am God disturbs your sleep. You become angry; you start thinking, "If this man is God, then why am I not?" You start feeling inferior.
In fact, that is not the purpose of my declaration. My declaration includes you! When I am saying I am God, I am saying every human being is God -- and not only every

human being, every being is God. To be is to be God; there is no other way. God is trees in the trees and birds in the birds and mountains in the mountains, man in man, woman in woman. God has all these manifestations. All these beautiful waves arise in His ocean.

When I declare that I am the ocean, other waves become disturbed. They think that I am claiming some superiority, that I am saying that you are only waves and I am an ocean. I am not saying that. By declaring that I am the ocean I have declared that you are also the ocean.

But if you don't want to recognize it, it is your freedom not to see the truth. You can keep your eyes closed, you can remain blindfolded; that is your decision. If you have chosen not to be a God you can go on pretending not to be a God -- but I tell you it is only a pretension. God is your reality, and whatsoever else you are pretending is only just a belief. And even when you pretend that you are this and that and not God, then too you remain God deep down. There is no way of being anything else.

Even the wave that says, "I don't believe in the ocean, and CERTAINLY I am not the ocean; I can see my limitations: one day I arise, another day I am gone. How can I be the eternal ocean? I am not!" still, even while she is declaring it, she is the ocean. She is part of the ocean, the ocean is underneath, but she has not looked into her own depths.

Every day newspapers carry one criticism about me: that I am a self-appointed God. That means a committee is needed to appoint. Maybe a government has to issue certificates saying who is God and who is not God, or maybe a university has to issue certificates. The people who criticize me as a self-appointed God have taken it for

granted that God should be appointed by others. Who are these others, and what right have they, and who has appointed them? Now it will be a regress, ad nauseam. Buddha declared himself, Krishna declared himself, Jesus declared himself; they were all self-appointed Gods. But there is no other way. When I have come to know, when I have come to see who I am, what can I do? I have simply to state the fact. It is a bare, naked truth -- and it is not only my truth.

If I were declaring that I am God and you are not, then it would be just an ego-trip. But my declaration includes you, includes the whole existence. It has nothing to do with me as such; in fact I am no more there, and only God is. I have dropped the self that you are carrying; the self that is created by others, I have dropped. And in dropping that, the real self is discovered.

THE RABBIT ASKED, "HOW CAN YOU PROVE THAT YOU ARE A FOX?" THE FOX DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY, BECAUSE IN THE PAST RABBITS HAD ALWAYS RUN FROM HIM WITHOUT SUCH INQUIRIES.

THEN THE RABBIT SAID, "LF YOU CAN SHOW ME WRITTEN PROOF THAT YOU ARE A FOX, I WILL BELIEVE YOU."

That is part of the human mind: anything written and people believe it. The written or the printed word has a hypnotic power over people. I say something: if it goes against your scripture you come immediately to me to say that it is not written in the Bible -- as if just by writing

something it becomes true. If it is not written in the Bible, so what? So it is not written in the Bible! Improve upon the Bible -- write it. At least you can write it in your own copy. But people believe the written word very much; it is almost hypnotic. That's why you can go on believing even stupid newspapers, because a printed thing, a written thing? -- then it must be true. All kinds of falsities and lies go on being circulated.

Just the other day I was reading one German newspaper. It says I have two wives, one Indian, one Western. Looks very relevant... because that's why I say "the meeting of the East and the West"! And the more amazing thing is that the picture that he has chosen to show of my two wives -- one of them is Shiva! Shiva has long hairs; he is standing with his back towards the camera, so he is my Indian wife! It is really nice of these people....

The other newspaper I was reading has written that I fly in a helicopter. I liked it. I never leave my room... and I fly in helicopters? True, I fly, but I fly without helicopters! And even a greater discovery is there -- that I eat only eggs, meat, lobsters, and nothing else!

Now millions of people in Germany will believe it: a written thing is a written thing after all.

Another newspaper has a report that the reporter came to the ashram early in the morning, at five-thirty. He knocked on the door. A naked, utterly beautiful woman opened the door, hugged him, welcomed him, "Come in," plucked a fruit from this tree -- looked like an apple -- gave the fruit to the reporter, and told the reporter, "Eat it. It rejuvenates sexual energy."

And you will be surprised -- letters have started arriving. One man writes from Austria: "I am Sixty and I have a young wife. Please, Osho, be kind to me. I can come to India. I have heard that in India things like that happen. Can you give me that fruit?"
It is believed, and all kinds of rubbish, all kinds of falsities and lies go on being written. And many believe.
Satynanda wrote from Germany -- now he has come -- he wrote from Germany that "So many lies are being printed in German newspapers. In Germany it is almost a Rajneesh wave." He wrote a letter to make us aware that many kinds of sexual maniacs and perverts will reach, "So be alert, because many are preparing. " If such fruits are there, and such a commune exists where all is permitted, where all people live in nudity -- all you people are sitting nude, remember! -- where clothes are not allowed... These reports are being published, and many will believe. That's how people believe.
But I am happy. Let-them come, for ANY reason. Then we will see! I have even written to this old man, "You come! Fruit or no fruit, but you come I " Who knows? Doing Dynamic, Kundalini, he may go beyond sex. That is a possibility.

THE RABBIT SAID, "IF YOU CAN SHOW ME WRITTEN PROOF THAT YOU ARE A FOX, I WILL BELIEVE YOU."

People believe only when something is written. Why do you believe in the Vedas? Why do you believe in the Bible? Why do you believe in the Geeta? It is a written

document, ancient, of great prestige. What else is there?just a great tradition supporting it.
If there had been no written record of Jesus, you would have forgotten all about Jesus. There have been many teachers and Masters of the capacity of Jesus, of the same calibre, but you don't even know their names.
In India, when Buddha existed and Mahavira was alive, there were many more teachers, at least six of the same calibre, of the same status, but you will not even know their names.
One of them was Prakuta Katyiaena, a rare gem. But he insisted that his words should not be written so that no tradition arise after him. Certainly his words were not written; no tradition has arisen, but people have completely forgotten even his name.
There was another great teacher, Buddha's contemporary, Purnakashyapa, but because no scriptures exist -- they were written, but destroyed by the organized religion in India -- nobody, knows anything about him.
People believe in the written word. People believe too much in their eyes. One should believe only in one's own experience. Nothing else should become a substitute, otherwise you start going false.

SO THE FOX TROTTED OFF TO THE LION, WHO GAVE HIM A CERTIFICATE THAT HE WAS A FOX. WHEN HE GOT BACK TO WHERE THE RABBIT WAS WAITING, THE FOX STARTED TO READ OUT THE DOCUMENT. IT SO PLEASED HIM THAT HE DWELT OVER THE PARAGRAPHS WITH LINGERING DELIGHT....

You have also done it many times. If somebody writes a beautiful letter to you, you read it again and again and again. Why "with great lingering delight"? Somebody has praised you; it gives you a good sense of self. People are ready to die to be praised. People are ready to do anything. I have heard about a politician. There was a great ceremony, his birthday was celebrated. Hundreds of rose garlands were presented to him, but his secretary was a little puzzled because he was not looking very happy.

When the ceremony was finished **The Secret**ary asked, "You look a little sad. "

He said, "Yes. Only a hundred garlands? And I had paid for two hundred. "

You have to pay for your own garlands.

People go on paying in subtle ways so that they can be praised. And there exists a mutual arrangement in the world "You scratch my back, I will scratch yours," and both enjoy.

WHEN HE GOT BACK TO WHERE THE RABBIT WAS WAITING, THE FOX STARTED TO READ OUT THE DOCUMENT. IT SO PLEASED HIM THAT HE DWELT OVER THE PARAGRAPHS WITH LINGERING DELIGHT. MEANWHILE, GETTING THE GIST OF THE MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST FEW LINES, THE RABBIT RAN DOWN A BURROW AND WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

THE FOX WENT BACK TO THE LION'S DEN, WHERE HE SAW A DEER TALKING TO THE LION.

THE DEER WAS SAYING, "I WANT TO SEE WRITTEN PROOF THAT YOU ARE A LION.... "
THE LION SAID, "WHEN I AM NOT HUNGRY, I DON'T NEED TO BOTHER. WHEN I AM HUNGRY, YOU DON'T NEED ANYTHING IN WRITING. "

You will know....
This is the right approach, the lion's approach: "Who cares whether you believe in me or not?"
If somebody comes to me: "What is the proof that you are God?" who bothers? I am not here to collect stupid followers. My approach is the lion's approach. He said, "When I am not hungry, I don't need to bother. When I am hungry, you don't need anything in writing."
And that's my approach too. If just a curious person comes to me, I need not bother. I tell him, "Get lost." If a disciple reaches to me there is no need for any proof. In his very disciplehood he has got the proof.

THE FOX SAID TO THE LION, " WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME TO DO THAT WHEN I ASKED FOR A CERTIFICATE FOR THE RABBIT?"
"MY DEAR FRIEND, "SAID THE LION,' YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID THAT IT WAS REQUESTED BY A RABBIT. I THOUGHT IT MUST BE FOR A STUPID HUMAN BEING,FROM WHOM SOME OF THESE IDIOTIC ANIMALS HAVE LEARNED THIS PASTIME. "

Except man, who is worried about inventing a self? Except man, nobody is neurotic on the earth. Except man, nobody

has gone astray so far away from himself that he needs certificates to prove his validity, that he needs certificates to prove his existence, that he needs certificates to prove his character, intelligence.

Either you have intelligence or you don't have. No certificate is needed; your life will be its own proof. Your joy will be enough of a certificate, your bliss will show, will prove it. Nothing else is needed.

The moment you come to me I welcome you, I invite you to come closer and closer to me so that sooner or later you start drinking of the nectar that has happened to me, that is flowing in me. That will be the proof; nothing else is needed.

Mahavira had no proof, Bahaudin had no proof, Jesus had no proof, Buddha had no proof. They were proofs themselves. Those who have eyes will be able to see and those who have ears will be able to hear and those who have hearts will be able to feel. But the human mind has fallen into great stupidity. Humanity is living by words. Words have become too important. The word "fire" has become more important than fire itself. The word "God" has become more important than God itself. And remember, the word "God" is not God and the word "love" is not love.

Don't be deceived by words, beware of words. You can be lost in the jungle of words and you will be going farther and farther away from truth.

Truth is a wordless experience. Truth happens only when there is no thought in you, when all words have disappeared and all the dust is gone from the mirror, when the mirror is simply mirroring -- and mirroring nothing. No

reflection is made, no wave arises in the lake of your consciousness. Then all is reflected, then you know what is -- not only that you know who you are, you know what this whole existence is. Knowing oneself, one knows the whole.

The Secret

Chapter #12

Chapter title: The More Mysterious It Becomes
22 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, WHAT IS MYSTICISM?

Mysticism is the experience that life is not logic, that life is poetry; that life is not syllogism, that life is a song. Mysticism is the declaration that life can never really be known; it is essentially unknowable.
Science divides existence into two categories: the known and the unknown. The known was unknown one day; it has become known. The unknown is unknown today; tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, it will also become known. Science believes that sooner or later a point of understanding will arrive when there will be only one category: the known, all will have been known. The unknown is slowly being reduced to the known.

Mysticism is the declaration that life consists of three categories: one, the known; another, the unknown; and the third, and the most important, is the unknowable -- which has not been known and which will never be known. And that is the essential core of it all.

That unknowable can be experienced but not known. It cannot be reduced to knowledge, although your heart can sing its song. You can dance it, you can live it, you can be full and overflowing with it -- you can be possessed by it -- but you will not be able to know it.

It is like, a river disappears into the ocean. Do you think the river comes to know the ocean? It becomes the ocean, but there is no knowing. In fact, when you become one with something, how can you know it? Knowledge requires division; knowledge is basically schizophrenic. The object has to be separate from the subject; the knower has to keep a distance from the known. If the distance disappears, there will be no knowledge possible.

And that's what happens in mysticism: the seeker becomes one with the sought, the lover dissolves into the beloved, the dewdrop slips, falls into the ocean and becomes the ocean. There is no knowledge. In such unity knowledge is not possible. In such unity there is only experience, and experience not of something outside you, but something inside you. It is experiencing rather than experience.

The word "mysticism" comes from a Greek word, mysterion, which means "secret ceremony". The people who have touched the unknowable gather together to share. The sharing is not verbal; it cannot be verbal. The sharing is of their being; they pour their being into each other. They dance together, they sing together, they look into each

other's eyes, or they simply sit silently together. That's what was being done with Buddha, with Krishna, with Jesus, in different ways.

The lovers of Krishna were dancing with him. That was a mysterion, a secret ceremony. If you look from the outside at what is happening you will not be able to know what is really the case. Unless you become a participant, unless you dance with Krishna, you will not know what is being shared, because that which is being shared is invisible. It is not a commodity, it cannot be transferred from one hand to another; you will not see anything happening like that. It is not objective. It is the flowing of one being into another, flowing of the presence of the Master into the disciple.

These kinds of secret ceremonies in India have been called ras; in the tradition of Krishna they are called ras. Ras means dancing with the Master, so that your energy is flowing and the Master's energy is flowing. And only flowing energies can have a meeting. Stagnant pools cannot meet, only rivers can meet. It is only through movement that meeting is possible.

But the same was happening with Buddha too, with no visible dance. Buddha was sitting silently, his disciples were sitting silently; it was called satsang, "being with truth". Buddha has become enlightened, he is a light unto himself. Others who are not yet lit, whose candles are yet unlit, sit in close proximity, in intimacy, in deep love and gratitude, come closer and closer to Buddha in their silence, in their love. Slowly, slowly a moment comes, the space between the Master and the disciple disappears -- and the jump of the flame from the Master to the disciple. The disciple is ready to receive it; the disciple is nothing but a

welcome. The disciple is "feminine", a receptivity, a womb. This too is a mysterion, a secret ceremony.
It was happening again and again, with Zarathustra, with Lao Tzu, with Jesus, in different ways. This is what is happening here.
While I am talking to you, if you are just a curious person who has come here to listen and to see what is happening, you will only listen to my words. You will miss the real treasure. The words are spoken only to those who cannot listen to silence.
But those who have become intimate with me, those who have become sannyasins, they are listening to the words, but they are not in any way intellectually dissecting, analyzing, arguing with the words. The words are heard as one hears music; the words are heard as one hears wind blowing through the pine trees; the words are heard as one hears raindrops falling on the roof, or the roar of the waves in the ocean. And while the mind is hearing the music, the heart starts absorbing the being, the presence. This is a mysterion, this is a secret ceremony.
But why is it called "secret"? It is not secret in the sense that we are hiding somewhere in a cave. It is secret because it is available only when you are related to the Master in deep love. Others are allowed to come in, but for them it will remain invisible; hence it is called secret. When Buddha is sitting with his disciples, he is not hiding somewhere in the mountains -- he is in the world, people can come and go and see -- but still the ceremony is secret. This secretness is something to be understood. Those people who will come and see, they will only see a few bodies sitting silently, that's all. They will not see the

transfer of light, the transfer beyond the scriptures that is happening.

That's the case here too. Every day watchers, spectators come; they see you sitting here listening to me, or dancing, or meditating, and they think they have known. They go and they start giving "authoritative" reports about the place. They may have been here just one day or two days, and they become experts. They are being simply stupid. They don't know a word, they don't know anything about mysticism. All their reports are false, bound to be false. To know something of what is going on here, you will have to become a participant, you will have to fall in deep harmony with me and the space that is being created here. You cannot be a spectator; you cannot observe from the outside. These things are not observed from the outside: they are secret.

You have to dissolve yourself. You have to risk. Only then, some taste on your tongue; only then some experience in your heart; only then, some vibe that penetrates you and becomes part of your life.

That is the meaning of "secret ceremony". It is available for everybody to see, but only those who are initiated into it will really be able to see it.

Mysterion in its own turn comes from another root, myein, which means "to keep one's mouth shut". Mysticism means you have seen something, you have experienced something, but you cannot express it. Mysticism means you have come across a truth which makes you dumb. It is so big, so huge, so enormous that it cannot be contained in any word. Not even the word "God" contains it. That's why Buddha dropped the word "God". It is bigger than what the word

"God" can contain. Not even the word "soul" can contain it; that's why Buddha dropped even that word. These are just words; reality is far richer.

Just watch in your ordinary life also. When you say something, does it really express it? You have seen a beautiful tree and when you say to somebody, "I have seen a beautiful tree," what does it contain, the word beautiful "tree"? It does not contain the greenery of the tree; it does not contain the shape arising in the tree; it does not contain the roots that have gone deep into the earth; it does not contain the sun rays falling on the tree leaves and dancing; it does not contain the beautiful flowers of the tree, and the fragrance, and the smell of the wet earth that surrounds the tree, and the nests of the birds and the song of the birds. What does it contain when you say, "I have seen a beautiful tree"? It contains nothing. The word has no roots, the word has no wings, the word has no gold, no green, no red -- the word is colorless. The word is very poor. "Tree"? It is only symbolic; but it is meaningful because we all know trees, so when somebody says, "I have seen a beautiful tree," you can have a little understanding about it.

But about God, even that little understanding is not possible, unless you have seen God. If I say, "God is," you hear the word, but you don't hear the meaning; you can't hear the meaning. There is no response in your heart. When I say "a beautiful rose flower," yes, there is a little response; and if you close your eyes and meditate a little on the word "rose" you may start seeing a rose flower opening its petals in your being, because you have seen rose flowers. If you are really a sensitive person you may even start smelling the rose and the dewdrops in the early

morning on the rose petals. Some memory may be provoked, some experience may become alive, you may start reminiscing; but it is because you have known a rose. What about the person who has never known a rose? Then just the word "rose" will not stir any feeling in him, will not bring any pictures. The word will be heard, but will not be listened to; there will be no meaning behind it.

That is the case when the word "God" is used, that is the case when the word "prayer" is used, that is the case when the word "gratitude" is used, and so on, so forth. You don't have any understanding, because you don't have any experience.

Those who have experienced, they become dumb. Not that they stop speaking, but they speak about the methods, they speak about the way. They don't speak about the truth. They say how to attain it, they say how to avoid the pitfalls on the path, they say how not to go astray, they say, "This is the way, this is the direction," they give you a few maps, road maps, they make you aware of a few signs that you will come across on the road so that you can be certain that you are moving in the right direction -- that's all they can do -- but about the truth, or God, they can't say a single word.

So that meaning is also beautiful; myein means "to keep one's mouth shut". It is from these two words: from myein comes mysterion, from mysterion comes "mysticism". Mysticism is the very soul of religion.

Hence my insistence: drop the mind that thinks in prose; revive another kind of mind that thinks in poetry. Put aside all your expertise in syllogism; let songs be your way of life. Move from intellect to intuition, from the head to the

heart, because the heart is closer to the mysteries. The head is anti-mystery; the whole effort of the head is how to demystify existence.

That's why, wherever science has grown, religion has disappeared. Wherever the mind becomes trained in scientific ways of thinking and doing, religion simply dies; then the flower of religion blooms no more. In the soil of the scientific mind there is some poison that does not allow the seed of religion to grow -- it kills it. What is that poison? Science believes in demystifying existence. Religion says it cannot be demystified. The deeper your understanding goes, the more mystical it becomes, the more mysterious it becomes.

And now there is a possibility that science and religion can be bridged, because the greatest scientists have also felt it, in a very indirect way. For example, Eddington, Albert Einstein, and others have come to a feeling that the more they know about existence, the more they become puzzled, because the more they know, the more there is to know. The more they know, the more their knowledge seems to be superficial. Einstein died almost a mystic; that old pride that "One day we will come to know all" had disappeared. He died in a very meditative mood; he died not as a scientist, but more as a poet.

Eddington has written that "First we used to believe that thought is just a by-product" -- just as Karl Marx says that consciousness is just a by-product of social situations -- "a by-product, an epiphenomenon of matter, a shadow of matter. Matter is substance; consciousness is just a shadow, very insubstantial."

Eddington says, "I was also perfectly convinced," because that was the climate of those days. For three centuries in the West, science had been growing the climate. Eddington had grown up in that climate, but finally, ultimately, in his last days, he said, "Now things have changed. The more I went into inquiries, the more I became convinced that the world does not consist of things, but consists of thoughts -- and existence appears less like matter and more like consciousness."

This is good news; science is coming to a great understanding. That understanding is arising out of its failure to demystify existence.

But I don't see a similar understanding arising in the so-called religious people. They are lagging far behind; they are all talking in old, stupid ways. They are still obsessed with the Vedas and the Koran and the Bible. And not that the Vedas are wrong, or the Koran or the Bible are wrong -- they are perfectly right -- but they are expressed in a very, very ancient, primitive way. They are not capable of meeting modern science.

We need contemporary religious mystics of the same caliber as Albert Einstein and Eddington and Planck. That's my effort here, to create contemporary mystics, not only scholars who can talk like a parrot about the Upanishads and the Vedas. No, scholars won't do. We need contemporary mystics; we need people in whose hearts new Upanishads can arise. We need people who can talk the way Jesus talked, on their own authority. We need courageous mystics who can say they have experienced God, not because the scriptures say God is, but because

they have known God; not just learned people, knowledgeable people, but people of wisdom.
Enough of scholarship. Scholarship is just very mediocre; scholarship cannot bridge modern science with mysticism. We need Buddhas, not people who know about Buddha. We need meditators, lovers, experiencers. And then the day is ripe, the time has come, when science and religion can meet and mingle, can be welded together. And that day will be one of the greatest days of the whole of human history; it will be a great day of rejoicing, incomparable, unique, because from that day, the schizophrenia, the split humanity will disappear from the world. Then we need not have two things, science and religion; one thing will do. For the outer it will use scientific methodology, for the inner it will we religious methodology. And "mysticism" is a beautiful word; it can be used for that one science or one religion, whatsoever you call it. "Mysticism" will be a beautiful name. Then science will search for the outer mystery, and religion will search for the inner mystery; they will be the two wings of mysticism. "Mysticism" can become the word that denotes both. Mysticism can be the synthesis of both.
And with this synthesis, many more syntheses will happen on their own accord. For example, if science and religion can meet in mysticism, then East and West can meet, then man and woman can meet, then poetry and prose can meet, then logic and love can meet, then layer upon layer, meetings can go on happening. And once this has happened, we will have a more perfect man, more whole, more balanced.

The second question:
Question 2
IS NOT MAN THE PURPOSE OF ALL EVOLUTION?

Evolution has no purpose. The very idea of purpose is mediocre; it comes from the marketplace. Existence is playful, not purposive. It is leela; it is not work. But we think in terms of economics, business; we think in terms of the marketplace. Everything has to be with purpose.
People come to me and they ask, "What is the purpose of meditation?" They take it for granted that there must be a purpose behind it. There is none. Meditation is its own end; there is no end beyond it. What is the purpose of love? Is love a means to something else, or is love an end unto itself?
Purpose means division, division between the means and the end. What is the purpose of these green trees, and what is the purpose of the bird singing, and what is the purpose of the sunrise, and what is the purpose of the starry night? What is the purpose? If there is some purpose, you would have a very ugly existence.
And then the question will persist. If you say, "'A' is the purpose," then the question will arise, "What is the purpose of 'A'?" And there will be no end to it.
There is no purpose at all. That's why life is so beautiful. Somebody asked Pablo Picasso, "What is the purpose of your paintings?" and he said, "Why don't you go in the garden and ask the rose flower, 'What is your purpose?' Why don't you go to a bird singing: 'What is the purpose?' Why don't you ask the sun and the moon? Why do you

bother me? If the rose can bloom without any purpose, why can't I paint a picture? I enjoy painting, and that's all."
But we have a very mediocre mind; we always think in terms of purpose. Purpose means "business"; purpose means "I am doing this for that". And because of this purposive obsession, you never do anything totally -- you cannot -- because you are not interested in doing it for its own sake. Purpose is there.
You are painting to sell it in the market to earn money. Then your painting cannot be great, cannot be, because you will not be lost while you are painting. Continuously you will be thinking, "How much am I going to fetch? Will it be possible to sell it, and who are the potential buyers? Whom should I approach; how should I advertise?" And you are painting! Your painting may be a technically well-performed job, but it will not be art. You are not an artist; you are not a creator.
The real artist disappears into his art. While he is painting he is not: he is in a state of fana, he is absent. The painting is happening on its own. He is not doing it; he is not a doer. Then great works arise. That is a secondary thing, whether it is sold in the market or not; that is not the purpose; that was not in the mind of the painter. Also he needs bread and butter, and he will sell it; that is a thing apart. That was not the purpose of the painting; he was not thinking of bread and butter while he was painting it. If he was thinking, then he is not a painter, then he is just a businessman.
Remember the difference between a technician and an artist: the technician is one who works with some goal in his vision, and the artist is one who has no other goal -- art for art's sake.

And why do you ask it, "Is not man the purpose of all evolution?" Just go and ask the parrots. They may be thinking that they are the purpose of evolution. Look how green they are, and their red beaks. What have you compared to them? And their beautiful wings, and the way they fly -- zigzag, playfully -- and the way they sing. They must be thinking that they are the purpose of the whole evolution.

Or ask the lion or the elephant. They must be thinking they are the purpose. Do you think the lion thinks man is the purpose of evolution? In the bibles of the lions it is written, "God made the lion in his own image." This poor man is very poor, in fact. You don't have the energy of a lion; you don't have the capacity of the eagle to fly far away; you don't have the grace of an elephant; you don't have the beauty of a lotus flower. What have you got that you think you are the purpose of evolution, that God has created you specially?

This is the way of an egoist; it is the way of the ego. The ego wants: "I am the purpose of the whole of evolution". You have asked, "Is not man the purpose of all evolution?" Now think, whether woman is the purpose or man? If you are a man you will think man; if you are a woman you will think, of course, woman. Then think -- if you are a man and you decide that man is the purpose, not woman -- then black or white? If you are black you will think black; if you are white you will think white. If you go on searching deeply into it, finally you will arrive to the point that "I am the purpose of the whole of evolution." Look at the absurdity.

There is a Russian parable:

A man was walking along and happened to spit three times, all in the same place. The man went on, the gobs of spit remained. And one of the gobs of spit said, "We are here but the man is not." And the second said, "He is gone." And the third, "That is the only thing he came here for, to plant us here. We are the purpose of man's life. He is gone but we remain."

Drop all kinds of egoistic ideas. There is no purpose, neither man nor woman, neither birds nor animals. There is no purpose, there is no goal. The existence is not moving towards something. It is a sheer joy, exuberance, a ceremony, for no other purpose at all.
Life delights in itself, energy delights in itself. It is like a child, jumping and dancing and shouting. If you ask him for what purpose, he will be surprised at your foolish question. Shouting, jumping, dancing is enough. What other purpose is needed? But as you grow older you forget this; you start doing things only if they pay. If there is a good payoff, only then do you do things.
Otherwise, the question goes on haunting you: "What is the purpose?" You don't sing a song without any purpose. You don't dance, you don't love, you don't paint, you don't sing. What is the purpose?
Unless you are paid! So money seems to be the end of it all. And what is the purpose of money? You will be gone and the money will be left. And your hundred-rupee notes will think, "So we were the purpose of this man. Now we are here and he is gone. He had certainly come here to collect us, what else?" You will be gone, your house will be here,

and the house will say, "Look! So we are the purpose of this man's life. "
There is no purpose at all. This understanding brings freedom; this understanding is what I call spiritual insight. The man who lives for some purpose is a materialist; and the man who simply lives for no purpose at all, the man who simply lives as if he is on a morning walk, not going anywhere, that man is spiritual, his life is holy. That is sacredness.

The third question:

Question 3
YOU SAID THE OTHER DAY THAT YOU DESIRE THAT ALL PEOPLE SHOULD BE RICH AND HAVE LOTUSES IN THEIR GARDEN PONDS. WHY THEN DO MANY PEOPLE NOT OWN HOUSES AND GARDENS AND LAKES AND LOTUSES? THE QUESTION IS: WHY IS THERE SO MUCH POVERTY IN THIS COUNTRY?

Raviraj, the poverty is there because this country has behaved in a very foolish way. Nobody else is responsible for it. You are responsible for it. But you have behaved foolishly for so many centuries that not only do you continue to behave in the same way, you are even proud of it.
This country decided to live a lopsided life. This country decided to be anti-life, anti-body. Now, if you are anti-life and anti-body, you cannot live richly; you are bound to remain poor. Unless you love life, how can you create

richness? If you don't love life, how will you love lotuses and the rakes and the gardens and beautiful houses? If you don't love your body, why should you bother about the body? Let it go to the dogs. And that's what has happened. In fact, for five thousand years, your so-called religious people have been teaching you the beauty of poverty, the spirituality of poverty. You have been praising poverty as the highest goal. Now you have attained it, the whole country has become "spiritual", so who is at fault?

Just think. Why do you praise Buddha? Because he renounced the kingdom. Why do you praise Mahavira? Because he renounced the kingdom.

People go on writing letters to me that "If you are a Buddha, why don't you renounce and become a beggar?" They are against me. Morarji Desai said that I cannot be compared to Mahavira. Why? Because he renounced the kingdom. He became a beggar, a naked beggar on the streets, and I live in a palatial house, surrounded by beautiful gardens. How can I be compared to Mahavira?

Just watch the logic. If you praise Mahavira because he renounced the kingdom and the joys of life, then those who are beggars are really very fortunate. They have nothing to do: they are already spiritual! Buddha had to do something. Buddha must have committed some sins in his past life; that's why he became the king. And the beggar? He must have been living a very spiritual life all along down the ages for many lives. His beggary, his being poor, is the outcome of all the great deeds that he has done in the past. If to be a beggar is to be spiritual, then certainly this whole country is spiritual.

Poverty has been praised, and if you praise poverty and if you worship poverty, how can you destroy it? How can you destroy something that you worship?
Your whole mind is the cause of your poverty. I am against your mind, I want to destroy your mind, because that is the only way to release your energies, to become rich.
Do you think America has anything special, better land than you, better climate than you? That is not true. You have one of the most beautiful lands in the world. You have all kinds of climates available to you. Your country is almost a miniature world. You have Switzerland in your Kashmir. You cannot find any country which is so rich, potentially so rich; but you are the poorest people in the world. It is a miracle how you have managed it!
It is your mind. You are carrying a very wrong attitude towards life. You are against life, and if you are against life, life cannot be for you. You have never befriended existence. You have always praised the "other" world. Naturally, if you praise the other world, you will not use this world.
You are just waiting. The Indian mahatmas go on sermonizing to their disciples and followers that "This life is like a waiting room at the station." Who bothers about the waiting room? Your train will be coming, and then you will be gone. So make it as dirty as you can! Who bothers? You are here only for a few minutes or a few hours, so do all the nasty things that you can! Make it unbearable for the others who will come; now that is their business.
If life is thought to be just a waiting room at a station, then you cannot make it beautiful. Then you will not make it clean.

The people who come from the West cannot believe how Indians are living, in dirt, dirtiness -- and completely oblivious of the fact, completely oblivious, because they have lived that way down the centuries. They know only this kind of life; they have known no other. There is no possibility of even comparing with anything, so they go on living this way. Just go into any Indian kitchen. It is not even as clean as Western toilets. In fact who bothers? And what to say about Indian toilets!

This whole body is dirty, rotten; this body is your enemy. Everybody is waiting for when to leave this body; when the train arrives they will leave. This body is just a waiting room. It is none of your business to keep it clean, beautiful, healthy, lovable, no. Love is a four-letter dirty word. People are somehow dragging.

And then, Raviraj, you ask me why this country is so poor. It is because of you all.

And you still persist in thinking that your mind is a great spiritual mind! You still persist in thinking that you have some message for the world.

What really went wrong is man has never been, hitherto, accepted in his totality. That has been the misery in the West; that has been the misery in the East. The West has chosen only the body part and has forgotten about the soul. The Western culture is the culture of the without, and the Eastern culture is the culture of the within. The East tries to live only as a soul, and the West tries to live only as a body. The West is rich, affluent, and will become more and more affluent, richer and richer. It has worked hard to make the world beautiful. The West knows how to live, but because the soul has been neglected, there is great tension inside.

The West is poor inside -- rich on the outside, poor on the inside. The East has tried to meditate, to pray, to search for the inner truth, and has neglected the outside. So the outer has become very poor; the inner has a richness.

But both are suffering because both are half. And the suffering means you are half -- unless the circle is complete, unless you fulfill both. Because you are neither soul alone nor body alone. You are both together; you are a togetherness. Man is body-soul, and both have to be contented, both have to be satisfied.

That real man is waiting to be born. That real man, the future man, will not be other-worldly, will not be this-worldly either. The future man will not be religious in the old Indian sense and will not be materialist in the Western sense. The new man will be total: religious, materialist both, and more. That's my vision of a new man.

But there are difficulties. The new man will offend everybody. The new man will offend the religious people who have always been against the body. The new man will offend the materialists who have always been against the soul. The new man is going to really be a great rebellion in the world.

My sannyasins are just the beginning of the new man. Hence you will be persecuted, you will be tortured. Nobody will agree with you; nobody will be able to understand you. In the East you will be a foreigner; in the West you will be a foreigner. To be with me means now you will be a foreigner everywhere.

Even I am a foreigner, in this country! My sannyasins are going to be foreigners everywhere because you can be at home only in a new world, where the duality between the

body and the soul has been dropped. You are harbingers of a new concept of life, of total acceptance.

Raviraj, you ask me, "Why is there so much poverty in this country?" This country has longed for poverty, has desired poverty, has worshiped poverty.

But even if you worship poverty, desire poverty, your innermost longing remains to have a more beautiful life, more healthy, better surroundings. That is a natural inclination. So even after five thousand years of stupid antagonism towards life, still the desire to live beautifully has not disappeared. And the same is the case in the West. Even though for hundreds of years it has been taught that there is no soul, you cannot deny it just by teaching people that there is no soul, that the body is all and there is nothing else, that man has no psychology but only physiology. You can teach, and you can create trouble in people's minds, but the reality is the reality. Sooner or later the real will assert itself. It is asserting.

You can see it happening. People are coming from the West to the East to learn more about meditation, and from the East people are going to the West to learn more about technology, science. The Indian youth has only one desire and one fantasy: how to get into Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, how to have a degree from the West. If he can have a Western degree, his hope is fulfilled. And now people who have degrees from Harvard and Oxford and Cambridge have come to me -- by the thousands -- forgetting all about their degrees, just to sit here and to learn how to go inwards. They are suffering all kinds of things in India. They have lived in a better world, physically; they have lived in better houses, with better

medical facilities, with better everything; and now they are here living in all kinds of difficulties. But still, the desire to meditate, to know something of the inner is so great that they are ready to sacrifice everything.
You can see it happening. The East is turning more and more towards communism, a materialistic attitude; and the West is turning more and more spiritualistic.
But the problem that I go on thinking about is that it may happen -- seeing the unfortunate steps of man up to now, it is possible -- looking at the unlucky state of man -- it is possible, it may happen: West may become East, East may become West, and the foolishness may continue. That is possible. We have to avoid that possibility; we have to be very alert so that it doesn't happen.
That's why I don't want my sannyasins to live like poor people, like beggars. I would like that they should live intelligently in both the worlds, inner and outer. They should live beautifully, poetically in both the worlds. They should live in synthesis.

But that creates trouble. That's why my sannyasins will not be accepted by the traditional Hindu mind: "What kind of sannyasins are these people? They live in good houses; they move in cars; they eat good food. What kind of sannyasins are these?"
You are not going to be accepted by the old mind. Don't feel hurt. That's natural.
We will have to create a new mind! Only then will you be accepted, not before it. We will have to create a new society! Only then will you be loved and respected, not before it. And it is a long, arduous journey.

But Indians have this idea in their mind as if somebody else is responsible for their poverty. That's why they go on asking such questions. This question is from an Indian. They think as if somebody else is responsible for their poverty.

Nobody else is responsible for your poverty.

They think because we were slaves, the country was not free for hundreds of years, that's why we are poor. The truth is vice versa: you became dependent, you lost your freedom, because of your nonsense mind. Because the people who had come to conquer you were in no way powerful, but you were lethargic. Your religions had taught you to be lethargic. You had become fatalistic. You had lost all joy of living. You had lost all will to live. You had become suicidal.

So, small tribes of Moguls, Turks, Mongols, Huns -- anybody -- came. They were less cultured, they were poorer than you, their armies were not better than your armies, but they had one thing -- will to live -- and that was missing in you. This is a big country. Small tribes came with a few people, and they conquered this country? How did it happen? You could not resist them? You had forgotten how to resist. You were ready to be reduced to anything because you had lost the will to live.

Your religious teachers were teaching you how to get rid of life, how to be free from life. The greatest goal in the Indian mind has been how to be free from life, how not to be born again. Now, just see it: if this becomes your innermost foundation, then you lose the will to live, then anybody can conquer you. And that's what happened. When the Europeans came, they conquered you.

Now, England is a small country. We even have districts which are bigger than England. England is a small country. And the whole of England had not come to conquer you! And still, such a continent like India became a slave? How did it happen? Something is wrong with you -- something is fundamentally wrong with you. You don't have the desire to live.

Now medical science has discovered it: if a person loses the desire to live, then no medicine can help. If he does not want to live, that very idea is enough to kill him. If he has the desire to live, then sometimes even if the disease is incurable it is cured. And sometimes even without medicine it is cured if the will to live is strong enough.

You also can experience such moments in your life. For example, one day you come home tired, utterly exhausted, you simply want to go to bed, to sleep. You don't have even an iota of energy to do anything. Your wife wants to talk, but you don't even have the energy to say yes or no to her; you simply want to go to sleep. Then suddenly your house catches fire. And from where do you get the energy then? All tiredness disappears. Suddenly you become young; from nowhere energy pours into you. You start fighting the fire. Maybe the whole night now there will be no rest, but not even for a single moment will you feel tired, not even for a single moment will the idea of sleep come to you. What has happened? The will that was dormant has become active.

This country is poor because it has lost the will to live. And who is responsible? Your moralists, your priests, your so-called religious leaders -- they are the cause of your misery because they go on supporting your rotten mind. Your mind

needs a complete overhauling. It needs new visions. It needs new blood to circulate in it! It needs again an infusion of life, again an enthusiasm to live and to love and to be. It needs again to look at the world: this is God's world, his creation. You need again to celebrate life.
You have been against life; that has caused this situation. And now you go on shouting. And Indians have become very expert in shoutings -- slogans, shoutings -- as if the whole world is responsible for your poverty. Nobody is except you.
Stop shouting. Stop all your nonsense slogans. Start doing something. And if somebody tries to do something, you go against him.
Just a few days before, I had spoken and I had said that India needs a compulsory birth control plan -- compulsory birth control. Many letters immediately arrived.
Compulsory birth control? That means our freedom. What about our freedom!
Then be poor and be free. Then choose. Then don't shout, "Why are we poor?"
Do you know? Just one hundred years before, if you had given birth to tWenty children, even two may not have survived. So it was okay to give birth to as many children as possible because if you gave birth to two dozen children, two may survive; that too was not certain, nobody could guarantee. It was perfectly okay to give birth to as many children as possible.
Indian women, for centuries, have remained constantly pregnant! Their whole life has been destroyed. Their whole life has been nothing but a factory producing children. Now think of a woman producing twenty children in her life --

her whole life is gone. She is constantly in pain, constantly heavy, constantly carrying a child, constantly ill -- cannot paint, cannot read, cannot create poetry, cannot play music, cannot dance, cannot have anything. Her whole work consists in going on giving birth to children.

But it was okay in the past because even two may not have survived. Now, all twenty are going to survive.

Letters have arrived to me that "Osho, you seem to be cruel. You say compulsory birth control?" I am not cruel. I am being compassionate. If you create twenty children, as you have become accustomed to, then there will be real cruelty. By the end of this century you will not have any place to stand alone. It will always be crowded, and everywhere. From where are you going to feed so many people? You are hungry already. Seventy-five per cent of Indians are starving already. By the end of the century, ninety-nine per cent of Indians will be starving. And when ninety-nine per cent of the people are starving, the one per cent who have enough to eat will not be allowed to eat. That is so simple. You will be killed, you will be looted; there will be murder and rape and violence and nothing else. That will be cruelty.

And you write letters to me that "Osho, you are cruel because you are saying compulsory birth control is needed."

And what was happening in the past? There was no birth control, but eighteen children were dying out of twenty. Do you think that was compassionate? And God was imposing war on you, great illnesses, calamities like earthquakes, fires, floods. Those were God's ways in the past to keep

your population limited, so that it did not go beyond the possible means to feed people.

Compulsory birth control is very compassionate. If you want the world again to be a victim of floods and fires and earthquakes and great wars, then it is perfectly okay, go on producing.

Now this is what I call the rotten mind: not ready to change at all, would like to persist in its old ways, and then shouting.

And because of these long, long conditionings, you have started looking for false causes. For example, you think a few people are living in richness -- that's why you are poor? You are utterly wrong. You can distribute those few people's wealth; you will not become rich. It will be like a spoonful of sugar dropping in the ocean to make it sweet; that's all it will be. That will be utter nonsense. But this is how the Indian mind thinks: if everybody lives a poor life, the country will be rich.

Just a few people, a few people, not more than two per cent of the people, are living a better life. I will not call it luxurious. Nobody lives a luxurious life in India -- cannot live -- but better. You can distribute the things of the two per cent of the people, and the foolish people are trying to do that. They call it socialism, communism, et cetera. Distribute it; it can be distributed. That is not going to help at all. That may help your jealousy -- you may feel a little good that you have taken revenge -- but that is not going to change your situation at all. You don't have enough richness to distribute. All that you can do is you can distribute your poverty. You have only poverty.

That's why I am not for communism at all, because communism does not know how to produce wealth, it knows only how to distribute wealth. But before you can distribute, you need to produce! I am all for capitalism. Capitalism knows how to produce wealth. And once the wealth is there, ways and means can be found to distribute it. But the first thing is to produce it! And India is not concerned with producing wealth, it is concerned with distributing it; and you have nothing to distribute.

And because of this nonsense type of thinking, Indian leaders and politicians go on consoling you. Some politician reduces his pay; he says, "I will take only half," and all the Indians are happy and say, "Look -- this is a mahatma.'Mahatma' Morarji Desai." Just because he has reduced his pay to half, do you think India's problem is solved? What problem is solved?

And from the front door he reduces his wealth to half; from the back door his son Kanti Desai brings in millions of rupees. That's okay. Indians have become very much accustomed to living double lives. That's okay.

Or Morarji Desai starts flying in Air India's aeroplanes, not using the special plane for the prime minister, and all, the whole country, is agog with joy. So your poverty is solved. In fact, he creates more trouble. It would have been better and less costly to use the private plane because now many seats have to be reserved for him. Other passengers suffer. His security officers and guards and secretaries -- and unnecessary hassle is created for other people. But this is how India goes on thinking.

Mahatma Gandhi used to travel in a third-class railway compartment, and the whole country was happy: "Look.

This is a great mahatma." By his traveling third class, what was happening?

Then there was another prime minister who suggested that if every person fasted one day, that would help, so fast one day. And he started fasting. His fasting meant that he would take milk and fruit and dry fruits -- which are more costly I But just the idea that "Our prime minister is fasting one day. He loves the country and the poor people so much." And the poor people are not getting anything.

When a certain mind is created, many more things are created in its wake. These are all foolish attitudes; these are not solutions. But you are not ready for the solution!

The solution is that you have to drop your anti-world attitude, that you have to drop your anti-body attitude, that you have to learn how to produce more wealth, and you have to drop your fatalistic attitude that "What can we do? If God wants us poor we will be poor. If God wants us rich we will be rich." Don't throw the responsibility on God. He has given you enough freedom to be rich or poor. Don't bring these unnecessary things into your prayer. They destroy your prayer and they destroy your religion.

Man has been given enough intelligence to be rich or to be poor. You have to drop your whole tradition of poverty worshiping. And if this mind disappears, there is no reason why you should be poor. You can be as rich as any country; in fact, richer than any country. You have a big country with great potential. But you go on shouting and you go on throwing your responsibility on somebody else; it feels good.

And now you are in a difficulty. When the Britishers were here, you were happy, saying, "It is because of the

Britishers that we are poor; they are exploiting. " Now who is exploiting you? Now, one government is there, and you start throwing responsibility: "This government is wrong. " Then you change the government; then the next government, and you start throwing the responsibility on the next government: "This government is wrong."
But you never see the point that somewhere you are wrong. It hurts your ego. And you are wrong.
That's why people are angry with me, because I am simply stating the fact that you are wrong.

A little baby boy and a little baby girl were playing together in a cot. All of a sudden the little baby girl screamed out, "Rape Rape!"
The little baby boy turned around and said, "You silly little girl, you are sitting on your dummy."

Unnecessary, shouting "Rape! Rape!" Just drop this old, rotten mind.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, THE OTHER DAY YOU SAID THAT YOU DO FLY, BUT WITHOUT HELICOPTERS. CAN YOU PLEASE DO IT IN FRONT OF US?

No, certainly, no! Did you hear about the first enlightened human being ever to fly?
He was running down a hill, gathering up speed, his arms outstretched and flapping. Suddenly a man jumped on his

back, put a gun to the flyer's forehead and said, "Now, fly me to Cuba."
I am not going to do any such thing.

The last question:

Question 5
I AM CONSTANTLY CHATTERING WITH PEOPLE AND THIS IS DRIVING ME MAD. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

There was once a jew -- Ohrenstein -- who used to go to the rabbi with all his problems. Periodically he would go to the rabbi and ask him: what shall I do about my wife, what should I do about my business, what should I do about this, what should I do about that; my son-in-law is misbehaving, what should I do about it, rabbi, and so on.... Each time Ohrenstein came with one of his many problems, the rabbi would listen patiently and courteously, and then he would fulfill Ohrenstein's eager expectations by giving him some advice or making a suggestion. Ohrenstein always went away beaming, invariably told his friends about the wonderful advice the rabbi had given him, and within a week was back with a new problem and asking for more advice.
Finally, the rabbi's patience began to run out. Enough is enough, even for a courteous and loving rabbi. But what to do about it? Ohrenstein was a perfectly good and sincere man.
One day Ohrenstein came with an unusually big problem. He had fallen in love with a girl; his wife had found out

about it; he could not leave the girl, but he did not want to disappoint his wife. On and on he went: the girl this, his wife that, and so on. He talked for two hours, and finally, at the end, he asked, "Rabbi, give me some advice, what should I do?"
"Hmm," the rabbi pondered and tapped on the table as though he were deep in thought. Finally he said, "I have some advice to give you, but I am afraid it may hurt your feelings, you may feel offended by it, so I don't know if I should really give you any advice this time. "
"Hurt my feelings?" Ohrenstein exclaimed. "Rabbi, you can say anything to me!"
"Okay," said the rabbi, "then my advice is you convert to Christianity, let yourself be baptized and start going to confession.
"What on earth are you saying, Rabbi?" Ohrenstein exclaimed, shocked. "Have you gone out of your mind?"
"Not at all," the rabbi replied. "You let yourself be baptized and start going to confession, and then you can drive some stupid parish priest crazy and not me!"

That's good advice for you too. Become a Catholic and torture the priest! Don't torture poor people.
And you say, "I am constantly chattering with people and this is driving me mad." What about others? "What should I do?" Think of others too.

The grizzled old beggar had chopped his quota of stovewood and the kind lady had admitted him to the kitchen for his meal. She was an inquisitive person, and

while the tramp made away with all the food placed before him, she set up an endless line of questioning.
"And what was your occupation before you fell into this sad plight, my man?" she asked.
"I was a sailor, mum, " said the bum between mouthfuls.
"Oh, a sailor. Well, you must have had some exciting adventures then?"
"That I did, mum. Why once, mum, I was shipwrecked on the coast of South Africa, and there I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."
"Mercy!" exclaimed the inquisitive woman. "Why, how could they talk then?"
"They could not, mum," replied the man, reaching for his hat and the last piece of bread on the plate. "That's what made them wild. "

You must be driving people crazy, but I cannot suggest that you stop; otherwise you will go crazy. The best way is to become a Catholic. Confession is invented for people like you. Go and torture the priest. If you cannot do that, then sit silently in your room and start talking to the walls; but don't torture people. Start talking to the walls -- do gibberish.
Gibberish should be taught to every person. The world will become saner if you can simply sit in your room and talk loudly to nobody in particular for one hour. In the beginning it will look crazy. It is! But it will relieve you of much heat, steam, and after one hour you will feel tremendously quiet.
And it is inhuman to force your gibberish on other people, because you can force it on them. Then they are in trouble,

then whatsoever you have said to them goes on rumbling inside their head, they have to search for somebody else, and on and on. This way the problem that could have been solved becomes a world problem! You may be gone, but the gibberish that you have put in other people's heads will go on and on for centuries! There is no way to end it; then the full point cannot be put on it.

The only way to put a full point on it is either a Catholic confession... because the priest does not listen to what you are saying. He cannot if he is to remain sane; he simply pretends.

One young psychoanalyst was very much puzzled by his older colleague. The older psychoanalyst was seventy. They both entered the same building, they both had offices in the same building, and sometimes they met on the elevator going to to their offices, and sometimes coming back.

One day the young psychoanalyst asked the old one, "How do you manage? I feel so tired, so dead tired, listening to all kinds of nonsense.... "

Because the whole work of a psychoanalyst is to listen. That's why the patient has paid him. He is a professional listener; he sits by the side of the couch and the patient raves and goes on saying whatsoever he wants to say. Because nobody else is ready to listen in the West, professional listeners are needed. The profession of the psychoanalyst is growing because there is nobody else: the husband is not ready to listen to the wife's nonsense, the wife is not ready to listen to the husband's nonsense, so both go to a professional listener. You have to pay for it, and then he listens.

But of course, listening, day in, day out, to mad people, all kinds of stupid things, their dreams -- rubbish! -- one gets tired, fed up. One wants to beat the patient

But the younger analyst was very much surprised because the old one was as fresh in the beginning as in the end. In the morning he would come fresh, jubilant, and in the evening also he was as radiant and fresh.

He asked, "Sir, one thing I have to ask you. What is your secret? I am completely killed by these stupid, neurotic persons that come to me. You look so jubilant."

He said, "Don't listen to what they say. That's what I do. I learned it long before. Just pretend that you are listening. Their purpose is served: they think they are being listened to. It is not harming them at all. The only question is that somebody is listening, somebody is attentive. That makes them feel very good, they are important people look, one of the most famous psychoanalysts is listening so attentively, as if their words are of wisdom. They are happy; they are relieved of their steam. And don't listen! Otherwise their steam will get into you and you will not be able to sleep in the night. And all that nonsense that they have told you, if you carry it in your head, sooner or later you will have to go to another psychoanalyst. "

You will be surprised to know, psychoanalysts go mad more often than any other profession -- twice as often! And psychoanalysts commit suicides more than any other profession -- twice as much I And even if they don't commit suicide, if they are not that brave and don't go mad, they remain boiling within. They are continuously in a kind of fever, a delirium. They are of course paid well, so they

have chosen the profession, but it is a dangerous profession.
If you want to throw out your junk please make it a point not to throw it on any other human being. People have their own already, and it is too much; don't add to it.
But you can go to the river and talk to the river. And the river won't listen, so there is no problem: the river won't go mad. You can go to a tree and talk to the tree, and you can talk to the stars, and you can talk to the walls; and that's perfectly good. And if you feel it is too crazy, then write it down, make a diary, and write all that you want.
You have to get rid of your steam, but it should not enter into anybody else's being; otherwise you are violent. And if people learn this simple thing, the world will become saner.

The Secret

Chapter #13
Chapter title: The Mirror Goes On Reflecting
23 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

THEY ASKED FIRMANI, "HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT SUCH AND SUCH A MAN WAS VICIOUS? YOU REFUSED TO CONVERSE DEEPLY WITH HIM WHILE HE WAS HERE, ALTHOUGH EVERYONE SAID THAT HE WAS A SAINT."
FIRMANI SAID, "IF A STRANGER COMES TO ORDINARY MEN AND SAYS, 'LIGHT IS MADE BY WEAVING. I WOVE ALL THE LIGHT THERE IS AND WAS,' WHAT DO THEY REALIZE?"

THEY ANSWERED, " THEY REALIZE THAT WHAT HE SAYS IS UNTRUE."
FIRMANI SAID, "SIMILARLY, WHEN A VICIOUS INDIVIDUAL ENTERS THE COMPANY OF A MAN OF KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO JUDGE HIS CONDITION, REGARDLESS OF WHAT PEOPLE IMAGINE OR SAY."

TRUTH NEEDS NO PROOF, IT SIMPLY IS. It cannot be proved or disproved. It is luminous, it is radiant. Its presence is immediately felt, but only by those who have the heart to feel. The sun rises every day in the morning, but not for the blind people. For them the night continues; their night is forever and forever. Not that the sun does not rise for them; it rises for all. One needs eyes to see it. Even though it is there, if eyes are missing, it is as if it is not there. Even the greatest music cannot be heard by the deaf. So is truth: if you have the eyes to see you will be able to see it immediately. It is direct. No other medium is needed. If you have ears to hear you will hear it in your very heart. It is the still, small voice within. No other argument will ever be needed. Arguments are needed for the blind; proofs are demanded by the deaf.
So when you come to a man of wisdom, he simply knows where you are, who you are, what you are. Not that he thinks about you; there is no thinking involved. Not that he looks into you; nothing of the sort. He is a mirror: you are simply reflected. There is no thinking, but only reflection. Being in the presence of a man of wisdom is to be utterly nude. You cannot hide yourself, there is no way. You cannot deceive. Even if you try, it is pointless, because the

mirror will reflect the reality. The mirror can only reflect the reality. The unreal you cannot be reflected. You can pretend, but the mirror will not reflect your pretensions. It will reflect only that which is the case.

When you are in the presence of a man of wisdom, you are reflected not only as you are, but also as you have been, and also as you will be. Your present moment contains your whole past and your whole future. Standing before an enlightened man, you are known from the very beginning to the end. Nothing remains hidden.

That's the fear that people feel in coming. They avoid Buddhas. They cannot cheat and deceive Buddhas; they are able to cheat the whole world. They are not afraid of the world, because there they are confronting blind people, but coming to a Buddha or a Christ or a Krishna, great fear grips their hearts. There will be no way to pretend; all their hypocrisies will fall. They will be utterly nude.

Jesus knew Judas even before he had betrayed him. He must have known him from the very first day he had come to him; there is no other possibility. Buddha knew Devadatta before he betrayed him; he must have known from the very beginning. Still, the compassion of a Master allows a Judas, a Devadatta, to remain with him. The mirror goes on reflecting, but the compassion is far greater than the reflection of the mirror. And even if Judas is going to betray Jesus, it doesn't matter. Jesus is surrendered; whatsoever is going to happen will be good. If God wills it so, it has to be good: that is his trust. Judas also is part of the divine, so the drama has to be played. He cooperates, in every way he cooperates -- even with Judas.

Millions of people avoid Jesus, Buddha, Krishna. They have a subtle intuitive understanding that in the ordinary world they are able to manage a certain image of themselves. That image will be shattered. They don't want to come to the mirror to see their real faces.

And when you face a Master, he knows more about you than you have ever known about yourself, because whatsoever you know about yourself is very partial, just a fragment of your reality, the tip of the iceberg. Just a small part of your mind that has become conscious, that is one-tenth of it. Nine-tenths of your being is in deep darkness; you know nothing of it.

The Master will know your unconscious too. The Master will know not only your thoughts, but your dreams too. The Master will know not only your ideas about yourself, your illusions about yourself; he will also know your other side, the shadow of your being, which you have denied, which you have thrown into the basement of your being, which you don't recognize at all as your being. He will know you in your totality, he will know you in your total neurosis. And he has to work with that totality -- not with the you that you know you are, but the you as you are.

Hence many times the disciple finds it very difficult, because he thinks his problem is different, and the Master goes on prescribing a different kind of medicine. The disciple thinks, "This is not my problem," and the Master goes on insisting on a certain medicine which looks absolutely absurd, irrelevant to the problem that you think you have.

Great trust is needed; only then can the Master function on you. When you see that "The medicine doesn't seem to

relate to my disease at all," even then the trust is needed -- because you don't know what your real diseases are. You know only the superficial things, and they may not be your real problems at all. They may be substitute problems, they may be tricks of the mind to protect the real problem.
Mind plays a trick: if there is a problem and the mind does not want to solve it -- because to solve it will be suicidal to the mind -- then the mind gives you a false problem. You become occupied with the false problem, and the real problem goes on growing like cancer within you and you remain occupied with the false problem. This is not a problem, just a trick of the mind.
Th. Master will not prescribe any medicine for your false problems. He will prescribe medicine for your real problem. You may be aware of it, you may not be aware of it; more is the possibility that you will not be aware of it. People are not aware of what they have been doing with themselves, what they are doing with themselves. People are moving, working, doing things, almost unconsciously, like machines. Robot-like is your existence.
This robot-like existence has to be changed, utterly changed. You have to be made a conscious being. All the devices that have been used in the past and are being used now are nothing but a single device manifesting in different ways, and the single device is: how to destroy the idea that you are. You are not, God is. ONLY God is.
This is the fundamental of Sufism: you are not, God is. And this is our fundamental illusion: "I am, and where is God? I don't see any God anywhere."
If you are, you will never see God. The very existence of the ego prevents seeing. The ego functions like a blindfold

on your eyes. Then the sun rises, but you remain in darkness. The music goes on and on, but you don't hear a thing. You live in the ocean of love, but your heart is non-functioning, nothing is felt. No prayer arises, no gratitude, no ecstasy. You remain uprooted. You remain like a dying tree with no roots in the earth. You remain impotent; no fruits come to you, no flowers bloom. And then of course life looks like a long, long drawn-out tragedy, and one starts wondering why one is alive at all; the whole thing seems to be so ridiculously meaningless.

That's what is being felt all over the world by all kinds of thinkers today: that life is meaningless, that man seems to be just an accident, that consciousness is just as accidental as any rock. There seems to be no meaning, no relevance. Not that there is no meaning, but man, as he is today, cannot see meaning. Meaning is another name for God. The ego will not allow you to see the reality because it creates a separation between you and the reality. The ego says, "I am separate," and you are not. The moment the tree thinks it is separate from the earth, it starts dying. It becomes suicidal, its whole being is poisoned. The tree has to know that it exists only as an extension of the earth, it is not separate. Then the shape from the earth rises in the tree. Then it is nourished, fed by the earth. Then it is nourished by the sun and the moon and the stars, and then the tree is at home; it is not an outsider.

Man feels very much like an outsider, as if he does not belong anywhere. Nobody else is responsible except you, and the very idea that "I am". There are only two kinds of people in the world: those who think "I am", and those who think "I am not". Those who think "I am" are the irreligious

people, and those who know "I am not" are the religious people.

There is a great statement of Buddha. He says, "Samadhi is enlightenment, but before it is enlightenment it is an extinguishing. " That is tremendously meaningful, significant -- before you can become light, before you can become enlightened, you will have to extinguish completely the flame of the ego. First you will have to fall into deep darkness, and then that very darkness becomes light. This is the miracle of the inward journey.

One falls into darkness. Because right now you have a small light of the ego to help you to see, to grope, to find your way -- just a small light of the ego -- and you are afraid to extinguish it because then you will fall into utter darkness. And that is true: you will fall for a time, while all light will disappear from your life. That's what Christian mystics call "the dark night of the soul". The ordinary light that ego gives you is not much, but still it gives you a little light. It is like a glowworm: it does not lead you anywhere, but at least, on a dark night, even a glowworm is quite a hope that light exists. And when you extinguish it, you fall into utter darkness.

That is the beginning of the journey. That is daring: to lose that which you have for that which may be, may not be. And for the unknown, no guarantee can be given. Only in deep trust with a Master can you move into this darkness, the womb of darkness; and out of this darkness arises a new light. In fact, the darkness itself proves to be a new light. Just because you are not acquainted with it, in the beginning it looks like darkness. As you become acquainted, attuned, as your eyes become accustomed to

the new darkness, you are surprised -- the darkness is turning into light, infinite light.

Buddha is right: first you have to go through an extinguishing, and then that very extinguishing becomes enlightenment.

That's what Sufis say. Their words are fana and baka: fana means "extinguishing", baka means "enlightenment". Fana means "falling into nothingness, disappearing as an ego"; baka means "arising again not as an ego, but as divine, as God himself". Ana el haq, "I am the truth" -- there is no "I" in that experience; only truth is felt.

And whenever there is a man of truth -- who has dropped his ego, has dropped his mind, whose thoughts have disappeared -- he becomes a mirror. To be with a mirror, to be in front of a mirror, is to be a disciple.

It really needs courage to be with a Master, because you will be known in your nudity. One does not want to be known in one's nudity. One wants to hide, one wants to pretend, one wants to show oneself as one is not; that's why we wear masks. And everybody is carrying hundreds of masks because each moment you need different masks. Each moment you encounter a new situation; a new mask is needed.

Watch.... When you are talking to your servant you have a different face -- next time be aware -- when you are talking to your boss you again have a different face. If you are talking to a person with whom you have nothing to do, who is not going to fulfill any of your desires, watch your face. And the next day you may be talking to the same person, but now you are in need and he can be of help; watch your face. When you need somebody's help you smile, you are

very polite, you are very seductive. When you don't need somebody's help you remain unconcerned, cold, no smile; you don't even show formality, you simply ignore the person. The same person becomes powerful one day, and see how you start wagging your tail. If the person is no more in power, again you don't take any note of him. Just go on watching yourself.

That is the meaning when I say to you, let your relationship be a mirror. Each relationship has to be a mirror. For the seeker, each relationship has to show something: how you are behaving, what you are -doing. Are you wearing masks continuously? Is there a moment in your life when you drop all masks and you are simply yourself? Is there? If there is not, then there is no moment of love in your life. Even with your beloved you go on playing games. Even with your children you go on playing games.

You say, "I love this woman, I am ready to die for her," but even with her you are not true, not authentically true, not as you are. Watch.

Love means a relationship when one need not wear any mask. And if you are wearing a mask even with your beloved, your lover, then you don't know what love is. And to be with a Master certainly means that you will not wear any mask. In the first place it is meaningless because the Master can know you as you are behind the mask. His eyes are penetrating. He goes to the very core of your being; he catches you there. He is not concerned with your circumference, he is only concerned with your center.

Sometimes it happens that a person comes with a problem and I don't answer him, because that is not his problem. He believes that is his problem. I answer some other problem

that he has not asked. Sometimes -- you must be watching -- when I am answering your questions, I turn and change the question in such a way that it becomes the real question, the one that you have not asked. I give you answers which you were not expecting. You feel a little bewildered too; you start thinking maybe I have not understood your question. I have understood it, but I am talking to your core, not to your circumference.

And sometimes I answer A, but my answer is for B, because many times it happens that when I am answering directly to B he will not listen. He protects, he is not available. When I am answering A, B is perfectly there, vulnerable. It is not his problem, I am answering somebody else; he need not defend, he need not have his armor ready, he need not have a shelter. He is sitting there silently; it is none of his concern, so he remains more vulnerable.

And this has been my observation: that listening to others' questions being answered, you understand more than when your own question is answered, because when your own question is answered you become too tense -- this is your question. I may hit you. When I am hitting somebody else, you can enjoy. You can laugh, but you are unaware that in your very laughter, when you open your mouth, I have entered in. In your very laughter, I have reached you, because the moment of laughing is the most vulnerable moment, the most undefended moment.

Before a mirror, each act or absence of act, each word or absence of word, everything is significant, everything relates something about you. How you come to see the Master, how you sit before him, how you talk, how you react and respond -- each and everything is significant,

because these are all languages. You are not aware of these things, but the mirror reflects.

Different people approach me differently, totally differently. Somebody comes crying in joy, utterly open, ready to be taken on any journey, ready to go on any adventure, whatsoever the risk. Somebody comes in a very defending way, protected, hard, with an armor all around, watching, on guard: he will go with me only if his logical mind is convinced. But then he cannot go long, because the logical mind has limitations and existence has no limitations. The logical mind goes only so far, and then it stops; it has boundaries.

Unless you come to me through love, you will not be able to go to the ultimate end. Only love can take you to the ultimate end, because love knows no boundaries.

Somebody comes in love; then my mirror reflects the love, and I know that one has come home. Somebody comes with logical, intellectual paraphernalia, protected, on guard, afraid, frightened, scared, only ready to go as far as his mind allows. He is not going with me, he is going with his mind. He is not a disciple. Even if he takes sannyas, he will not be a disciple. Even his sannyas will be his conclusion.

Just the other day somebody has asked, "If I take sannyas, will it be the beginning of a new life?" Sannyas is the beginning of new life; sannyas is the new life. It is not that first you take sannyas and then sannyas prepares you to begin another life, no. Sannyas is the beginning of another life. You have lived with doubt, now you start living with trust. You have lived with logic, now you start living with love. You have lived with your own mind, with your own ego, now you live with surrender. Sannyas is the new life.

Now if somebody takes sannyas in order to start a new life, he has missed the whole point; the new life will never start. If sannyas itself does not become the new life, then sannyas will never start a new life. You will remain the same.
Somebody else has asked, "You say, Osho, 'Don't think of the future.' Then what about sannyas? I am thinking about sannyas; is it not thinking about the future?" Thinking about sannyas is thinking about the future, but thinking about sannyas, you will never take sannyas. Thinking has nothing to do with sannyas.
Sannyas is a jump. It is not that you think, ponder over it, argue for and against, and then finally you come to a conclusion. If this is the way of your taking sannyas, you have missed it already! Before taking it, you have missed it. Sannyas is a jump, a quantum leap. It is not that "tomorrow" you will take sannyas. A moment arrives when the decision takes grip of your heart. Not that you have pondered over it in a very syllogistic way, logically, rationally, thought about what will happen and what will not happen, and what are the benefits and what are the harms, and what are the problems that you will have to face. Sannyas is not a calculated step. If it is, then you are thinking of the future, and it has nothing to do with sannyas.
Sannyas is a meditative jump, not a calculated step.
It is a mad jump. It is like falling in love: it happens "at first sight".
The moment real sannyasins come here -- they are here; many of you are real sannyasins -- it has happened as a love affair. They have not thought about it, they have not prepared for the future. They have taken the jump, and then

they will see whatsoever happens. They could not resist; there was no way to resist. They simply fell into it, they found themselves falling into it.

When you come to a Master be relaxed, be utterly open, be naked, don't hide -- because anyway nothing is going to remain hidden, so why bother? Why not show a gesture of trust? The Master is going to know. If he is worth anything, he is going to know. Then why hide? Then why create unnecessary problems and wastage of time? -- because, sometimes it happens that you say something :I have to listen to it just to be polite to you, just not to offend you unnecessarily, at least not in the beginning. Once you are trapped, it is another matter. But just when you are falling into the trap, I have to say yes to many foolish things, many false things. This is a wastage of time. Things can be settled more easily and your growth can happen very fast, but you delay it.

With the Master, don't be very verbal, because words, coming from an unenlightened mind, don't communicate. Rather, they camouflage. When you talk too much about something, that means you are trying to hide something. You go round and round, you create a great storm of words. You think you are trying to communicate. No, you are trying to hide behind the wall of the words; you are trying to hide something that you don't want to say, that you are afraid may be known if you remain silent, may surface if you are silent.

Watch yourself. When you are talking to people, what are you really doing? Are you communicating? Language is made to communicate, but is not used that way. Language is used to deceive, not to communicate. People are very

much afraid of being silent, because if they are silent, then their faces, their very presence may say something which they don't want to say. They feel better to go on talking so that both persons remain engaged in words and the realities remain behind the words, hidden.
Be very telegraphic when you are with a Master.

Dr. Abernathy, the famous Scottish surgeon, Was a man of few words, but once he met his match in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand, badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:
"Burn?"
"Bruise. "
"Poultice. "
The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:
"Better?"
'Worse."
"More poultice."
Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation ensued:
"Better?"
"Well. Fee?"
"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met! "

Be telegraphic. Say only that which is really worth saying. Don't ask unnecessary questions -- time is precious -- ask only the very necessary. Ask only that which makes a difference in your life.

Watch each gesture, because all is reflected. The way you walk, the way you sit, the way you look at the Master, each small gesture is indicative. It is all language. Your body has its own language.
Sometimes I see a person walking towards me very arrogantly, and the words that he speaks are very polite. The way he walks is arrogant, and that is far more true. He is not aware of that. The words that he uses are very polite, false. They are not true, because they are not in tune with his body. The body is less deceptive than the mind. You say one thing through your mouth, and your eyes are saying a totally different thing, a different story; and your eyes are more true than your words.
You say something, but the tone of saying is more relevant, more expressive than the actual words used. You may say yes in such a tone that it means no. You can say no in such a loving way that it means yes. Remember it: words are not so significant.
I have heard...

Mark Twain used to infuriate his wife with his habitual foul language. One day she hit on an idea: she would cure him with a taste of his own medicine. Bursting into his study, she said, "Why the hell do you have to leave your goddamn cigar butts all over the place?"
There was a pause, then Twain looked up from his writing and said, "My dear, you may have learned the words, but you will never get the tune."

... And the tune is the real thing.

It happens almost every day -- somebody says yes, but his whole being is saying no. Whom to believe? His words, or his whole being? And sometimes the opposite case also happens: somebody says, "No Osho, no," but his whole being is saying yes. Even the way he says no is so full of love that it doesn't mean no, it doesn't mean a negative. And sometimes you say, "Yes, okay, yes," but your yes is dull, dead; it really means no. You did not want to say yes, you are saying it under pressure. It is meaningless.
And my mirror goes on reflecting your totality, and I have to decide from there.

The conductor of a freight train sitting in the cupola of his caboose one day observed a tramp crawling up over a box car.
"Say," he said to the brakeman down in the caboose, "there is a bum down there on the sixth car. Run down and pitch him off. "
The brakeman crawled out over the caboose and started running down over the tops of the cars. When he reached the car the tramp was on, he yelled, "Look here, bo, I have come down here to kick you off, and I don't want no argument."
The tramp pulled a big forty-four out of an arm holster, saying, "That's all right, buddy. I got a little friend here that does all my arguing for me."
This was not so good, so the brakie returned to his caboose.
"Well, did you throw him off?" asked the conductor.
"No. He turned out to be a cousin of mine," said the brakeman, "and a man can't kick his own relatives off the train."

"Then I will go down and throw him off," said the conductor viciously.
He ran down over the cars and in a few minutes he came back and took his place in the cupola.
"Well, did you throw him off?" asked the brakeman.
"No. He turned out to be a cousin of mine too."

The man who has passed through all the states that you are passing through and has reached to the ultimate cannot be deceived. Whatsoever you say will be understood in its reality, not in the sense that you are saying it. Now what will this brakeman understand when the conductor says, "No, he turned out to be a cousin of mine too"?
The enlightened person is one who has lived through all kinds of states that you are passing through. He is fully aware of all possible human states. He has passed through all the agonies that you are passing. He has been as deceptive as you are, he has been lying to the world as much as you do, he has been as much of a pretender, as much of a hypocrite as you are. He knows all. He has lived all possible human existences; after thousands of lives he has arrived. Nothing is unknown to him.
So whenever you face an enlightened person, he starts reading you like a book. Your whole biography is written all over you -- in your body, in your mind, in your consciousness, in your unconsciousness. Your whole biography is available, and in a single instant it is available! You are mirrored in toto.

The story:

THEY ASKED FIRMANI, "HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT SUCH AND SUCH A MAN WAS VICIOUS? YOU REFUSED TO CONVERSE DEEPLY WITH HIM WHILE HE WAS HERE, ALTHOUGH EVERYONE SAID HE WAS A SAINT. "

Firmani is a famous Sufi mystic, a great Master; his disciples are asking him. Somebody must have come, a well-known saint, very much respected by people, worshiped. He had come to see Firmani, but Firmani did not pay much attention to him, did not bother even to commune with him deeply. The disciples are puzzled.

THEY ASKED FIRMANI, "HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT SUCH AND SUCH A MAN WAS VICIOUS?..."

There is no method for knowing. The Master simply reflects, just like the mirror. What is the method of the mirror for knowing your face? There is no method; the mirror reflects. If there is no dust on the mirror, it reflects perfectly. If there is too much dust, a layer of dust, then it doesn't reflect at all.
A Master is a consciousness without any dust, a consciousness without any content, a consciousness without thought process.
Thoughts are the layer of dust on your mind. It is because of thoughts, too many thoughts, that your reflections are not true to reality. They interfere, they continuously distort, they manipulate. They never allow the thing to be reflected as it is. Once thoughts have been dropped, once you have come to a point when your mind is contentless, you just

are, no thought moving in you, then nothing is distorted. Then the lake of your consciousness is absolutely still, no waves, not even ripples. Then the moon and the stars -- all are reflected in their great splendor. The lake becomes a mirror.

The difference between an enlightened person and an unenlightened person is only of this: the unenlightened person has a mirror in himself, but the mirror is behind layers and layers of dust, thoughts, desires, imaginations, memories, words, so nothing reaches to the mirror. And even if something at all reaches, it is not the same; all those layers distort it.

Just watch yourself, just a simple thing: if somebody says, "This man is the president of India," and immediately -- he may be, he may not be, that is irrelevant -- but somebody says, "This man is the president of India," and watch yourself, how you change immediately. Just the words "president of India"... and the man is the same!

Once it happened: A very beautiful man, Mahatma Bhagwandeen, came to the town where I used to live. He was making a small place for orphans, an orphanage. He wanted to collect some money, so he went to collect. The whole day the old man went from one shop to another shop, from one house to another house. He was a very simple man. All that he collected was not more than twelve rupees; he collected the whole day.

When he came back, very tired, I asked, "Where have you been the whole day?" He said, "I have been collecting, but it seems impossible -- in one day only twelve rupees. How long will it take for me?" I said, "You wait. This is not the

way to collect. " He said, "Then how should it be done?" I said, "You simply wait."
The next day I gave his picture to be published in the newspapers, saying that a great saint had come. Phone calls started coming: "We want to come for darshan." I said, "It is very difficult. The saint rarely gives darshan, but I will see." And many people came, but I didn't allow them to see him. In two, three days, it was the talk of the town: "A great saint has come, and he is not seeing anybody. "
Then I asked a few of my friends, "You go with him," so twenty or twenty-five persons followed him, there was a procession in the town. And wherever he went, the same places, and just three or four days before, the person had given him only four annas; now he gave him five hundred rupees. The same man -- but now he was a great saint, followed by twenty-five followers, with pictures in the newspaper, and a very rare man because he never gave audience to people. That day he collected near about eight thousand rupees. There is a lot of difference between twelve rupees and eight thousand rupees.
People's minds live through words. You live through words. Somebody says, "Watch! This man is a thief," and immediately you are totally different towards the man, you are no longer the same. Just a minute before you were so loving, kind, helpful; now you are withdrawn. Just a small word has distorted the whole thing. He may not be a thief. He may not be a saint.
But you live through words, you don't see reality as it is. If a painting is hanging somewhere, you may not see it. You may pass through the room every day and you may not see, and one day somebody says, "This is a Picasso," and then

just you see how your eyes are shining and you are standing there in front of the painting, mystified! "Picasso? A million dollar painting?" And it may be nothing. It may be just some madman who has painted it, but the idea that it is Picasso's painting is enough -- and it starts looking beautiful, it starts looking like something miraculous. That's how you are living.
You don't reflect reality. Your mind continuously distorts it. Whatsoever you have been told and taught and conditoned for, your mind functions in the service of it.

THEY ASKED FIRMANI, "HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT SUCH AND SUCH A MAN WAS VICIOUS?..."

There is no question of how. The Master simply reflects. He has no "method" to know; methods are needed by blind people. All that the Master is is enough; he need not do anything else. You come before him, and he knows. Knowing and your coming before him are simultaneous, not even a single instant is lost.

The disreputable-looking panhandler picked out an elderly gentleman of most benevolent aspect and made a plea for a small financial contribution. When he had finished his narrative of misery and woe, the elderly gentleman replied benignantly:
"My good friend, I have no money, but I can give you some good advice."
The tramp spat contemptuously, and uttered an oath of disgust.

"Well, if you ain't got no money," he said, turning away, "I reckon your advice ain't worth hearing."

Just a moment before, the man was immensely valuable, but now because he has no more money, no money at all, not even his advice is worth hearing; not even that much politeness can the beggar show.

You behave only according to a certain pattern and gestalt of your mind. You behave through your desires. If somebody fulfills your desire or you think can fulfill your desire, he is great.

In India they have a proverb: When in need, one can even call a donkey "father", bapu. When you are in need, then if even the donkey can fulfill your need, you have to call him bapu.

Since Morarji Desai has become the prime minister, people have started calling him bapu! He feels very, very thrilled; he enjoys when somebody calls him bapu. He should remember this proverb. This country has its wisdom in its proverbs. The same people will not take any note of Morarji Desai once he is out of power -- the same people that are calling him bapu, father.

The mind lives through desires. The mind lives through greed, fear, jealousy, ambition. The mind distorts. Because of the motivations, the mind distorts.

The Master is without any motivation. He has nothing to get from you. If the Master is desiring something from you, then he will not be a mirror, remember. If he desires anything, even respect from you, then too he will not be a mirror. If there is even a slight desire of any kind, then there are ripples and there is dust and he will not reflect

your true reality. Only the Master who has no desire from you, who is utterly fulfilled -- nothing is left that you can help him fulfill, that is needed, that you can give to him -- can reflect.
And the reflection is simply a happening; there is no method.

THEY ASKED FIRMANI, "HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT SUCH AND SUCH A MAN WAS VICIOUS?..."

It is simply known. Virtue is known, vice is known. The humble person reflects in the Master, and the arrogant. It is simply known. There is no need to know, or any effort, any endeavor to know. It just happens.

"... YOU REFUSED TO CONVERSE DEEPLY WITH HIM WHILE HE WAS HERE, ALTHOUGH EVERYONE SAID THAT HE WAS A SAINT. "

It doesn't matter what ordinary people say; they are ignorant. In fact, whatsoever they say is bound to be wrong. They are blind people. What do they know about light? Whatsoever they say about light is bound to be wrong. Although the majority consists of the ignorant people and the world is almost ruled by them, but still, whatsoever they say is wrong.
In the world of truth, democracy is not the deciding factor. Truth is not decided by votes; otherwise truth would never win, if it were to be decided by votes.
Truth happens to single individuals, rare individuals. They are always alone. Jesus was alone. Buddha was alone. Only

very few people followed them. The mob, the crowd remained against them because whatsoever they were saying was not possible for the mobs to understand. Even to have a glimpse of it was impossible.

Somebody was arguing with George Bernard Shaw -- a Christian -- and he was saying, "Christianity must be right because, look, one fourth of humanity believes in Christianity. How can it be wrong -- so many people believe in it?" And do you know what Bernard Shaw said? He said, "How can it be right if so many people believe in it?" And he has a point there: how can it be right if so many people believe in it?

Jesus was not believed by so many people. He had only twelve followers, real followers, and a hundred or so lay followers, and maybe a thousand or two thousand sympathizers, that's all. When he was crucified, the followers were in such a minority; they simply escaped. They could not protect him. They could not even raise a protest. They were in such a minority that they could not even go and see what was happening to their Master; they were afraid they would be killed themselves. Jesus remained alone.

Truth happens rarely, because very few people gather that much courage for it to happen. And what the masses say is almost always wrong; beware of it. If the masses believe that a certain man is a saint, beware. Every possibility is that he is a pretender. Because the masses believe in him is enough of a proof that he must be wrong. What is the logic behind it? The logic is that he is fulfilling the desires of the masses, and no man of truth can ever fulfill the desires of the masses.

The man of truth has another devotion: his devotion is towards truth. He has to fulfill truth, not the ideas of the masses -- and the ideas of the masses are ideas of blind people about light, ideas about music of those who are deaf, ideas about love of those who have never loved, ideas about God of those who have no notion of what God is. If these people are following somebody, one thing is certain: that man must be fulfilling their idea of saintlihood.

If the masses think that a saint should eat only once in a day, and you eat once in a day, they will worship you as a great man, a saint. All that you need is to fulfill their demand. And this is not very difficult, you can manage it. It needs only a little practice; you can eat only once.

And you will be surprised: the saints who eat only once have very big bellies. It is bound to be so because they eat too much. They eat once, so they have to at least fulfill the desire for eating three times in one time. They eat thrice as much. If the belly goes on becoming bigger and bigger, it is natural.

If you want to see a real picture of a belly you should look at Muktananda's guru, Nityananda. He has the belly, just the belly. The man seems to be unimportant; the head and et cetera are just added to the belly. Nityananda is just belly, and people worship him like a paramahansa, a great saint.

If you eat once you will eat too much because then for twenty-four hours you have to wait, or you will have to eat in the dark, when it is dark and night, and nobody looks at you -- but that is hypocrisy. I have been watching that happening too.

Once a Jaina nun came to see me. I was puzzled because she was not stinking. Jaina nuns stink because they cannot take a bath. That is the idea -- that the saint should not take a bath, because a bath means you are too much attached to the body: "Why this cleanliness?" Hippies should be happy that there has existed a great tradition of saints who never take a bath; but then naturally they stink.

The Jaina monks and nuns are not allowed to brush their teeth -- because that too is a kind of beautifying your face, and they are against the body in every way -- so when they talk... it is really difficult to face them.

This Jaina nun came to see me, and she was sitting close. I was afraid, but I was bewildered also. No smell was coming, and she even talked and there was no smell. I asked, "What is the matter? Be truthful with me! You must be cleaning your teeth. " She said, "Yes, but I have to do it hiding. " She showed me in her bag that Jaina monks and nuns carry -- just all their belongings are in their small bag -- toothpaste and a soap. She showed me; she said, "But these are not to be told to anybody, but to you I can say it. I cannot tolerate that stink. Even if I have to go to hell, I will go. But please don't say it to anybody. "

Now what are the masses doing to their saints? They have a certain demand, and the saint has to fulfill it. Either he becomes a hypocrite, he has to do something else against the demands and hide it.... And what a poor woman: she had not done any great crime, just having toothpaste. But it is a great crime according to the Jainas. And she takes a sponge bath, hiding; with just a wet towel she takes a sponge bath. She cannot go under the shower because her

hair will become wet and then people will come to know, and it will be difficult to maintain her image as a nun.
And I asked her, "Then why don't you leave all this nonsense?" She said, "But what else can I do? I became a nun when I was twelve years old. I have never been to any school, college, university; I am absolutely uneducated. If I leave, then who is going to feed me? Now I am worshiped. And then these same people will not be ready to give me even an ordinary cleaning job in their houses. They will be against me, they will persecute me, and I don't have any qualifications to earn my living. And for almost thirty years I have lived as a nun. Every care is being taken of me. Now at the age of forty-three suddenly dropping it and becoming a laborer will be difficult. I have lived in a kind of luxury, I have never worked, so it is better to continue. At least in this life I have to continue in this hypocrisy."
The masses worship people as saints only because they fulfill their demands. And their demands are neurotic, and only stupid people can fulfill their demands. A man of intelligence will never fulfill their demands. He will live in his own way; he will have the guts to live in his own way. Whether you think about him as a saint or not, who cares? The man of truth is satisfied with his truth. He does not need anything else.
People think in their own way. The masses are ignorant, are stupid, their expectations are ignorant and stupid, but that is natural. The real thing is the people who concede to their demands, who compromise with the masses -- THEM I cannot understand. They are selling their souls.

An old Jewish grandfather was making a tour of Europe with his grandson, and like all tourists, they visited the churches. In this one particular Catholic church, they came upon a painting called "The Christchild in the Manger". The old man stopped in front of it and after studying it for ten minutes, turned to his grandson and said, "So who is the woman in the picture?"
"My grandfather, that is Mary, the mother of the Christchild," said the grandson.
The old man just nodded and continued to study the picture and finally turned and said, "So who is the man in the picture?"
"My grandfather, that is Joseph, her husband."
Again the old man nodded and studied the picture and finally said, " So how come a child has to be born in a barn?"
"Well, grandfather, you know the story. Mary and Joseph came to the inn so poor that they had no money and they could only afford the barn. "
The old man nodded and turned to his grandson and said, "Tell me, is not that just like our people? Money for a hotel room they don't have, but money for a family picture they manage."

People think in their own way. They can't think beyond their own minds. Their minds are conditioned for generations. The disciples of Firmani said, "You refused to converse deeply with him while he was here, although everyone said he was a saint." That doesn't matter. Even if the whole world says he is a saint, the man who knows will

not agree. He will agree only if his mirror reflects and his mirror says that he is a saint; there is no other way.
People come to me -- good people, sincere people, honest people -- and they say, "Why are you against Mahatma Gandhi, because the whole world thinks that he is a saint?" I say, "The whole world may think he is a saint, but my mirror doesn't reflect that way -- and I have to be true to my mirror." Even if I have to say things which go against the whole world-mind, I have to say them. My commitment is to my own consciousness, my commitment is not to anybody else. What others say is irrelevant.
And the people who follow Mahatma Gandhi go on comparing him with Jesus, which is nonsense. And what is the reason they compare? The reason is because Jesus was crucified and Gandhi was also shot -- but there have been many people who have been shot. Kennedy was shot; he does not become a Jesus just because he was shot. And the difference is so vast. Jesus was crucified by the society; only a few people were for him, and the major part of his people were against him. Gandhi was shot by a single madman, and the whole society was for him. This is such a difference, so clear. Jesus was crucified by the society; only a few people, rare people, were with him. Just the opposite is the case with Mahatma Gandhi -- the whole society was for him, only one madman shot him.
Whenever there is a man of truth, the society is never with him, has never been with him. It cannot be. The society is with you only if you are very politically cunning, clever, if you somehow go on adjusting yourself with the society. That's what Mahatma Gandhi was doing his whole life --

trying to adjust himself with the society. Whatsoever were the demands of the society, he would adjust.
The man of truth is always in rebellion. He is always maladjusted. The society is against him.
And it doesn't matter whether one fool is with you or one thousand fools are with you or one million fools are with you. Number does not matter. Number makes no qualitative change.

Two Hebrews went into business together in a small town; one went to New York to buy the goods, and the other stayed at home. The one who stayed at home got the bills a few days after his partner was in New York. The bills were as follows:
24 doz. Neck Wear, and 8 doz. Ditto;
24 Suits and 4 Ditto;
18 Pants and 12 Ditto.
This Ditto bothered the one at home, so he telegraphed his partner to come immediately. When his partner arrived he showed him the bills and said, "Vat for do you mean you shall buy ditto for a clothing business?"
"I buy ditto?" asked the other.
"Yes, here's de bills."
"Vell, dey stuck me in New York."
So he returned to New York and learned that ditto meant "the same". He came back home, and his partner, meeting him at the depot, said, "Vell, Abie, did you find out vat ditto is?"
"Yes," said Abie, "I find out vat a ditto is: I am a damn fool, and you are ditto."

One fool or one thousand fools, it makes no difference. The Master is not concerned with the numbers. He is not concerned at all with the quantity, but only with the quality. Firmani had refused to talk with this so-called saint.

FIRMANI SAID, "IF A STRANGER COMES TO ORDINARY MEN AND SAYS, 'LIGHT IS MADE BY WEAVING. I WOVE ALL THE LIGHT THAT IS AND WAS,' WHAT DO THEY REALIZE?"
THEY ANSWERED, "THEY REALIZE THAT WHAT HE SAYS IS UNTRUE.
FIRMANI SAID, "SIMILARLY, WHEN A VICIOUS INDIVIDUAL ENTERS THE COMPANY OF A MAN OF KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO JUDGE HIS CONDITION, REGARDLESS OF WHAT PEOPLE IMAGINE OR SAY."

If somebody says to you that light is made by weaving and I wove all the light there is and was, what will you realize? You know that this is all nonsense. Just the statement in itself is so false that you need not bother about it, you need not think about it. It is so utterly false that the moment it is made it is known that it is false.
That's exactly what happens when you face a Master: whatsoever you go on shouting about yourself or others go on shouting about you makes no difference. He simply sees to the very core of your being. You are reflected in your totality, and that is decisive.
So it has happened many times that the traditionally accepted saints are not accepted by the enlightened people, and that creates a problem. There were great rabbis in

Jesus' time. They were accepted by the people, respected by the people, but Jesus did not accept them. That created the trouble. Those rabbis were the conspirators, the real conspirators, in killing Jesus.

When Buddha was here there were many saints -- this country is full of saints, it has always been full of saints -- but Buddha did not recognize those saints as saints. That created trouble. And the moment Buddha was gone, all those saints gathered together and uprooted his whole tradition from India, threw all Buddhism out. Thousands of Buddhists were killed, their temples burned, their scriptures destroyed, and who was behind all this? -- the so-called saints. When Buddha was alive they could not face him, but when he was gone, then they jumped upon it. They all became united. Different kinds of saints who have always been fighting and quarreling were all together at least on one point: to uproot Buddhism from India.

And this is the case again. You will be surprised: against me, the Hindu saint, the Mohammedan saint, the Christian saint, the Jaina saint, the Buddhist saint -- all are agreed. They don't agree on anything else -- their metaphysics are different, their principles are different, they don't agree on anything -- but on one thing they all agree: that I am wrong. Why do they all agree on one point? Because if I am right, then all their saintlihood is just hocus-pocus; then their so-called saintliness is nothing but a traditional way of living which is accepted by the ignorant. If I am right, then I am taking the very earth from beneath their feet. Their anger is understandable.

It has always been so, and it seems it is always going to be so. Ugly people don't like mirrors; they destroy mirrors,

because they think mirrors make them look ugly. They don't change their faces, because that is difficult and arduous. The easiest thing is to destroy the mirror and forget all about the mirror. Kill a Jesus, poison a Socrates, and you are free of the mirror. And then you can enjoy your illusory beauty, which is absolutely non-existential.

FIRMANI SAID, "SIMILARLY, WHEN A VICIOUS INDIVIDUAL ENTERS THE COMPANY OF A MAN OF KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO JUDGE HIS CONDITION.... " -- it is very apparent, it is obvious -- "regardless OF WHAT PEOPLE IMAGINE OR SAY."

A certain famous preacher when preaching one Sunday in the summertime observed that many among the congregation Were drowsing. Suddenly then, he paused, and afterward continued in a loud voice, relating an incident that had no connection whatever with the sermon. This was to the following effect:
"I was once riding along a country road. I came to the house of a farmer, and halted to observe one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen. There was a sow with a litter of ten little pigs. The sow and each of her offspring had a long curved horn growing out of the forehead between the ears."
The clergyman again paused and ran his eyes over the congregation. Everybody was now wide awake. He thereupon remarked:
"Behold how strange! A few minutes since, when I was telling you the truth, you went to sleep. But now when you heard a whopping lie, you are all wide awake."

The people live in lies, and when they hear a whopping lie they are all wide awake. The people live in lies, and whenever they find a saint who agrees with their lies, who agrees with their minds, who confirms them, they are all respectful. Great worship arises in their hearts, and great gratitude; they all bow down. It is a mutual understanding. The so-called saint is bowing down to the people because he is following their tradition and their rotten mind. And because he is following their tradition -- they think it is golden, they think this is the greatest religion -- and because he is following their religion, he is proving that they are right. Their egos are fulfilled: they bow down to the saint. This is a mutual arrangement to fulfill each other's egos.

If Jesus had said, "I am just a Jew, a rabbi," if he had only commented on the old scriptures and had lived according to the rules and regulations that the Jews had always believed, he would have been thought of as a great saint. But he started behaving eccentrically.

All Masters have done that. They look eccentric because they don't follow the settled path. They create their own footpath.

He started behaving in his own way; he started breaking the laws and regulations and the rules. He cured people on the day when the Jewish law says nothing should be done -- he cured people. Now he had not committed any sin, but the mind who lives in rituals, the legal mind, is offended: "He has to be punished."

Whatsoever he was doing was true religion, but the true religion will always go contrary to the traditional religion.

Why does it happen? -- because the traditional religion is not created by enlightened people. It is created by priests, as ignorant as everybody else.

Jesus was killed by the priests, and then again priests gathered around Jesus' words; they created another tradition: Christianity.

Just the other day I received a letter from a Christian missionary, well-known an over the world. He writes, "Whatsoever you say is beautiful, logical, appealing, but still, you are an evil force because you are not a Christian, and Christ has said that many false messiahs will come, and you are one of those. And they will be very convincing and their words will look like truth, but it will not be true." The missionary asked, "Can you prove that you are the second Christ? If not, then you are a false messiah. "

Buddha is a false messiah then, because he is not a second Christ; and Krishna too, and Kabir, and Bahaudin -- all are false messiahs. That's what Jewish rabbis were saying to Jesus! -- that he is a false messiah. "Can you prove," they were asking, "that you are the messiah we have been waiting for?" They were asking for proofs. Jesus was not proof enough; they wanted some proofs, solid proofs, maybe a written letter from God saying, "Yes, I appoint him; he is not a self-appointed messiah, he is appointed by me."

Jesus was present. They could not look at him, they could not feel him, they could not see him, they could not hear him, and they were asking for proofs.

Now the same thing again?

I am not a Christian. Certainly, I am not a Christian. Why should I be a Christian? My whole approach is either be a

Christ, or don't be a Christ, but what is the meaning of being a Christian? Christ-consciousness is one thing; being a Christian is just a plastic flower. I am not a Christian. And I am not the second coming of Christ! Why should I be anybody else's coming? I come on my own. I am not anybody's carbon copy.
Now the Christian is going to be against me, naturally. It always happens: the tradition is created by the same priests who kill, who destroy the truth when it is there walking on the earth. The same kind of priests gather together to make the temple, the church, the tradition, the scripture -- and again they will be against whenever truth will walk on the earth.
Remember it -- that truth has no tradition. Truth is a revolution. Truth is never conformist, it is always rebellion. And when you come to a Master you have come to a rebellion. You have come to fire! Be ready to be burned, because only when you are burned will you be born. Like a phoenix, you will be reborn, you will have a resurrection, a rebirth. "Die," Mohammed says, "before you die, so that you can be reborn."

The Secret

Chapter #14

Chapter title: Forget The Dancer And Be The Dance
24 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, I KEEP MEETING PEOPLE WHO CAN SEE AURAS, AND I FEEL I AM MISSING. WHAT CAN I DO TO SHARE THIS SIGHT?

Anand Buddha, God is not an experience. No experience as such is spiritual; all experiences are mind games. Beware of it. Whatsoever can be seen will be part of the illusory world. The seer is the truth, not the seen. You can see auras and you can see angels and you can see kundalini rising and you can see inner lights -- but they are all seen. They are not you.

The seer is the witness, and only the witness is the truth. All else is a dream. And there are worldly dreams and there are other-worldly dreams; there are materialistic dreams and there are spiritualistic dreams. One thing has to be remembered always, that whatsoever is seen is worthless -- even if it is God. The God that is seen is worthless.

When all experiences disappear and you are left utterly alone, nothing to see, only emptiness in the hands, no experience at all, then suddenly you realize yourself. Then you turn upon yourself, then you fall into your source. And that is not an experience, it is a realization. That is the difference between the words "experience" and "realization". It is not that you have seen something, experienced something. Now you know who you are.

The great Sufi mystic Maghrebi says,

Don't speak to us of visions and miracles, for we have long ago transcended such things.

We saw them all to be illusion and dreams, and dauntlessly we passed beyond them.

Anand Buddha, you will meet many people here who will go on playing these games. They are simply wasting their time. Avoid their company. I am going to attract all kinds of people, and particularly the people who are interested in spiritualism. They will bring all their diseases here. They will talk nonsense -- they will talk about miracles, psychic experiences. And naturally, when somebody talks about such things, you start feeling as if you are missing. You are not missing a thing, because he is only dreaming.

But he can create this feeling in you, that you are lacking something, that your growth is not going well, that you are not growing as fast as you should grow. He will create in you the feeling of inferiority, and that is dangerous. Once you start feeling inferior you become sad, depressed, you carry a heavy weight on your chest; and that will become a hindrance in your growth.

And every possibility is there that if you desire you will start seeing these things. Desire creates dreams. If you start thinking that you are missing, soon your mind will project. The mind is always ready to give you anything that you desire, and particularly such things. If you desire money it will be difficult because it is not only a question of your own mind. If you desire to become the president of a country it may not be easy because there may be much competition. But if you want to see auras there is no competition, and nobody can hinder you, and you are not taking somebody else's auras; you are creating your own. It is a private, idiotic world. This is the meaning of the word

"idiot": it means having a private world of one's own experiences which do not collaborate with reality.
I know a few people are here; they enjoy a kind of leadership because they can gather a few people around themselves. They start talking about esoteric things. And whenever somebody talks about esoteric things, hidden truths that you are not aware of, he enjoys being a knower and he reduces you to an ignorant person. It hurts. Soon you will also start talking and reading such nonsense books, and they are available in abundance.
Here, you are not to be with me to see auras, or to see lights, or to see kundalini energy rising, or the chakras opening. I am trying to hammer this truth into your heart continuously, that the only thing worth attaining is enlightenment, is nirvana, is the realization of who you are. Everything else has to be bypassed. And these things come on the way.
The mind tries to allure you to the very end. It gives beautiful psychedelic experiences, very colorful, enchanting. One can get stuck with them. LSD is nothing. If you go on working on your being you will find far deeper, far profounder-appearing experiences happening to you which no LSD can release.
And then the desire is to cling to them, and that very desire keeps you away from the ultimate truth. For the ultimate truth, everything has to be sacrificed, all so-called spiritual experiences, esoteric knowledge, miracles. Everything has to be dropped. One has to come to the ultimate experience -- which is not an experience....
Language is inadequate to express it; that's why it is called an "experience". It is not an experience, because in

experience there is a division of the experiencer and the experienced, and in this experience, the ultimate, there is no division. You are the knower, you are the known, you are the seer, you are the seen, you are the experiencer, you are the experienced -- only you are.
That absolute, still point of pure existence, that is the goal. All else has to be sacrificed for it. Beware of such things.
I have heard...

A man was telling his friend about his recent trip to Europe and said, "You know, I went to Europe with my friend Seymour -- you know Seymour, the cripple, the one with the crutches under each arm? Well, first we went to London where we visited the Tower of London. I climbed to the very top of it but poor Seymour, the cripple, the one with the crutches under each arm, he could not make it.
"Then we went to Paris, France, where again I climbed to the top of the Eiffel Tower -- but poor Seymour, the cripple, the one with the crutches under each arm, could not make it.
"But then we went to Rome and ended up with a private audience with the Pope. The Pope walked into the room, took one look at Seymour, the cripple, the one with the crutches under each arm, and walked over to him and placed a kiss on the right cheek of Seymour. As if by magic, Seymour threw his right crutch away.
"Then the Pope came over to Seymour's left cheek and gave him a kiss -- and again as if by magic, he threw his left crutch down."
"What happened next?" his friend asked.

"Well, Seymour is a cripple, you know -- he fell down right on his ass."

The second question:

Question 2
ISN'T WHAT YOU SAY BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF HUMAN CAPACITIES?

There are no boundaries to human capacities. All boundaries are our beliefs; there are no boundaries. Man is part of infinity, and the part is equal to the whole -- that is the law of higher mathematics. In the world of lower mathematics, the part is never equal to the whole, the part is smaller than the whole, obviously. In the world of higher mathematics, the part is equal to the whole, never smaller than the whole -- because the part is the whole. Just as the whole contains the part, the part contains the whole. They are not separate at all, nowhere separate. No boundary divides the part from the whole. It is one reality seen in two ways.
When you see the dewdrop, it is one way of seeing the ocean, that's all, because the dewdrop contains all that the whole ocean contains. If one dewdrop is understood, if you have analyzed one dewdrop, you have known all **The Secret**s of all the oceans, not only of this earth, but wherever the ocean exists, on other planets, on other earths. And scientists say there are at least fifty thousand planets where water exists, life exists. Wherever water exists, that one dewdrop has revealed to you the whole secret of all

possible oceans. Analyzing one dewdrop, you will come to the truth of H2O, and that contains all.
Man is a dewdrop, man contains the whole. There are no boundaries.
But if you believe in boundaries then they are; your belief creates them. You are as big as you believe yourself to be -- "As a man thinketh, so he is." And if you don't believe in anything, you are infinite, because no belief can be infinite. All beliefs are bound to be finite. The belief needs a definition; hence it will be finite -- howsoever big, but it will still be finite.
That's why I tell you again and again, drop all beliefs. In dropping beliefs you will be dropping all definitions, all boundaries, all limitations. When a person has dropped all beliefs, all thoughts, all desires, there is nothing to create the boundary. He is the whole.
That is the moment when Mansur shouted out of joy, "Ana el haq!" -- I am the truth

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, IN A RECENT ARTICLE IN THE INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE, WILLIAM BORDERS, A LONGTIME OBSERVER OF THIS COUNTRY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES' OFFICE IN NEW DELHI, WROTE OF HOW WE ARE AN EMBARRASSMENT TO "IMAGE-SHY INDIA". WHAT IS IT ABOUT INDIA THAT MAKES INDIANS SO CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR INTERNATIONAL IMAGE? AND WHY CANNOT INDIA BE PROUD OF

YOU? NEVER HAS THERE BEEN A RELIGIOUS LEADER IN HISTORY THAT HAS RECEIVED SO MUCH PUBLICITY ABROAD.

Krishna Prem, India is a very poor country. It has nothing else to claim except its so-called spirituality. That's its only ego. And each country needs a certain ego; otherwise the country need not exist. Each nation exists as an ego, and the ego needs some supports.

That's why I am against all kinds of nationalism, because its root is ego. It divides people, it makes people fight each other. It creates antagonism, enmity. I am against all nationalism, against all nations.

I would like to see one world where all these egos, the Indian and the Japanese and the German and the English and the French, have disappeared, because these are illnesses. The ego is like cancer, but even cancer needs something to feed upon; it cannot live on nothing. The ego needs something to nourish it.

The West can claim science, scientific knowledge, technology, great, beautiful Cities, good roads, aeroplanes, man's reaching to the moon, and a thousand and one things. The West has many things to support its ego, India has nothing. It can only claim spirituality. And that's its fear: that spirituality is also bogus.

It is very much afraid. If that spirituality is exposed as bogus, then it has nowhere to stand, no shelter; then it will fall flat on the ground. It respects, feels proud of, the people who go on claiming its spirituality and its spiritual greatness. It is proud of Vivekananda because he helps its ego to be strengthened. It is proud of Radhakrishnan. It is

proud of Mahatma Gandhi. They all give support to its illusory idea of being spiritual.

How can it be proud of me? I am taking the last prop away from it. I am telling the world that this whole spirituality that India claims is bogus.

Yes, there have been a few spiritual people in India, as there have been everywhere. There is nothing to claim, nothing special to claim about it. Yes, Buddha has been here and Mahavira has been here and Krishna has been here. But so what? Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu and Lieh Tzu have been in China; and Zarathustra and Moses and Ezekiel and John the Baptist and Jesus and Mohammed and Saint Francis.... You can go on counting hundreds of names from all over the world. It is nothing special to India.

This land is in no way more spiritual than any other land, but then it hurts. Then there is nothing left to claim, and the Indian ego feels hurt.

They are angry with me because I am telling them, "Whatsoever you are claiming is just holy cow dung. You are not spiritual. In fact, you are only hypocrites -- the greatest hypocrites in the world."

I have walked all over the country, from one corner to the other corner. I have watched the whole country very minutely. It is utterly materialistic, but it hides its materialism in a spiritual garb; and because of this spiritual claim, it cannot fulfill its materialist needs. And deep down it hankers for materialism, and on the surface it goes on pretending. India has that haughty look of holier-than-thou. It goes on believing that it has the claim to being the spiritual master of the whole world. It is all nonsense.

Spiritual people have been everywhere, spiritual people will go on happening everywhere. No society is spiritual yet; only individuals are. No nation is spiritual yet.
That's why, Krishna Prem, it cannot be proud of me. Only one Western woman, Nivedita, had come with Vivekananda, and India was very proud. Now, thousands of women and men have come to me, but India cannot be proud of it. Why? I am not in any way supporting its chauvinistic claims.
I am for one world. I am not an Indian and I am not a German and I am not a Chinese. I claim the whole world as mine, and I would like nations to disappear.
And if India really feels it has some claim to being spiritual, then let India disappear first. That will be proof. Let India disappear as a nation; let it become an international land. That will be proof, concrete proof. But people go on talking about non-violence in India, and go on preparing for war. They go on talking about brotherhood and the unity of all religions, and just go on doing the opposite of it.
Because I am exposing things as they are, because I am functioning like an x-ray, they are angry. Nobody likes the x-ray, because it reveals your bones, your skeleton, your skull; and you have been thinking yourself so beautiful and all that comes out is just a skeleton? So this is you? You become angry, you become annoyed. Their annoyance with me is understandable. I perfectly understand it.
India has lived for a thousand years under slavery. It has become very, very afraid of becoming a slave again. It knows that it has the capacity to become a slave at any moment. One thousand years of slavery is enough to prove

to the country that somehow we are missing in some qualities. A great inferiority complex has arisen out of these one thousand years. And whenever a country or a man or a race suffers from an inferiority complex, it starts pretending to be superior. The superiority complex is a way to avoid one's inferiority complex; that is a camouflage.

That's what India is doing now. It wants to pretend, claim, prove to the world that we are spiritually very superior. It is afraid. It has nothing to claim. It is afraid, very much fearful inside, and out of that fear it has to create a very bold face on the outside. Deep down there is a trembling that every day the country is going more and more into darkness, more and more into poverty and starvation. The future is bleak; there seems to be no future.

Now, how to avoid seeing this danger that is coming closer every moment? The only way is to look at the past: don't look at the future, turn your back towards the future; look at the past. Talk of the golden days -- ramrajya -- when there were rivers of milk and butter and honey in the country -- rivers -- and the whole country was a golden bird. Delight in that fantasy! -- which has no relevance to history, which has no truth in it. Yes, a few people have always been rich, but the major part of the country has always been poor.

But you can create your own past; nobody can prevent you. You can glory in your past; you can magnify it as big as you want. India delights in magnifying its past, in making it bigger and bigger, more and more golden -- just to avoid the future that is coming every moment. And any moment it will grip the whole country.

It happens almost always: when a person is dying, he starts thinking of the old beautiful days of childhood just to avoid

the death that is approaching. It is said that if somebody is drowning, he starts seeing his whole life revealed like a film. What really happens? He is dying; he is in pain, great anguish. He needs some consolation, he wants to forget about it all. Where to go? Except for the past, there is no other way. So India continuously goes into the past. When a nation is young it thinks of the future. When a nation is old and rotten it thinks of the past.

And I go on continuously saying that the past that the Indians think they had, they never had. They only believe in it, it is their fantasy; they paint it. They go on saying that in the old ancient days the people were so good that there was no need to lock your houses. There was no stealing, no thieves, no robbers. This is all nonsense.

Then to whom was Buddha saying "Don't steal"? Then to whom was he teaching? To us? Twenty-five centuries before, he was talking to us? For forty-two years continuously, day in, day out, he was moving in the country and telling people, "Don't steal. That is a great sin; you will suffer in hell. Don't lie, otherwise you will suffer in hell. Don't be violent. Don't be jealous. Don't murder. Don't hurt. Don't commit suicide." To whom was he talking?

And it is not only that Buddha was saying that. You can go as far back as possible; even in the Vedas the same teaching is available.

When some teaching is there it means it had some relevance. Just as people are now, they were then. Buddha was not a madman, Mahavira was not a madman. If people were already non-violent, peaceful, loving, to whom were they talking about non-violence, who were they teaching? And it was not just once in a while. Their whole life they

were doing only one thing: teaching people non-violence. People must have been utterly violent.

The moral teaching has not changed; it is the same as it was before. That simply means people are the same as they were before. People were as possessive, as desirous of things, as they are now. Certainly, they desired different things because those things were available to them. They could not have desired an aeroplane, that is true, but they all desired beautiful golden chariots, they desired beautiful palaces. It is the same. The object of the desire does not make any difference.

As far as I see, the ordinary man has always been the same. And as far as those few people who became enlightened are concerned, they have also always been the same. Buddha happening twenty-five centuries before or today; it is the same. And the unenlightened person of five thousand years before and of today is the same; there is no difference at all. There are only two kinds of people: the enlightened and the unenlightened. The unenlightened has persisted in his own way. The enlightened persons have always been the same wherever they have existed; their taste is the same.

But India is afraid of the future -- which is coming with great speed. The population is growing every day. Each day brings more and more misery and more and more starvation, more and more people to be fed, clothed, sheltered. And people who are already here are starving. The future seems to be absolutely dark.

Now what to do in such a situation? The easiest, although foolish, way -- but the easiest -- is to glorify the past, to keep yourself intoxicated with the past. Hence they are angry at me because I destroy their fantasies. I say if the

future is coming and it is bleak, then it is better to see it. The sooner you do, the better, because something can still be done. And I don't think that nothing is possible, but this ostrich-type mind which avoids seeing it will not be able to do a thing.

I want that our eyes should be focused on the future. Forget the past; it is gone and gone forever and there is no point wasting time with it. Stop reading your scriptures parrot-like. Don't go on continuously repeating the old, because it is not going to help in the future. For the future, you will need a new mind because the crisis that is coming on is so new, you will need a totally different approach.

Nobody wants to see it, and I would force people to see it, because the sooner it is looked into, the better. Something can still be done. I don't think that it is impossible; I am not a pessimist. The situation is bad, but I am an optimist. I have hope that something can be done.

And maybe these are the moments when countries change, when people change: when a crisis comes over, the very challenge can become a breakthrough. This opportunity has to be used.

But to face the future and not to be destroyed by it needs courage, needs intelligence, needs new orientations of the mind. That's what I am trying to do. The Indian mind has to reorient itself.

For example, it should stop talking about distributing the wealth. There is no wealth to distribute. It should start creating wealth. How to create wealth? Open the doors of the country to all countries, to international sources of wealth, so they can start pouring in. For thirty years this country has been doing just the opposite: preventing

foreign capital from coming into the country -- afraid. Invite foreign capital, make every guarantee that their capital will be safe. And the whole world is interested because much capital is lying around the world uselessly. That capital needs to be used. But in the West, in fact, now there is no scope for spreading.

India can become a really flowering country if the wealth pours in from all the sources. But it is very afraid. It is afraid of America; if American wealth comes in, it is afraid that we may be overpowered by it. There is no need to be afraid. America is not interested in overpowering any country politically. America's whole interest is how to create more wealth for itself. You can create wealth for yourself and for America too; both will be benefited.

But this country has been following a foreign policy of remaining neutral, which is wrong. You need friends. If you remain neutral you will not have any friends. This country needs all the friends possible. Neutrality creates suspicion in people. That means you are with nobody and nobody wants to be with you. This country has become isolated; these thirty years the country has remained like an isolated part of the world, closed.

Open your doors. Let the wind and the sun and the rain come in. Open your doors. Invite Western technology to help you to develop. Let the wealth pour in from every nook and corner, and make it certain that their wealth will be secure.

But it is very much afraid: and the fear is that if you take help from others that again exposes your inferiority, so you have to do everything on your own. And this country has never been technological, so it has no technological mind.

But you have to do it on your own. Even if you mess up everything you have to do it on your own, so you can keep a face in the world that "We are doing it on our own," that "We don't need anybody's help." This is an egoistic attitude.

This whole world now has to be interdependent. All ideas of independence and dependence are out of date. Forget about them. The world is now one organic unity; it is already one organic unity. Your nations are just fading realities, overshadowing the present and the future unnecessarily, just dead bodies, stinking. They have to be burned and thrown away.

This world now is one, and the question of dependence, independence does not arise. It is an interdependent world. Let this word become very significant; it is going to become significant in the future. The world is interdependent. There are a few things we can fulfill for others, there are a few things others can fulfill for us, and there is no question of ego involved.

We know the technology of the inner. If the West wants to understand about meditation, we can help. We can make them astronauts of the inner. But Indians trying to reach the moon on their own; it will never be possible, it is impossible.

The only way for the Indians to reach the moon will be to stand on each other's shoulders and try!

Just as the West is ignorant of the inner world, the East is ignorant of the outer world. We can combine. A great friendship is needed. You can watch; it has happened already.

Japan is more affluent than it ever was. Just because of the Second World War, it came in contact with American technology. Now it is one of the richest countries of the world. In the East it is the richest. It has happened very illogically, because a country is destroyed in a war, and Japan was the first country in human history that was utterly devastated and destroyed. The atom bomb was tried on it. But out of that destruction Japan was born, a new Japan was born. America has helped it technologically. And that has been the case in Germany too. The part that has come under American influence has become very rich, one of the richest countries in the world, and the part that has gone to the communist bloc remains as poor as ever.

I have heard, a Jew suggested in the Jewish parliament, "The only way for us to become rich is to declare war against America." Now, Israel declaring war against America -- the whole parliament laughed. "Have you gone mad?" they said. "How can we win?" The man said, "There is no need to win. If we are defeated, then American technology will be available just as it has been available to Japan and Germany. If we are defeated, we will become the richest country in the world. And by chance, by luck, if we are not defeated and we become the winners, then certainly we will be the richest country in the world. So we have nothing to lose either way. If we win, we win; if we are defeated, then too we are victorious."

India needs Western technology, and India needs to be aware that you cannot become rich on your own. You don't know how. For five thousand years you have become accustomed to poverty. You have taken it for granted; it has become your way of life. You have even started praising it.

You think to be poor is somehow spiritual, to be ill is somehow spiritual.

It happens, when a country has remained poor for thousands of years, it starts claiming something special in its poverty. It happens to you individually too. If a man is poor and cannot get rich, he starts bragging, "I don't want to become rich 'the grapes are sour' -- who bothers to become rich? I am happy in my poverty; poverty has something special in it. In fact, you are missing something; I am not missing." These are the rationalizations.

I would like to see India holding hands with the West in deep friendship, helping them towards the inner search, which is becoming more and more passionate every day in the West, which always becomes so whenever a country becomes affluent.

Now the West wants to know "Who am I?" We have all the technology for it. For five thousand years we have done only that and nothing else. We can release a new energy, a new impetus and momentum, to spiritual growth; just as the West can release a great energy to the East for materialistic growth.

But for that you will have to drop your stupid anti-materialistic attitudes. You will have to come down to the earth. You will have to become earthy, sensuous, intelligent.

I teach a sensuous religion. That's why Indians are against me. I teach an earthy religion, rooted in the earth. Yes, raise your branches into the sky, let your flowers bloom into the clouds, but get your roots deep into the earth; otherwise there will be no flowering. A real religion cannot be only af

the sky, and it cannot be only of the earth. A real religion is always a meeting of the earth and the sky.

I am a meeting of the earth and the sky, and that is the problem. They cannot be proud of me; they think I am a Charvaka, a materialist like Epicurus, that my philosophy is of "Eat, drink, and be merry." Yes, that too is part of my philosophy, but just a part. I am not against eating, drinking, and merrying. Eat, drink, and be merry -- but that's not all. When you have eaten enough, and drunk enough, and you have "merried" enough, then something higher is waiting. And only then is something higher possible. When the earthly part in you is satisfied, contented, then the sky claims you, then the unknown. claims you, then begins the real pilgrimage of the soul.

I am earthy. I teach a sensuous religion, a religion which is not against the body, which is not against matter, which is not against the world. My religion is big enough -- it contains all. It is inclusive, it includes all. It does not exclude anything. It is as inclusive as God himself.

God includes all, certainly. The earth must be in God, otherwise how can the earth exist? And God must be in the earth, otherwise how can the earth remain alive?

I am teaching a new religion because, in the old days, India became hung up too much in the sky, with the clouds; it forgot how to grow roots in the earth. It becomes angry, it is annoyed, it cannot be proud of me. I appear to be an enemy who is going to destroy its great tradition, as if I am against its spirituality. I am not, but the spirituality is possible only if it is based, founded, in a scientific materialism.

And you ask, Krishna Prem, why it is so "image-shy", It is so image-shy because it knows its hypocrisies. Only a hypocrite is image-shy. The true person never is. The true person can stand naked under the sun, he is available, he has nothing to fear. He is as he is; he has never pretended otherwise. But a person who pretends is always afraid because his image is false. He is afraid: if somebody looks deeper, comes closer, then the image will be gone, then the reality will be found; and the reality is just the contrary. Only the hypocrite is afraid of being found out. India is very much afraid -- afraid that its image can be shattered very easily. It is a very poor, impotent image that can be shattered so easily. It seems it has no soul, no vitality in it. When you are true you are ready and available. You need not be worried. You are rooted in your being; you trust yourself. India does not trust itself; that's why it is afraid. Just think -- I am only one of my type. India has thousands of "mahatmas". They are afraid I will destroy their in age, and what are your thousands and thousands of mahatmas doing? They are creating your image. Thousands of mahatmas are creating, and only one madman is destroying it; why are you afraid? How can I destroy it?

But they know that even those thousands creating the image can be defeated by a single person because their image is just a dream. It is not true, it is not real. They are too apprehensive. If the world comes to know the reality of the Indian mind, then what will happen to their bragging, that they have been doing down the ages, that "We are the most spiritual people of the world"?

Why should you be afraid? Why should one single man like me be feared? But the reason is clear: when truth is there it

can destroy the lies. Even if the lies are repeated by millions of people, a single truth is enough to shatter those lies. Otherwise give me freedom as you have given freedom to your other mahatmas. Let me do my experiment, you go on doing your experiment, and whosoever is true is going to win. Why be so afraid? If I am untrue, my untruth will undo me. If you are true, you will win.

The Indian government has its motto: Satyamew Jayate -- Truth Is Always Victorious. Then why be afraid? Truth will be victorious.

Just the other day, Neervana received a letter from the Indian embassy in America. He had applied for a visa. The letter has refused the visa, and the reason given is that "If you had asked for the visa to visit and stay in some institution other than the Rajneesh Ashram, you would have got it, but we cannot give it to you for this. You have asked to stay in a wrong kind of institution. "

Satyamew Jayate -- Truth Is Always Victorious.

Why are you so afraid? Let people come and see. It is better that they come and see the untruth of my being, and then they will not come to me at all.

And you have thousands of other institutions which are supported by the government, which are supported by the masses. I am not supported by anybody. Neither do the masses support me nor does the government. I am not supported by anybody; I exist on my own. My people exist on their own. We don't live on anybody's charity.

Why be afraid of us? But the reason is there: even a small ray of truth is enough to destroy the whole ocean of darkness.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, WHY ARE YOU SO HARD ON POLITICIANS?

I will tell you a story. That will be my answer.

A man bought a very well-bred and expensive young donkey, but upon his return home with it, found it resisted all his efforts to saddle it, let alone carry his goods. Finally, in frustration, he took it to a donkey-trainer of some renown.
"This hayburner cost me a packet and won't do a damn thing. You reckon you can help?"
Without answering, the trainer seized a length of 3 x 2 and smote the beast squarely between the eyes, knocking it back on its haunches.
"A thousand bloody dollars and you attack it with a Piece of wood?" shrieked the distraught owner.
"Listen," replied the other calmly, "when you are dealing with a donkey, the first thing you gotta do is get his attention."

The fifth question:

Question 5
I FREQUENTLY HEAR YOU SPEAK ABOUT REBELLION. THE PRIESTS AND NUNS AND RELATIVES THAT SHAPED MY TRAINING ARE NOW OLD AND DRIED UP. MOST ARE DEAD. IT

SEEMS WORTHLESS TO REBEL AGAINST THOSE HELPLESS OLD PEOPLE.
I AM NOW THE PRIEST AND THE DOCTRINES. I FEEL THAT TO REBEL AGAINST ANYTHING OUTSIDE MYSELF IS A WASTE OF TIME AND JUST SIMPLY NOT TO THE POINT. THIS MAKES THE SITUATION MUCH MORE FRUSTRATING AND ENTANGLED. IT SEEMS THE SELF MUST REBEL AGAINST THE SELF. I ACCEPT THAT IT IS NOT THE ESSENTIAL SELF -- THE ORIGINAL FACE -- THAT HAS TO DO THE REBELLING. IT IS THE TRAINED SELF -- THE SUBTERFUGE. BUT THAT IS THE ONLY "SELF" I HAVE OR KNOW WITH WHICH TO DO THE REBELLING. HOW DOES THE SUBTERFUGE REBEL AGAINST THE SUBTERFUGE?

Premananda, the rebellion I am talking about is not to be done against anybody. It is not really a rebellion, but only an understanding. You are not to fight with the outer priests, nuns, parents, no. And you are not to fight, either, with the inner priests, nuns, parents. Because outer or inner, it doesn't matter, they are separate from you. The outer is separate, the inner too is separate. The inner is only the reflection of the outer.
You are perfectly right in saying, "It seems worthless to rebel against those helpless old people." I am not telling you to rebel against those old, helpless people. And I am not telling you, either, to rebel against all that they have put inside you. If you rebel against your own mind it will be a reaction, not a rebellion. Note the difference. A reaction is out of anger; a reaction is violent. In a reaction you become

blind with rage. In a reaction you start moving to the other extreme.

For example, if your parents have been teaching you to be clean and take a bath every day, and this and that, and you have been taught from the very beginning that cleanliness is next to God, and one day you start rebelling, what will you do? You will stop taking a bath. You will start living in filth.

That's what hippies go on doing all over the world. They think this is rebellion. Now they have moved to the other extreme. They were taught cleanliness is next to God; now they are thinking that filthiness is next to God, dirtiness is next to God. From one extreme they have moved to the other. This is not rebellion. This is rage, this is anger, this is revenge.

And while reacting to your parents and their so-called ideas of cleanliness, you are still attached to the same idea. It is still haunting you, it is still powerful over you, it is still dominant, it is still decisive. It still decides your life, although you have become the opposite of it; but it decides. You cannot take a bath easily; you are reminded of your parents who used to force you to take a bath every day. Now you don't take a bath at all.

Who is dominating you? Your parents, still. Still, what they have done to you, you have not been able to undo. This is reaction, this is not rebellion.

Then what is rebellion? Rebellion is pure understanding. You simply understand what is the case. Then you are no more neurotically obsessed with cleanliness, that's all. You don't become unclean. Cleanliness has its own beauty. One should not be obsessed by it, because obsession is ill.

For example, a person continuously washing his hands the whole day -- then he is neurotic. Washing of the hands is not bad, but just washing your hands the whole day is mad. But from washing your hands the whole day, if you move to non-washing, you stop washing forever, then again you are trapped in another kind of madness, the opposite kind. The man of understanding washes his hands when it is needed. When it is not needed, he is not obsessed with it. He is simply natural, spontaneous about it. He lives intelligently, that's all.

For example, there is not much difference in obsession and intelligence if you don't watch very minutely. If you come across a snake on the road and you jump, naturally you jump out of fear. But this fear is intelligence. If you are unintelligent, stupid, then you will not jump out of the way and you will unnecessarily invite danger into your life. The intelligent person will jump immediately -- the snake is there. It is out of fear, but this fear is intelligent, positive, life-serving.

But this fear can become obsessive. For example, you cannot sit in a house. Who knows? It may fall. And houses have been known to fall, that is true. Sometimes they have fallen; you are not absolutely wrong. You can argue that, "If other houses have fallen, why not this?" Now you are afraid to live under any roof -- it may fall. This is obsession. Now it is becoming unintelligent.

It is good to be aware that you eat clean food. But I know a man, a great poet.... Once he traveled with me. His wife told me, "Now you will know how difficult it is to live with this man." I said, "What is the matter?" She said, "You will know yourself." He would not drink any tea, any water,

anywhere. It was so difficult, because he would say, "Who knows, if there are germs in the tea or the water?" He would not eat in any hotel. It was such a problem. And we had to travel for thirty-six hours in the train, and he was starving and thirsty and he would not drink water.

I tried in every way to persuade him. He said, "No. Who knows, if there are germs, then? It is better," he said, "to starve for thirty-six hours and not to eat. I am not going to die; don't be worried." But I could see the man was torturing himself. It was hot summer and he was thirsty. And I tried in every station -- I brought soda, I brought Coca-Cola, and everything. He said, "Forget all about it -- I cannot take anything unless I am absolutely certain. What is the certainty? What is the guarantee?"

And he is not absolutely wrong, that is true. You know India, and you know Indian stations and Indian hotels. You know. He is right, but now this is carrying the logic too far. Then I told him, "Stop breathing too!" He said, "Why?" I said, "Who knows, what is the guarantee? Stop breathing! Either drink this water or stop breathing!" Then he was brought to his senses, because I was really angry. "Why do you go on breathing? Who knows, there may be germs, there are germs everywhere."

He drank a cup of tea, but the way he drank! His face... I cannot forget. It has been ten years by now, but I cannot forget his face -- as if I was killing him! I was murderous! And he was obliging me!

And at the next station, he got down and he said, "I cannot travel with you; I will go back home." I said, "What is the matter?" He said, "You were so angry, and it seemed that you would start beating me or something. And you

said,'Don't breathe anymore.' How can I stop breathing?" I said, "I was just giving you an argument, that if you can breathe, then why not drink the water? It is the same Indian water as the Indian air. Don't be worried."
He refused to travel with me. I had to travel alone. He went back, and since then I have not seen him.
One can become obsessive about anything. Anything that may be intelligent within boundaries may become neurotic if you stretch it too far. Reaction is moving to the other extreme. Rebellion is a very deep understanding, profound understanding, of a certain phenomenon. And rebellion always keeps you in the middle; it gives you balance.
You are not to fight with anybody, the nuns and the priests and the parents, outside or inner. You are not to fight with anybody, because in a fight you will not know where to stop. In a fight one loses awareness; in a fight one starts moving to the extreme. You can watch it.
For example, just sitting with your friends, by the way, you say, "That movie I went to yesterday was not worth seeing." You may have mentioned it just by the way, but then somebody says, "You are wrong. I have also seen the movie. It is one of the most beautiful pictures ever made." Now you are provoked, challenged; you become argumentative. You say, "It is worthless, the most worthless thing!" And you start criticizing. And if the other also insists, you become more and more angry and you start saying things you have not even thought about. And later on if you go backwards and see the whole phenomenon that had happened, you will be surprised that when you had mentioned that it was not worth going to, it was a very mild statement, but by the time you finished with the argument,

you had moved to the extreme. You had used all that was possible, all the nasty words that you know. You could condemn in any way; you used all your skill of condemnation. And you were not ready to do it in the beginning. If nobody had opposed you, you might have forgotten all about it, you might never have made such strong statements.

It happens -- when you start fighting you tend to move to the extreme.

I am not teaching you to fight with your conditionings. Understand them. Become more intelligent about them. Just see how they dominate you, how they influence your behavior, how they have shaped your personality, how they go on affecting you from the back door. Just watch! Be meditative. And one day, when you have seen the working of your conditionings, suddenly a balance is attained. In your very understanding you are free.

Understanding is freedom, and that freedom I call rebellion. The real rebel is not a fighter; he is a man of understanding. He simply grows in intelligence, not in anger, not in rage. You cannot transform yourself by being angry against your past. Then the past will continue to dominate you, then the past will remain the center of your being, the past will remain your focus. You will remain focused, attached to the past. You may move to the very other extreme, but still you will be attached to the past.

Beware of it! That is not the way of a meditator; that is not the way of a sannyasin. Sannyas is rebellion -- rebellion through understanding. Just understand.

You pass by the side of a church and a deep desire arises in you to go inside and pray. Or you pass by the side of a

temple and unconsciously you bow down to the deity of the temple. Just watch. Why are you doing these things? I am not saying to fight. I am saying to watch. Why do you bow down to the temple? -- because you were taught that this temple is the right temple, that the deity of this temple is the real image of God. Do you know? Or have you just been told and you have been following it? Watch!

Seeing it, that you are just repeating a program that has been given to you, that you are just playing a tape in your head, that you are being automatic, robot-like, you will stop bowing. Not that you will have to make any effort, you will simply forget all about it. It will disappear, it will leave you without any trace.

In reaction the trace is there. In rebellion there is no trace; it is utter freedom.

And you also ask, Premananda, "Who is to fight with whom?" Hmm? That question arises only if it has to be a fight. Because it is not going to be a fight, the question does not arise.

You have just to be a witness. And the witnessing is your original face; the one who witnesses is your real consciousness. That which is witnessed is conditioning. The one who witnesses is the divine source of your being.

The sixth question:

Question 6

I WANT TO GIVE BIRTH TO A BUDDHA. THAT'S MY ONLY DESIRE IN LIFE, TO BECOME THE MOTHER OF A BUDDHA. OSHO, IS IT POSSIBLE?

First become a Buddha; then maybe a Buddha is born out of you. But the desire to give birth to a Buddha is utterly futile. That is again an ego trip, that "I should become the mother of a Buddha." The very desire will be the hindrance.

Yes, you can become a mother of a Buddha, but the first requirement is :YOU become a Buddha. And it has also happened that a Buddha is born to a woman who is not a Buddha. But one thing is certain: she was not desiring. She may not have been a Buddha, but she was not desiring a Buddha. Buddha can be born to a woman if there is no desire, if the woman is innocent. Desire makes you cunning.

Now this desire is again an ambition. Somebody wants to become the president of a country, somebody wants to be the richest man in the world -- you want to become the mother of a Buddha. Why?

All becoming, all desire for the future, is an extension of the ego. And if there is such a desire, it will destroy your whole life. And then it is futile too, because I have never heard, it is not reported anywhere in any scripture of the world, that a woman wanted to give birth to a Buddha and she succeeded.

Buddhas were born, but they were born to women who were completely innocent, unaware. If you deliberately want to do it, there is no possibility.

Become meditative, become more silent, more still, more loving, more compassionate. Befriend existence, trust life, live in the moment, and then whatsoever happens is good. If God wills a Buddha through you, good; if he does not will a Buddha through you, that too is perfectly good.

And even if a child born to you-becomes a Buddha, how is it going to help you? How is it going to make you free? It is not going to help you at all; you will remain in the same rut. You will go on moving in the same vicious circle of life and death. Gautam Buddha's mother has not yet become a Buddha; Mahavira's mother is still moving in the same vicious circle, has not yet attained, so that is not going to help you in any way.

And remember, when a soul enters into a woman's womb, it can enter only if the womb is suitable for it, if the womb somehow is harmonious with the rhythm of the soul. To give birth to an Adolf Hitler a different kind of mother is needed; to give birth to a Buddha, certainly a different kind of mother is needed, because the womb attracts only something harmonious to it, and the soul -- a higher soul -- can enter only in a higher womb.

Drop all these desires. Start becoming a Buddha on your own. And then it is possible, because Buddhas after all need wombs. And nothing is wrong with your womb, but create a holy womb. Remember always the old proverb, "The tree is known by the fruit." Only a mango tree can give mango fruits. You can know about the tree by the fruits. You cannot give birth to something which you are not.

I have heard:

An elderly widower had himself fitted out with a full set of monkey glands, and a short while later remarried.

A year passed, and the night was an eventful one. Outside the bedroom door paced up and down, up and down, the rejuvenated husband. At last a door opened and the nurse

appeared, but before the man could stop her she had brushed past and was on her way downstairs. After a time the doctor came out.
"Oh, tell me, doctor, tell me," exclaimed the anxious husband, "is it a boy or a girl?"
"We don't know yet, " answered the doctor.
"Don't know yet?"
"No, we have not been able to get the little devil down off the chandelier."

Now when you are fitted with monkey glands, what more can you expect?
Create a climate within you, create a spring within you. Become meditative, more and more meditative. And the first requirement of becoming meditative is not to desire at all, not even for God. Not to desire at all -- that is the most fundamental principle of meditation.
Desire always leads you into tense states of mind. Desire is tension; non-desire is relaxation.
Forget all about the Buddha, and giving birth to a Buddha. Why should you get in such a trouble? You become the Buddha; you owe it to yourself. Your only responsibility is towards yourself. If some Buddha wants to be born, he will find a way; that is his problem. He will find a way and a womb. Why should you be worried?
But don't waste your time in unnecessary desires. And watch. The mind is so cunning, it can give you such beautiful desires, such spiritual desires, that you almost forget that they are also desires, and desires are desires. All desires are the same.

Now there are many women here -- that's why I have answered this question -- who are hoping that someday I will permit my sannyasins to give birth to Buddhas. They go on writing letters to me that "Osho, should I get sterilized or not? If someday you feel that I am ready to give birth to a Buddha, then what, if I am sterilized? Should I wait?"

Don't bother. Buddhas will find their ways, and there are so many women in the world. If you feel that it is going to help you on your own spiritual path, in your own growth, then be sterilized. Nothing to be worried about. If you feel this will keep you away from unnecessary troubles and unnecessary responsibilities, it is perfectly good. Your only responsibility is towards yourself.

You become a Buddha! I am here to help you to become Buddhas. Don't bother about becoming fathers and mothers of Buddhas. There are many other foolish people who can do this.

The last question:

Question 7
WHY DO THE SUFIS DANCE?

Yes, it is a pertinent question. Buddhists only sit silently. Why do Sufis dance? Zen people only meditate, sitting silently, not doing a thing, doing nothing -- just sitting silently? spring comes, and the grass grows by itself. But Sufis dance.

These are the two different paths, because there are two types of energy in the world: the positive and the negative,

male and female, yin and yang. Zen people use the negative energy; they use the passive path. Sufis use the positive energy; they use the active path. They are very vibrant people. Their meditation is not of passivity; their meditation is that of ecstasy.

Both are ways you can reach to the same goal, because the goal is exactly in the middle. The positive is one extreme, the negative the other extreme. Between the positive and the negative there is a middle point, exactly in the middle, from where transformation happens -- one transcends the world and everything -- from where one enters into God and becomes God.

If you feel that you are on the negative pole already, a passive type, then follow Zen and start moving deeply in your passivity, and one day you will reach the middle. Or if you feel that you are an active person, full of energy, youth, positivity, that sitting silently is very difficult, unnecessarily a torture, then dance, follow the Sufis' way. And I go on speaking on Zen and Sufism again and again so that all kinds of people are helped here. You have to choose. You have to watch yourself, your energy, and then you choose. Both are valid ways, both lead to the same goal.

Rumi says, "Hey I Drink this fine fiery wine, these needles of fire, and fall so drunk that you will not wake on the Day of Resurrection."

The way of the Sufi is the way of the drunkard, the dancer, who becomes almost intoxicated in his dancing, who is transported through his dance. He is inebriated; his dance is psychedelic.

It is said that Mohammed once said to Ali, "You are of me, and I am of you. " When he heard this, Ali became ecstatic and involuntarily started dancing. What else can you do, when a man like Mohammed says to you, "You are of me, and I am of you"? How to receive this? Ali did well.
And remember, it is not anything that he did. It was involuntary. He started dancing; out of ecstasy the dance started flowing.
Another time, Mohammed said to Jafar, "You are like me in both looks and character. " Here again, in wajd, Jafar started dancing. What else to do? When Mohammed must have looked into the eyes of Jafar, wajd, samadhi, was created, the transfer beyond the scriptures happened. How to receive this? How not to dance? It would have been impossible not to dance. Jafar danced.
It is said, "The enrapturing of the Sufi by God, or rather the 'pull' of God, keeps the Sufi continually in spiritual, inner dance and movement...." It is not that the Sufi dances -- God keeps dancing in him. What can he do?
".... Whenever a wave of such divine rapture strikes the heart of the Sufi, it creates great waves in the lake of his inner being...." He is just a receptacle. To say that the Sufi is dancing is not right. The Sufi is being danced. He cannot help it, he is helpless. Something is pouring into him and it is too much; it starts overflowing in his dancing and singing.
"This, in turn, causes his body to move. Upon seeing such movement non-Sufis have often supposed that the Sufi is dancing. In reality, however, it is the waves of the ocean of God that are tossing and turning the anchorless vessel that is the heart of the Sufi."

On the surface, from the outside, the Sufi seems to be dancing. But he is not dancing, because there is no dancer. It is pure dance. God has taken possession of him. The Sufi is drunk, intoxicated. His state is that of non-being. He is anchorless. The waves of the ocean toss and turn. First his inner being is stirred, great joy arises there; and then it starts spreading towards his body.
That's what you are doing with Aneeta; that's what is happening to Aneeta. You are participating in something immensely beautiful in Sufi dancing. Remember it: forget the dancer and be the dance.
The way of the Sufi is the way of dance, song, celebration.

The Secret

Chapter #15
Chapter title: Trust In The Master
25 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

IT IS RELATED THAT A MAN WENT TO THE ASSEMBLY OF THE MASTER BAQI-BILLAH OF DELHI AND SAID, "I HAVE BEEN READING THE FAMOUS VERSE OF THE MASTER HAFEZ, 'IF YOUR TEACHER BIDS YOU STAIN YOUR PRAYER CARPET WITH WINE, OBEY HIM.' BUT I HAVE A DIFFICULTY."
BAQI-BILLAH SAID, "DWELL APART FROM ME FOR SOME TIME AND I SHALL ILLUSTRATE THE MATTER FOR YOU."

AFTER A CONSIDERABLE PERIOD OF TIME, THE DISCIPLE RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THE SAGE. IT SAID, "TAKE ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE AND, GIVE IT TO THE GATE-KEEPER OF ANY BROTHEL." THE DISCIPLE WAS SHOCKED, AND FOR A TIME THOUGHT THAT THE MASTER MUST BE A FRAUD. AFTER WRESTLING WITH HIMSELF FOR DAYS, HOWEVER, HE WENT TO THE NEAREST HOUSE OF ILL FAME AND PRESENTED THE MAN AT THE DOOR WITH ALL THE MONEY WHICH HE HAD. "FOR SUCH A SUM OF MONEY", SAID THE DOORMAN, "I SHALL ALLOT YOU THE CHOICEST GEM OF OUR COLLECTION, AN UNTOUCHED WOMAN."
AS SOON AS HE ENTERED THE ROOM, THE WOMAN THERE SAID, "I HAVE BEEN TRICKED INTO BEING IN THIS HOUSE, AND AM HELD HERE BY FORCE AND THREATS. IF YOUR SENSE OF JUSTICE IS STRONGER THAN YOUR REASON FOR COMING HERE, HELP ME TO ESCAPE."
THEN THE DISCIPLE KNEW THE MEANING OF THE POEM OF HAFEZ, "IF YOUR TEACHER BIDS YOU STAIN YOUR PRAYER CARPET WITH WINE, OBEY HIM."

SCIENCE IS BASED ON DOUBT: doubt is its method, its climate, its very soul. Science cannot exist without doubt. It is only through questioning, and constant questioning, that science comes to know about the facts of existence. Its world of enquiry is objective.

The object cannot be trusted. The object is dead. You have to penetrate the object with as many questions and doubts as possible; only then will the object reveal its mysteries. Religion, on the contrary, is trust. Religion's method is trust. Trust is its climate, its philosophy, its very being, because religion is not concerned with objects but with your own subjectivity. The journey of science is outwards, the journey of religion is inwards. Science means going outward, religion means going inward; their directions are diametrically opposite. Although they are diametrically opposite they are complementary too, as all opposites always are.

There is a harmony between the opposites. The inner and the outer are not enemies, they are in utter coordination. The body and the soul are not enemies, they befriend each other; in fact they cannot exist separately, they can exist only in a togetherness. Man and woman, darkness and light, summer and winter, positive and negative -- they are all together, although they are opposites. But they are not enemies, this has to be understood: opposites and yet complementaries... and there is utter harmony in existence. It is like inhalation and exhalation: you breathe in, you breathe out. When you breathe in it is one process, the breath goes inwards; when you breathe out it is just the opposite process, the breath goes outwards, but it is the same breath. Inhalation and exhalation are two aspects of the same phenomenon, opposites and yet complementary; so are religion and science, so are doubt and trust.

Because it has not been understood in the past a great calamity has happened to humanity, the greatest calamity, I call it -- the calamity that has kept religion and science not

only separate but inimical. In the past we have not been able to bring a synthesis between science and religion. Because of that incapability the world has become split and the man who is trained in science becomes anti-religious; and vice versa, the person who moves into the world of religion becomes anti-scientific. This need not happen, this should not happen.

If you are really. intelligent you will be able to coordinate between these opposites. You will be able to bring a harmony between these two, doubt and trust, and then arises the real total human being.

What do I mean when I say a great harmony has to be achieved? I mean that when you are moving outwards, use doubt as your methodology, trust doubt when you are moving outwards. When you are enquiring into the world of objects trust doubt. Doubt is beautiful, immensely beautiful. And when you are moving inwards put your doubt aside: trust trust. And the man who can manage this I call a really intelligent person.

It is like you are seeing me, you are seeing me through your eyes, but you are also listening to me, you are listening to me through your ears. The ears cannot see and the eyes cannot hear, but still there is a tremendous coordination happening in you: you know you are hearing the same person that you are seeing. This is intelligence, this coordination is intelligence. Deep down a synthesis is happening constantly. The ears are pouring one information, the eyes are pouring another information; both are unrelated -- as far as ears and eyes are concerned, both are unrelated -- but your intelligence is creating a

relationship between them: you are hearing the same person you are seeing.

Exactly in the same way, doubt cannot know the subject and trust cannot know the object. Doubt can know the object, trust can know the subject; and intelligence is when both pour their information into one pool and truth is known in both its aspects, as inner, as outer.

That is the real religion humanity needs now -- or, the real science -- which will not divide man and which will not cripple man. Up to now, hitherto, man has been crippled. If you trust you forget the language of doubt. The society becomes unscientific, becomes incapable of tackling so many problems that man has to encounter, becomes poor, impoverished, ill, ugly. If you start only using doubt the society becomes better, scientifically better, technologically better, affluent, but the inner world simply is forgotten. Then you don't have a soul; inwards you remain fast asleep. In both ways man remains lopsided. In both ways man remains partial and cannot become total.

The religions of the past have failed in creating a total man. And so has been the case with modern science; modern science has also failed in creating the total man. And the total man is the need because only the total man can be contented, only the total man can be richer inwards, outwards. Only the total man can be really in a celebration -- his body satisfied, his soul satisfied, his senses contented, his spirit contented.

This small story is the story of trust, because Sufism is an approach towards the inner. This story is not meant to be understood as against doubt. It has to be understood as that

only as far as the inner journey is concerned, doubt is inadequate, only trust is adequate.

If you want to see, see through the eyes, don't try to see through the ears; ears are not capable of that. If you want to hear, hear through the ears and forget all about the eyes; eyes cannot hear. Both are right in their own dimensions. Both are partial, and your intelligence has to transcend their partiality. Your intelligence has to create a synthesis.

In the past your intelligence was not trusted, hence you were told either to doubt and become scientific, or to trust and become religious. Neither the so-called religious people have trusted your intelligence and its transcending quality, nor have the scientists trusted your intelligence and its transcending quality. Both were afraid because the other looked opposite. All complementaries look opposite.

There is no need to be afraid of the opposite. The opposite has to be absorbed, not denied, because whatsoever is denied will take revenge in its own time. Never deny anything: let that be a fundamental law. Absorb, go on absorbing, howsoever opposite something looks to you.

Remember always, existence functions through opposites, it can only function through opposites. It is through the opposites that existence creates momentum, dynamism. It is by polar opposites that the existence creates a dialectical process; otherwise there would be no dialectical process.

Just think: a world only of men and no women -- it would not be rich, it would be very very flat; or a world where only women exist -- that too would be ugly, that too would be very very stagnant. From where will the movement come? The opposite is the challenge, and because of the

challenge the movement arises. Because of the challenge you cannot become asleep, you become awakened.
It is through the opposites that existence moves, grows, evolves. It is a subtle strategy, but only now is it possible to understand it in its totality, because we have lived the way of religion for centuries and we have lived the way of science also for a few centuries; now we know that both are complementary, not opposites.
But this story is the story of the religious investigation: it depends on trust.
A few things before we enter into the story...
Says Hafez, "Do not travel through these stations without the company of a Perfect Master. There is darkness. Beware of the danger of getting lost!" When you are moving outwards you can move alone, because in the outer world you are never alone. Millions of people are existing there. When you are moving outwards the reality is so individual, it is not personal. The reality is objective, it is impersonal. If you are seeing a rock it is not only you who is seeing the rock; everybody who is standing there can see the rock. The rock has an objective existence. There is not any danger of getting into hallucinations. The others' presence, their witness, will keep you away from hallucinations.
But when you start moving inwards you are alone. Who is going to decide whether what you are seeing is true or just a fantasy? When you move outwards there is light, light of the sun and the moon and the stars; there is enough light outside. But when you move inwards first you will encounter great darkness because your eyes have become accustomed to the outer light and they don't know how to

look in. You will be falling into an abysmal darkness. You will need somebody who has traveled the inner path -- you will need a Master.

In the outer world you will need only a teacher who can inform you. That information can be got from the library too, or from a computer. The teacher is just there to give you information like the book or the computer. There is no need for any personal involvement with the teacher; the teacher is not there as a person, you need not be intimate with him.

The Master means you have to be very intimate with him -- it is a love relationship -- because in the inner world you will need him so deeply that unless you are very close to his heart and he is very close to your heart, it will not be possible to keep his company in the inner darkness. Great intimacy is needed, and intimacy arises out of love, out of trust. If you doubt the Master, you will not be able to go on that dangerous journey of inner adventure. Only his love and your love for him will keep you alive, will keep you enthusiastic, will keep you nourished.

Hafez is right: "Do not travel through these stations without the company of a Perfect Master. There is darkness. Beware of the danger of getting lost!"

In the outside world there is no danger of getting lost. There are milestones on every road, maps are available, guides are available, and there are millions of people always there who can help you.

But in the inner world there are no maps, because each individual's subjectivity is so different that maps cannot be made, and each individual's growth is so unique that milestones cannot be made, and each individual follows

such different labyrinths that you will need somebody who is tremendously alert, aware, enlightened to help you on each step. Otherwise from each step there is a possibility of getting lost.

And the greatest problem is: when you lose the outer world you are left utterly alone. And you will not be able to make any distinction between what is fact and what is fiction. The boundaries between fact and fiction start dissolving. For example, in the morning when you wake up you relate a dream to your wife. You know it is a dream. How do you know it is a dream? -- because only you dream it. Your wife was sleeping on the same bed and she had no awareness that you had been to the Himalayas, and you had been traveling in the mountains, and you had been visiting places. She had no awareness, and she was sleeping just by your side. In the morning if your wife says that she has also dreamt the same dream; that yes, the journey was beautiful and the mountains were beautiful, and "Think of that dark bungalow where we stayed"... then you will become suspicious about whether it was a dream or a reality. And if your son comes in and says, "Daddy, where have you been the whole night? I came twice. You were both not present in the room," then you will become more suspicious: "Maybe it was real?" How do you judge reality? If others agree then you know it is a fact, if nobody agrees then you know it is a fiction. The others' agreement makes it a fact. But in the inner world you will be alone, totally alone. There will be nobody to agree or disagree. How will you know what is fact and what is fiction? If you see Buddha in your meditations, how will you know whether he has really appeared or you have simply been dreaming? That is the

problem. And one can easily get lost in one's own fictions, and to be lost in one's own fictions is madness: that is the danger on the inner journey. You will need somebody who can be present in your innerness.

That is the meaning of trust: creating such a strong bridge with someone that even when you are alone in your meditations he is there.

The Master is always with the disciple if the disciple allows him to be. The Master is absolutely available until the very last moment; yes, to the very last moment, until God happens to you. The Master disappears only when God has happened; or, both things happen simultaneously -- the disappearance of the Master and the appearance of God. But up to that moment the Master follows you like a shadow. He keeps you alert, he does not allow you to go astray.

Rumi says, "Deadly poison looks like honey and milk. Wait! Do not journey without a Master who knows."

The relationship between a Master and a disciple is what is meant by the word trust. To others who have never known of it, it will look blind -- just as love looks blind to people who have never loved. But ask those who have loved and they will tell a totally different story. They will say, "We were blind before we had loved. We became insightful only through love. We attained to eyes through love, we had no eyes without love." Ask the people who have known love and they will say, "People without love are all blind."

And that's the case with the disciple who has known the love and trust for a Master. He will laugh when you say, "You are blind." He will laugh at your ridiculous remark, because now he knows what it is to have eyes, eyes into his

own inner reality, eyes which can see inwards. You have eyes which can see only outwards, but the disciple starts having eyes which can see inwards. He starts having ears which can hear inwards. His senses are doubled. You live with only five senses, the disciple lives with ten senses: five for the outer journey and five for the inner. The disciple becomes utterly rich: just think... five more senses becoming available. You have the ears which can know and hear the music that comes from the outside, but you are deaf to the inner music -- and there is an inner music which is continuously flowing in you.

That inner music Sufis call sama. Once it is heard, all outer music just becomes noise and nothing else. You have an inner fragrance; once it is smelled all outer fragrances are no more fragrances. They start stinking. When the inner eye opens you know a totally different vision of beauty, a new splendor, and before that splendor all outer beauties simply look pale -- faint old photographs, reflections in muddy water. When you have known the inner crystal-clarity, everything outside looks a chaos, a confusion.

The disciple becomes utterly rich. He starts growing inner senses: he has ten senses instead of five. And when all these ten senses fall into a harmony something immensely beautiful and blissful is created. That's what God is.

Hafez says, "Stop this cleverness and planning, for love closes the gates of the Divine to the heart of anyone who does not completely lose himself on the Path of Devotion."

The disciple has to lose himself into the Master; that's what trust is. Then there is no question of doubt. The surrender is absolute. Then the Master becomes your inner voice, then

there is no separation. You don't think in terms of separation.

The Master is the Kaaba of his lovers -- Kaaba is the name of the temple of God in Mecca. The Master is the Kaaba to his disciples; the disciples don't go to the Kaaba. That's why Mohammedans, orthodox Mohammedans, have not been very happy about the Sufis.

It is related that when the great Sufi, Junnaid, asked his disciple, Mansur, to go for a pilgrimage to Kaaba because Mansur was creating troubles... Whenever he would go into his ecstasy he would start shouting in utter joy, "I am God!" and that is sacrilege to the orthodox Mohammedan, that is arrogance.

Junnaid told Mansur, his disciple, many times, "You stop shouting that. I know you are, I know I am, I know everybody is -- but you stop! Don't say it so loudly, keep it inside, because the people are foolish -- they will start creating trouble for you." Mansur would always say, "Yes, sir." But whenever he would be in his ecstasy again he would shout, "Ana el Haq!" I am God I Junnaid said, "You promise me, and you again and again do the same." He said, "What can I do? I promise you, but God does not promise you. And when I am lost, he declares I It is not me." And Junnaid knew it, so he said, "It is good" -- just to avoid... because rumors were spreading, reports against Mansur and Junnaid and their work were reaching the king. And the prime minister was very much against... so Junnaid said, "Just to avoid the trouble you go for a pilgrimage; you go to Kaaba." And in those days going to Kaaba meant for years; you have to go walking thousands of miles. So Mansur said, "Okay." He stood up and he said, "Okay, so I

am going." Junnaid was very happy. He said, "I was not thinking you would leave so easily."
And what did Mansur do, do you know? He just went around Junnaid seven times and then said, "I am back! You are my Kaaba!"
To the disciple the Master is Kaaba. To the disciple the Master is his God, his temple.
And he is also the qiblah to the disciple. Qiblah is the direction facing Mecca, towards which all Moslems pray. Whenever a Moslem prays he keeps his face towards Kaaba; that direction is called qiblah.
Now Sufis are again very unorthodox: they don't keep their faces towards the Kaaba, they keep their faces towards the Master, wherever the Master is. For the disciple the Master is Kaaba and the Master is qiblah. He is the temple and he is the direction to the temple.
This is trust.
In HADID it is reported that God says to Mohammed, "Whoever seeks me will find me. Whoever finds me will know me. Whoever knows me will have love for me. Whoever loves me I will love. Whomever I love I will kill. And whomever I will kill, his blood-money I will pay. I am myself his blood-money".. a tremendously important saying. God says to Mohammed, "Whomever I love I will kill."
The Master has to kill the disciple. The disciple has to allow the Master to kill him. The disciple has to be in a rejoicing when the Master kills him.
Just the other day somebody who was not yet a sannyasin had asked, "It is said that if you meet the Buddha on the Way, kill him. Then why is it not said if you meet Rajneesh

on the Way, kill him?" Exactly that has to be done: if you meet Rajneesh on the Way, kill him! But that statement was made to the disciples; you are not yet a disciple. You will never meet me on the Way in the first place. The question of killing me will never arise. I can meet you on the Way only if you have first allowed me to kill you. That is the meaning of being a disciple: the Master first kills the disciple -- that is the beginning of the journey -- then finally the disciple kills the Master -- that is the end. Then the Master and the disciple have both disappeared. Then only God is.

That tremendously pregnant statement by the Zen Masters, "If you meet the Buddha on the Way, kill him," is the last step of the journey, so whomsoever has asked it has not understood it at all. Yes, you have to kill me, but you will meet me only if you allow me first to kill you. That is a pre-requirement. I will not come on just anybody's Way, Tom, Harry, or Dick, no. I will only come on the Way when you have allowed me to destroy you. And then, certainly, the Master has to be killed. The beginning is with the death of the disciple and the end with the death of the Master. Then the separation is gone; then there is no disciple, no Master. Then only pure energy is left. That pure energy is God.

The disciple has to be in the state Sufis call 'tavern of ruins', kharabat.

It is said that Bayazid of Bistami was in this state when someone knocked at his door. Bayazid asked, "Who do you want?" The man answered that he was looking for Bayazid of Bistami. Bayazid replied, "Ah! It has been years since I have had any news of him."

The moment a person becomes a disciple he has chosen suicide. He has chosen to destroy himself, because he has known that to be is to be in misery, that to be is to be in hell. Now he wants to learn the ways not to be.

Sufism leads to this state, the state of non-being, loss of self and passing away into the beloved. As Khwajeh' Abdollah Ansari has said, "Oh God! Non-being is an affliction for all, but a blessing for me." Thus whoever enters the path of Sufism in order to achieve a spiritual station or high state of consciousness has taken the first step wrongly. The real Sufi is one who goes on the path in order to not be. The gnostic, Aref, gyan-yogi, travels within himself, whereas the Sufi travels from himself. The gnostic says, "Know thyself in order to know God." The Sufi, prem-yogi, the bhakta, says, "Let go of thyself in order to be free. " The goal of the Sufi is not self-knowledge but dissolution of the self. The goal of the Sufi is not self-realization but annihilation of the self, fana. And the first lesson has to be learned with the Master.

To be in a state of not-being in the presence of the Master is called adab. Adab is a Sufi word: it means the art of being in the presence of the Master. Literally it means etiquette, but it is not just etiquette. It means the art of how to be in the presence of a Master; in fact, how to be there and yet absent, how to be as if you are not.

The story is told of a disciple who was once in the presence of his Master, the great Junnaid. He was standing with total reverence and respect, like one who is praying to God. The Master said, "You are standing superbly, but it would be better if you were not to be at all." That is adab -- to be in the presence of the Master as an absence, so his presence

can fill you to all nooks and corners of your being. Not to give him any resistance -- that is adab; not to have any armor around you -- that is adab; not to defend yourself -- that is adab.
And that's what we constantly go on doing: we are constantly defending ourselves. And it is perfectly okay in the outside world; you have to defend. It is a constant struggle to survive and you have to keep an armor, otherwise you will be exploited; people will take advantage of your vulnerability, of your openness. So when relating in the world you have to keep a certain quality of resistance, you have to be on guard, and that's okay.
But if you have that same attitude and manner when you are with the Master then your being with the Master is just pointless. There you have to surrender all your defence structures, strategies. You have to open your doors and windows so the Master can flow in you like light and breeze and rain, so the Master can simply penetrate you with no resistance from your side. You have to be just a receptivity, you have to be feminine. That is adab.
And trust is the fundamental of adab.

Now this beautiful story.

IT IS RELATED THAT A MAN WENT TO THE ASSEMBLY OF THE MASTER BAQI-BILLAH OF DELHI AND SAID, "I HAVE BEEN READING THE FAMOUS VERSE OF THE MASTER HAFEZ, 'IF YOUR TEACHER BIDS YOU STAIN YOUR PRAYER CARPET WITH WINE, OBEY HIM,' BUT I HAVE A DIFFICULTY."

In the world of the Sufis, satsang is called the assembly of the Master, darbar -- "Master's court", because the Master is a king as far as his disciples are concerned. In fact who else can be a king? All other kings are just poor beggars compared to the kingdom of a Master. His kingdom is the kingdom of God. He is really rich. He may be living as a beggar or as a king -- that is irrelevant -- but he is rich, and only he is rich. Sufis are right to call his assembly "the court", darbar.
The Master is not only a teacher; it is not a class. The Master is really the Master. The disciples are those who have surrendered their whole being in totality. They no more exist separately, they are just obedience and nothing else. They respect the Master as the king, as the real king.

IT IS RELATED THAT A MAN WENT TO THE ASSEMBLY OF THE MASTER BAQI-BILLAH OF DELHI AND SAID, "I HAVE BEEN READING THE FAMOUS VERSE OF MASTER HAFEZ..."

Reading never helps you to know the truth, because reading, you cannot understand what you read. The meaning is not in the words, never; you read the words but the meaning is supplied by you. The meaning is always yours. Words come to you, empty, and then you pour your meaning into those words.
To understand Hafez you will have to be a Hafez, to understand Jesus you will have to be a Jesus; there is no other way. If you think you can understand Jesus without becoming a Jesus, you are utterly wrong. This is not the

way to approach great statements, the statements of the realized ones.
Now this man says, "I was reading the famous words of the Master Hafez. " You can read it but you will not understand it. In fact you will mis-understand it.

The worthy shepherd of the Mission Methodist Church, in a burst of passionate eloquence in denunciation of the world's wickedness, declared, "Hell is full of cocktails, highballs, short skirts, and one-piece bathing suits!"
Voice from the gallery, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting!"

You will understand in your own way. You will understand the way you can understand.

A bibulous person issued from a saloon in a state of melancholy intoxication, and outside the door he encountered the parson of his church.
The pastor exclaimed mournfully, "Oh, John, I am so sorry to see you come out of such a place as that."
The bibulous one wept sympathetically. "Then", he declared huskily, "I will go right back." And he did.

THIS MAN SAYS, "I HAVE BEEN READING THE FAMOUS VERSE OF THE MASTER HAFEZ, 'IF YOUR TEACHER BIDS YOU STAIN YOUR PRAYER CARPET WITH WINE, OBEY HIM,' AND I HAVE A DIFFICULTY."

Naturally, obviously, because this can be one of the most sacrilegious statements possible, to stain your prayer carpet

with wine: "Hafez must be mad! What is he saying? He cannot be a Moslem. What is he saying.? -- staining your prayer carpet with wine?" Naturally, he has great difficulty in understanding it. He is puzzled; he has started doubting. He is still calling him "the great Master Hafez", but now great doubt has arisen in him.

Ninety-nine percent of our lives consists of doubts, because ninety-nine percent of our lives consists of going out, extroversion. We live in doubt, doubt has become almost our nature. Our first approach, attitude, tendency, is that of doubt. First we doubt -- unless it is proved otherwise. We need proofs to trust. For doubt, we don't need any proofs; doubting has become our habit.

The disciple has to change that habit; he has to learn trusting. Trust -- unless proved otherwise; doubt only if it is proved. Otherwise don't doubt; unless it is proved, don't doubt. This is a great change. This is what makes an ordinary man a disciple. This is the transformation required.

You see a stranger. The first idea is that of doubt -- maybe he is a thief, a murderer, who knows? Unless proved otherwise, you carry doubt without any proof. You don't trust him.

The disciple has to change his attitude -- at least with the Master, and then slowly, slowly with the other disciples of the Master. That's how he becomes a part of the family of the Master, of his commune, by dropping this ugly habit of doubt.

And it is good in the marketplace, but the marketplace should not be your total life. You should leave something for some other world, for some other dimension. You

should leave at least a small corner of your inner being as a shrine for trust. If you become full of doubt, then you are full of illnesses, then you don't have any source of well-being in you. Whenever you can trust a person you feel great joy. That's why love is so joyous -- because you can trust a person.

It is said of Adolf Hitler that he could never love a woman because he could never trust anybody. He never allowed any woman to stay with him in his room, never. Why? And it was not that he was not having some relationships with women. He was having relationships with women, but he would never allow any woman to stay in his room in the night. Who knows? -- she may poison him. Who knows? -- she may be a spy. He was incapable of friendship. He was one of the loneliest men in the world. If you cannot love, if you cannot even trust a woman, certainly you will be living in a kind of constant paranoia, fear. He could not marry a woman his whole life, because if you marry a woman then you will have to trust her. Then she will stay with you, then she will prepare your food, she will sleep with you, and you are unnecessarily becoming vulnerable. He certainly did marry a woman, but only before he committed suicide, three hours before. When he had already decided, "Now I am going to commit suicide," he married. Now there was no fear; what else could she do? He was already going to commit suicide, hence now it seemed logical to marry; there was no problem. What else could she do? At most she could poison him; he himself was going to poison himself. Now there was no need to be afraid: death was coming. He married just three hours before.

In the middle of the night a priest was awakened from his sleep, brought to the basement where he was staying. Half asleep, not understanding what was happening, somehow he managed the ceremony. No friends were present, no relatives were present, just a few guards. And after the marriage what did he do? Did he make love to the woman? No, they both committed suicide. That was the only thing that he did after marriage. Maybe he wanted somebody to follow him in death, so he got married.

Adolf Hitler may be an extreme case, but if you watch your own mind you will find that in each individual the same kind of doubt exists, more or less. Even if you live with a man or a woman for years, still the doubt persists there. You are always watching from the corner of your eye: "Who knows?"

This is a way to create hell for yourself.

Find at least one man in your life with whom you can be utterly open, and that will be your first lesson of love and your first lesson of God and your first lesson of transcendence.

The man said, "Now I am having difficulty."

The Scotsman entered the parlor of the "painless" dentist, nursing an aching tooth. The doctor examined the tooth and then announced, "It is badly ulcerated. I am afraid it will have to come out, and it will be necessary to put you under an anesthetic to do it. "

"Anesthetic?" questioned the Scot.

"Yes -- gas, you know. It will simply put you to sleep for a few minutes, and in the meantime I will be able to extract the tooth without giving you any pain."

"Won't I be able to feel anything at all when I am under the influence?"
"No, nothing whatsoever."
The Scotsman thereupon pulled out his purse and began to count out some coins.
"Oh, never mind paying now," said the dentist. "Plenty of time for that once the tooth is out."
"I was not getting ready to pay you. I was just making sure how much money I had before you give me the gas."

That is the way people are living.
If you had come across this statement of Hafez, "If your teacher bids you stain your prayer carpet with wine, obey him," you would also have suspected, doubted. It goes against all your religious teachings. It goes against all your life experiences.
You have been told always to be on guard; that's why you are so tense, that's why people cannot relax. If you cannot trust you cannot relax, and if you cannot relax you cannot know the taste of life.

BAQI-BILLAH SAID, "DWELL APART FROM ME FOR SOME TIME AND I SHALL ILLUSTRATE THE MATTER FOR YOU."

Why did the Master say, "Dwell apart from me for some time... "? Because when you are close to a Master, many times you start having illusions of trust, because the very presence of the Master goes on changing your inner chemistry. His very presence is alchemical. You start trusting not because trust has arisen in you, but only

because the Master is present there and his constant showering, his vibe, can give you the delusion that you trust him.

Many times I send my sannyasins far away, for months, for years, just to give them a real experience of where they are. Here, you are riding on a wave. Here, my presence, and the presence of thousands of other sannyasins, is creating an energy-field which can possess you, turn you, toss you, can create a dance in you, can bring a song to you. And naturally you will think this is your dance, this is your song, and it may not be. It may be just the impact, it may be just that you were caught by the momentum of the energy. It is good sometimes that the disciple go far away -- unless the Master decides otherwise.

So when sometimes I say to you " Go away to the West for a few months", don't feel offended, don't feel rejected. That may be a necessary step for you, a need of your being. You will come back enriched. You will come truer when you come back. You will know what is yours and what is not yours. And it is very good always to remember what is yours and what is just an impact of a great whirlpool of energy.

Baqi-Billah said, "Dwell apart from me for some time... " because if the Master had said something right then, there was every possibility that the disciple would have accepted it. He could not accept Hafez's statement because Hafez was not his Master. And Hafez was dead -- centuries divided him from Hafez. He knew nothing of Hafez; he had not tasted the wine of Hafez, Hafez was just scripture. But when his own Master, Baqi-Billah, was there, if the Master had said something he might have done it believing that he

trusted. He may not have doubted -- although the doubt would be there deep in the unconscious.
The Master sends him away so that he becomes more normal, more real, more as he is; so the contact with the Master becomes loose, the impact of the Master fades away, wears down.

"DWELL APART FROM ME FOR SOME TIME AND I SHALL ILLUSTRATE THE MATTER FOR YOU."

And that is the way of the Sufis: they always illustrate. They are not interested much in answering intellectually. Their whole effort is to create situations so those situations can illustrate things to you.
Just the other day somebody was saying that many doubts arise in him about me, my work, my people, the commune. I said, "It is natural, nothing to be worried about. Don't repress those doubts -- that is dangerous. Never repress those doubts. Watch, try to understand them, and don't be worried because if trust is there, if tacit trust is there, then it is capable of transforming doubts also in its favor. It can use doubts also as steps. It can make doubts serve trust. "
It is not a question of dropping doubts, it is a question of gaining more and more trust. Then the doubts can be transformed, can be used. And it is bound to be there, because this commune is a situation. You go on thinking of it as an ashramas other ashrams are. All other ashrams are made in such a way that they create trust in you, they are arranged in such a way that they fulfill your demands; but then your doubt will never be transformed, remember, because your doubt will never be provoked.

This is not an ordinary ashram like those you come across in India. They fulfill all your expectations. They are perfectly aware of how you will trust them. This is just a totally different phenomenon that is happening here. I know all your expectations, and I do exactly the opposite. And this is going to happen continuously, more and more. The more people will be coming here, the more I will destroy all kinds of expectations. Whatsoever you demand is not going to be fulfilled, so that your doubt remains on the surface: you have to do something about it. If it moves into the unconscious, you forget about it. It is dangerous; it will remain forever.

For example, you would like me to live in poverty. I can live in poverty very easily, there would be no problem in it. My whole life consists of sitting in my room. If the prime minister of India decides to put me in a jail, there would be no difference, it would be the same.

You would like this ashram to function according to your ideas...

Just the other day one German sannyasin was saying, "My girlfriend was to come, but she is put-off because of your car. That's why she has not come. " I am so grateful to her I Now, I can have a third-rate Indian car and that will not put you off, but it will put you on, and you will feel very, very great. In fact, I can come just walking because I don't need the car at all! It is just a question of two minutes' walk. I never go out, you know. The car is not needed.

So why is the car there? And why the costliest? Just to put your girlfriends off. I am tired of your girlfriends I It is very good of her that she has not come.

Just think, if I were sitting in poverty, in rags, and in an Indian kind of dirtiness, your girlfriend would have thought, "Oh, here is the real Master," and she would have believed -- but she would have believed in her own mind, not in me. She would have believed in her own expectations, not in me. I would have been secondary. Her expectations are fulfilled: that's why she believes. She believes in herself, not in me.
I am going to flout all your expectations, and only then if you believe in me, do you believe. Then the trust is real.

AFTER A CONSIDERABLE PERIOD OF TIME, THE DISCIPLE RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THE SAGE. IT SAID, "TAKE ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE AND GIVE IT TO THE GATE-KEEPER OF ANY BROTHEL."

Now what kind of advice is this? Just think of yourself, if I gave you something like this... and I go on giving something like this.

THE DISCIPLE WAS SHOCKED....

And naturally. You cannot be angry with the disciple; that's how human beings are. They are always watching by the corner of their eye, they are always suspicious. Even if they believe, trust, it is only on the surface, only so far. They can go with you only to a certain extent, and then their mind starts refusing: "This is too much. I cannot go beyond it. What do you think of me? Am I a fool?"

THE DISCIPLE WAS SHOCKED....

And when you are shocked, you think, naturally, that something is wrong with the Master. This is sheer unintelligence, because the Master may deliberately be shocking you. The shock may be a shock-treatment. You can ask the psychiatrists, who are slowly, slowly being known as "shockiatrists" -- they have started giving electric shocks to people, insulin shocks to people. But the Master may have known it all along, that at some time a real shock is very good to the system. It shakes you alive, it helps you come to your senses, it gives you vitality, it makes you again alert.

THE DISCIPLE WAS SHOCKED, AND FOR A TIME THOUGHT THAT THE MASTER MUST BE A FRAUD.

And you have to understand the disciple -- because he is you! He is the quintessence of all so-called disciples in the world. Suspicion has arisen: "Now this Master seems to be a fraud. He must be having some illicit relationship with some brothel, now I have to pay. This is very tricky! What kind of order is this? And with no explanation attached to it. "
The Master never gives explanations. The Master simply gives you an order, and it has to be done. If you ask for the explanation you have missed the opportunity, because explanations can be given but they only satisfy your reason. And if your reason is satisfied and then you do something, it is not trust. It does not help your trust to grow.

McGinnis was dying. The lawyer came to make his will, and his wife, Bridget McGinnis, saw to it that she sat in on this important ceremonial.
"State your debts as quickly as possible." said the man of law.
"Tim Reilly owes me forty dollars," moaned the sick man.
"Good," said the prospective widow.
"Sean O'Neill owes me thirty-seven dollars."
"Sensible to the last," beamed the wife.
"To Michael Callahan I owe two hundred dollars."
"Blessed Mother of God! Hear the man rave!"

Now the thing has changed. When it goes with you it is profitable to you. When it is fulfilling your expectations it's perfectly good, "Sensible to the last." But now? -- "Blessed Mother of God I Hear the man rave! "... the man is mad. If you have to pay two hundred dollars to somebody, then the man is utterly mad. This is the way mind functions, and the mind thinks that this is the intelligent way.

The wedding ceremony was going on when finally the minister asked the bride, "Will you obey your husband?"
"Do you think I am a fool?"

This is becoming more and more a settled attitude in the world. That's why religion has evaporated. It has become a settled thing in the minds of people that to believe is to be a fool, to trust is to be stupid; not to trust and to doubt continuously is the way of intelligence. It is not.
Yes, if you are in scientific research work, doubt is intelligent, but if you are inquiring within your

consciousness, then trust is intelligent. Intelligence knows what method is needed, and where. Intelligence never messes around with different methods which are useful in different directions. Intelligence knows what to do in a certain situation -- when to use your eyes and when to use your ears, and when to use your doubt and when to use your trust.

THE DISCIPLE WAS SHOCKED, AND FOR A TIME THOUGHT THAT THE MASTER MUST BE A FRAUD. AFTER WRESTLING WITH HIMSELF FOR DAYS, HOWEVER, HE WENT TO THE NEAREST HOUSE OF ILLFAME AND PRESENTED THE MAN AT THE DOOR WITH ALL THE MONEY WHICH HE HAD.

Yes, there were many doubts, but still deep down there was some trust. That's why the Master had sent him away -- to struggle on his own -- because if he could find some tacit trust somewhere inside himself, he will have found the rock on which the temple of life can be built. Had he been in the presence of the Master, he would have immediately said "Yes, sir." He would have gone and given the money, but that would not have been of much help. It would have been superficial, and the doubt would have remained and would have come in some way or other -- and with vengeance. It always happens. If I say to you to do something and you do it because trust is required -- that's why you do it -- and the doubt is there but you keep it repressed, then sooner or later it will start coming, in different ways. It will start finding new outlets. It will poison you.

Trust is good if it comes without repressing doubts, if it gives doubts full expression and then surfaces, if it gives doubts all opportunities and, then too, ultimately wins over. That was the device of sending the disciple far away for a long time.

THE DISCIPLE WAS SHOCKED, AND FOR A TIME THOUGHT THAT THE MASTER MUST BE A FRAUD. ... AFTER WRESTLING WITH HIMSELF FOR DAYS...

That wrestling is of importance. Now he was divided. A part of him was saying "How can the Master be a fraud?" He has known him, he has been in intimate closeness with the Master, he has seen the man with his own eyes, he has felt his life, his light, he understands what he is. A part of his heart goes on saying "Trust", but the whole mind, the outward-going mind, creates a thousand and one doubts. The struggle is between the mind and the heart, the outgoing energy and the ingoing energy. The struggle is between exhalation and inhalation. And it is good to go through this turmoil.

The groups that I give to you are really devices to go through this turmoil: they create a thousand and one situations in which trust is needed. And naturally all kinds of doubts arise, and you have to wrestle and you have to fight your way out of the mess. If you can fight your way out of it, if you can go through and through and come out of it intact, something tremendously valuable has been achieved. So the purpose of the same groups in the West is different; the purpose here is totally different.

The purpose in the West is somehow to help you to become a little more mature about your life, a little more accepting of your life, to make you a little more alert so that you can function in a better way, so that you don't go unnecessarily into neurotic patterns. The purpose of these same groups in the West is psychological.

Here it is not only psychological. Yes, it is that, but more is implied: it is spiritual. The psychological purpose is only minor; the spiritual purpose is major. The spiritual purpose is to bring your whole turmoil to the surface. All your doubts, all possible doubts that you may have carried for many lives have to be brought to the surface, because only from the surface can they evaporate and disappear. They have to be brought out of the basement, out of your conscious, unconscious, collective unconscious. From every level of your being they have to be brought to the surface where you can encounter them.

And it is not only a question of becoming a little more mature, a little more accepting, a little less neurotic, a little more normal, no: the purpose is to help you to grow into trust. That is not the purpose in the West.

God is not the purpose of all the humanistic psychotherapy groups in the West. God is the purpose here.

That's why sometimes it happens that when a therapist from the West comes, if he is very arrogant, egoistic, and if he thinks that he knows all about these groups, he is not much benefited, because he does not know that we are using these groups as a means to some faraway end.

That's what happened to Geet Govind. When he came from Esalen and participated in one group, he became very much annoyed, angry. But he was cowardly too. He didn't say

anything to me; he should have said something. If he had any guts he should have said to me, "This is not the way to run the groups." He didn't say a thing, he simply escaped. And now he is trying to create anti-propaganda against me in Esalen.

Here he was crying and weeping in front of me, tears were rolling down from his eyes, and now he is trying to create propaganda against me there. What has happened?

He had come with his fixed ideas -- that "This is the way an encounter group should be" -- unaware that here things are being done in a different way, for a different purpose. If he had asked me, things would have been clear to him, but he was not even courageous enough to ask that. He simply escaped.

Now just the other day, Amit Prem received a letter from Esalen. Amit Prem runs a few therapy groups there in Esalen, and he introduces my methods, meditations, my ideas, my ways, into his groups. Now he has received a letter that "Rajneesh has to be totally dropped; only then will you be allowed to run groups here. You will have to restructure your groups and their methods." This is happening to a few others too.

Whenever you come with a fixed idea, whoever you are, you are going to get into trouble with me. You are going to get into confusion here. You will have to be very very available, understanding. You will have to put your expectations aside.

Sometimes the same methods are used, but for a different purpose. Here the whole purpose of all the therapy groups is not only psychological. I am not interested much in your

psychology. If I have to work on it, it is only because you are stuck there. My whole interest is in your spirituality. I work on your psychology so that you can be freed from the entanglements of your mind and you can become available to higher flights of spirit. I am not interested in the rocks, but I have to do something because rocks are hanging around your neck and they have to be dropped. Only then can you open your wings... and the flight from the alone to the alone can start.

Geet Govind just missed the whole point. And now, the way he is behaving, he himself is closing the door to his ever coming back to me. I am available and will remain available. I see some potential in the man, something is possible in him, but he is missing an opportunity just for having been here for a few days without understanding anything, without talking at all to me. And I had asked him thrice, "How are you feeling?" because I continuously had the feeling that his crying and weeping was superficial, that the surrender that he showed towards me was only on the surface, deep down he has a very egoistic attitude; sooner or later he would take revenge.

And that's what he is doing now -- now he is taking revenge. Now he must be feeling very guilty that he cried and wept and touched my feet. Now he has to do something to satisfy his ego that all that was wrong, that "I was deluded", that "Forget all about it", that it was just an episode, that it doesn't matter much, that it doesn't mean much -- "This is my reality -- what I am doing now".

I feel sorry for the man. If he had been a little more open and vulnerable here, this duality would have dropped.

And this is my observation about him: that he needs crying, he needs surrender, not only from the surface but from the deepest core. But he didn't give an opportunity to me and to my people. We were trying to create the turmoil in him. He had to wrestle, but he escaped, and now he is wrestling there, alone. And it is not of much we.

... AFTER WRESTLING WITH HIMSELF FOR DAYS, HOWEVER, HE WENT TO THE NEAREST HOUSE OF ILL FAME AND PRESENTED THE MAN AT THE DOOR WITH ALL THE MONEY WHICH HE HAD.

Finally, the trust wins love. And when trust wins over without repressing the doubts, it has a truth in it.

"FOR SUCH A SUM OF MONEY," SAID THE DOORMAN, "I SHALL ALLOT YOU THE CHOICEST GEM OF OUR COLLECTION, AN UNTOUCHED WOMAN. "
AS SOON AS HE ENTERED THE ROOM, THE WOMAN THERE SAID, "I HAVE BEEN TRICKED INTO BEING IN THIS HOUSE, AND AM HELD HERE BY FORCE AND THREATS. IF YOUR SENSE OF JUSTICE IS STRONGER THAN YOUR REASON FOR COMING HERE, HELP ME TO ESCAPE."
THEN THE DISCIPLE KNEW THE MEANING OF THE POEM OF HAFEZ, "IF YOUR TEACHER BIDS YOU STAIN YOUR PRAYER CARPET WITH WINE, OBEY HIM."

Trust knows how to obey. Trust only knows obedience. And through obedience, the ego slowly, slowly disappears. The question is between ego and egolessness. The Master's whole function is how to help you to die as an ego, and all kinds of means and methods have to be used.

Remember it. Don't escape too early. Give a chance to this alchemical lab. All kinds of turmoils will be created, deliberately created. All kinds of doubts will be provoked, deliberately provoked. You will be given absurd orders to be fulfilled.

Don't escape like Geet Govind. He has missed an opportunity. He may not come across such opportunity for many lives. It is still not too late; he can come. My doors are always open.

But one has to remember it: don't come here to be supported in your ego and your expectations. Come here to die!

If you love me, I am going to kill you. And only when you are killed, one day, will you have the opportunity to kill me. And that day is the greatest day: when the Master and disciple both are killed -- then only that which is, is left. God is in the Master, God is in the disciple.

When the disciple and the Master have both disappeared, only God is left. And that is the goal of Sufism, and that is the goal of all religions, and that is the goal for which we are working here.

The Secret

Chapter #16

Chapter title: Now, Something Beyond The Machine
26 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO,
TO ME THE FUTURE OF THE EAST APPEARS BLEAK WHICHEVER WAY ONE LOOKS AT IT -- EITHER POVERTY AND STARVATION THROUGH FATALISM, OR WESTERNIZATION THROUGH CAPITALISM -- FOR IS IT NOT NECESSARY FOR THE EAST TO BECOME WEST BEFORE PEOPLE AGAIN BECOME INTERESTED IN THEIR INNER SEARCH? IS IT NOT NECESSARY FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE EAST TO BECOME MATERIALLY RICH BEFORE THEIR SPIRITUAL POVERTY AGAIN BECOMES EVIDENT?
BUT THE BURDEN OF THE WEST ALREADY LIES HEAVY ON THE WORLD: THE ATOMIC BOMB; VIOLENCE THROUGH FRUSTRATION; THE AUTO-MATIZATION OF THE SOUL; THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS AND THE POLLUTION OF THE AIR AND SEA SO THAT IT IS UNCERTAIN WHETHER THE ENVIRONMENT CAN MAINTAIN ITS DELICATE BALANCE. CAN THE WORLD SUPPORT ANOTHER WEST?

Ruparahi, the future only appears bleak, but it has always appeared so. This is not anything new. You can go as far

back as possible in human history, to the very first moment of human beginnings when Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden, and you will find the future has always looked bleak. Just think of Adam and Eve being thrown out of the garden of God and the doors being slammed behind them. How was the future? It must have appeared very bleak. All that they had known was being taken away. Their security, their safety, their world, everything was being taken away. What future hope was there? Only darkness, death. It must have been frightening.
And this is not only a parable: each time a child is born the future looks bleak, because again the womb -- the safe secure environment of the womb -- is taken away from the child, and the helpless child is expelled. What do you think about the child? Psychoanalysts say that the greatest trauma is the birth trauma, and the person suffers it his whole life. The word "trauma" comes from a root which means "wound". The birth trauma is the greatest wound; it is very rare to find a person whose birth trauma is healed.
It heals only when a person becomes enlightened, because when a person becomes enlightened he is again in the eternal womb of God; otherwise the wound goes on and on hurting.
Your whole life you try to hide that wound, but by hiding it it cannot disappear. Each child being born, coming out of the birth canal, must be feeling the future is bleak; and each age has felt it. Because the future is unknown, that's why it looks bleak.
This is not something new that modern man is feeling; it is as ancient as man. You can go to the ancient-most records and it is always said in every ancient scripture, "The future

is bleak." And the corollary to it is that the past was golden. "The future is bleak." The past was good -- satyug, the Age of Truth; and the future, kalyug -- the Age of Death and Darkness.

This attitude is somewhere deep in your mind; it has nothing to do with time and the realities surrounding you. And you have to drop this pessimistic attitude, Ruparahi. It all depends on your approach.

For example, it is so simple to say that "the burden of the West already lies heavy on the world: the atomic bomb," and nobody will argue against you, it looks so obvious. But I would like to tell you to think again, reconsider. In fact, it is the atom bomb which has made wars impossible. Now there can be no world war.

In the past we could have continued wars because our wars were so inefficient, there was no danger. That's why, down the ages, in three thousand years we have fought five thousand wars. There was no problem; it was just a game. And the male egoistic mind has enjoyed it very much, it has needed it very much. And wars would have continued if there was no atom bomb. The atom bomb is the end of war. The future is not bleak. The very existence of the atom bomb means, now, if you decide for war, it will be universal suicide. Who is ready to take that risk? Nobody can win and everybody will die. Nobody can be the winner; then what is the point of the game?

War is significant if somebody can win and somebody is defeated. War becomes absurd if nobody can win and both are destroyed. It is only because of the existence of the atom bomb that Russia and America are prevented from war; otherwise there seems to be no other possibility except

war. Both are ready, absolutely ready, but the atom bomb is making it impossible.

It is ridiculous now to go to war. If both parties are going to be destroyed, then what is the point? The atom bomb has made war pointless.

When I think about the atom bomb I see great hope. I am not a pessimist at all. I believe things are going to be better every day, better and better. You will be surprised, but this is so simple if you understand.

It is because of the atom bomb that war has become total. Up to now it was a partial thing -- a few people will die -- but now the whole earth will die. We have attained to superkill. We have so many bombs ready that we can kill each person one thousand times, we can destroy one thousand earths like this. This earth is small now before our destructive powers; compared to our destructive powers this earth is nothing.

Now who is going to take this risk, and for what? You will not be there to gloat over your victory -- nobody will be there.

War is not going to happen. The Third World War is not going to happen, and it will not be because of Buddha and Christ and their teachings of non-violence and love, no! It will be because of the atom bomb. Because death is absolute now, suicide will be complete. Not only will man be destroyed, but birds, animals, trees, all life will be destroyed on earth.

This is the only possibility of dropping war forever. We have become too efficient in killing; now killing can be allowed no more. Think this way and you will be surprised -- then the future is bleak no more.

You say, "... violence through frustration." That's true. Whenever one feels frustrated... and the world is feeling frustrated, particularly the West. Frustration comes as a shadow of success. In the East there is no frustration because there is no success, so the shadow is missing. In the West there is great frustration because the success has come; all that man ever needed is available, and there is no content ment. Success has failed -- that's the frustration. But that's also the point of sannyas, meditation, religion.

Yes, you can become frustrated and you can become violent because all that you have hoped for has failed -- you have succeeded, and nothing has succeeded -- great frustration arises in you -- you can become murderous, you can become suicidal. But the other possibility is also there, you can start thinking in a totally new way: that success cannot be in the outer world, that success has to be something inner, that you were rushing in a wrong direction. Your direction was wrong; that's why you have failed.

In the West, because of frustration, people are becoming more and more interested in meditation, prayer, contemplation. That too is part of the same frustration. My own observation is a person becomes a meditator only when there are only two possibilities: suicide or transformation.

When in the outside world there seems to be only suicide and nothing else, then one turns in. Only at that point, at that peak of frustration, does one turn in. The turning in cannot happen in a lukewarm person; it happens only when things are really hot and there is no way outside anymore, all ways have been proved false. When you have been

frustrated totally by the outside world and all exterior journeys, when all extroversion seems meaningless, only then does the desire, the longing for an inner pilgrimage open up.

It has always been so. It is only at the extremes, when life faces a crisis, that transformations happen. Water evaporates at a hundred degrees; that much heat is needed. The West has created that much heat of frustration. A few people will become violent, a few people will become murderous, a few people will become suicidal, but the major part of humanity will start turning in.

You say, "... the automatization of the soul."

Industrialization and the growth of technology has not made man automatic, has not made man a machine. Man has always been a machine. Industrialization has only revealed the truth. It is a great revelation. Man has always lived in slavery, but the slavery was not so apparent, was not so penetrating; there was always an illusion of freedom. The mechanization of all that you are surrounded with has made you aware that you are also nothing but a machine. You have always been that. Buddhas have always been telling you that you exist unconsciously, that you exist like a robot, that you are not yet a man, but illusions persisted. The modern world has taken the last illusion from you, it has revealed the truth to you: that you are nothing but a machine efficient, inefficient, but a machine.

It had to be so because only when you live with machines, only then can you become aware of your machine-like existence. You had always lived with trees and animals and people, and it had always given you the false idea that there is freedom.

Freedom exists only when you are utterly conscious. Only a Buddha is free. Freedom is in Buddhahood; nobody else is free, nobody else can be free. But people can believe... it is a very consoling illusion. The modern world has taken your illusion away from you; and it is good because now a great desire to be free will arise, a great longing to attain to something beyond the machine.

For example, the computer has proved that howsoever efficient you are in your mind it does not make you really a man, because that can be done better by a computer than by your mind. Now the people who used to do beautiful mathematics will be offended because the computer can do it in a far better way. And the work of the computer is so fast that they say, if a problem will take seventy years of his whole life for a great mathematician to solve, working day in, day out, the computer can solve it within a second. Now, what is the lesson to be learned? That the brain is nothing but a biocomputer. Without the computer it would never have been revealed to you that your brain is a computer. With the computer, now, the people who think they are great intellectuals, mathematicians, scientists, specialists, are all reduced to machines. It was not possible two thousand years before: there was no way to know that the mind functions as a machine, that the mind is nothing but a machine.

There is just one thing the computer cannot do. It can be logical, but it cannot be loving; it can be rational, but it cannot be meditative. A computer cannot meditate, a computer cannot love -- and that is the hope, and that is where man can still go beyond machines. You can love. Your love will be the decisive factor in the coming days --

not logic: the computer is perfectly logical, more logical than any Aristotle; not mathematics: the computer is more mathematical than any Albert Einstein.

The computer is going to solve all problems. The computer will solve every problem that scientists used to take years to solve. It can solve them within seconds. Sooner or later science will go into the hands of computers; the scientist will be needed only to operate the computer, that's all. The computer can do it far more quickly, far more efficiently, with less and less possibility of making any errors. This is something tremendously significant. It can make you very much frightened, it can give you the idea that there is nothing left, man is a machine; but it can also fill you with great hope that now the computer has revealed that the head is not man's real reality.

Now we have to search for the heart, because the computer has no heart. Only by searching for our heart, only by allowing our heart to dance and sing and love, will we be able to retain the glory and dignity of being man; otherwise it is gone.

The future looks bleak to you because you only see the darker side of the phenomenon. You are not aware of its lighter side. I see the dawn coming very close. Yes, the night is very dark, but the future is not bleak, not at all.

In fact, for the first time in human history millions of people will be able to become Buddhas. It was very rare to become a Buddha in the past because it was very rare to become aware of the mechanicalness of man. It needed great intelligence to be aware that man is a machine. But now it will not need any intelligence at all; it will be so obvious that man is a machine.

And you say, "... the destruction of the forests and the pollution of the air and sea so that it is uncertain whether the environment can maintain its delicate balance. Can the world support another West?" That is one of the most beautiful things about science and technology: it creates problems just to solve them. And the problem can only be solved when it has been created; then it becomes a challenge. Now the greatest challenge before technology is how to maintain the balance of nature, how to maintain ecological harmony. It was never there before, it is a new problem.

For the first time the West is facing a new problem. We have lived on this earth for millions of years. Slowly, slowly we had been growing more and more expert technologically, but we had not yet been able to destroy the natural balance; we were yet a very small force on the earth. Now for the first time our energy is bigger, far bigger, than the earth's energy to keep its balance. This is a great phenomenon. Man has become so powerful that he can destroy the natural balance. But he will not destroy it, because to destroy the natural balance means he will be destroyed himself.

He will find new ways; and new ways are being found. The way to regain the delicate balance of nature is not by renouncing technology. It is not by becoming hippies, it is not by becoming Gandhians, no, not at all. The way to regain the balance of nature is through superior technology, higher technology, more technology. If technology can destroy the balance, why can't technology regain it? Anything that can be destroyed can be created.

And now it is almost feasible to float cities in the sky, in the air, in big, enormous balloons! There is no need for man to live on the earth. And it will be really beautiful -- floating cities in the air, and the green earth below you, huge forests again as the earth used to be before man started cutting forests. The earth can become the same again. You can come back to the earth for holidays.

It is possible now to float cities in the ocean, and that will be beautiful. It is possible now to make underground cities so the earth, its greenery, its beauty, is not destroyed. You can live in air-conditioned cities underneath the earth. You can come once in a while for your Sunday prayer to the earth, and go back. It is possible for man now to be transported to another planet. The moon may become our next colony, the moon may become our habitation.

The way is not by regressing; it is not possible to regress. Now man cannot live without electricity and man cannot live without all the comforts that technology has made available. And there is no need either -- it will become so poor a world. You don't know how man had lived in the past, always starving, always ill. You don't know how man had lived in the past; people have forgotten. You don't know how low the average age was in the past: if twenty children were born only two would survive. Life was very ugly.

And without machines there was slavery. It is only because of machines that slavery has disappeared from the earth. If more machines come then more of this slavery will disappear. Horses will be free again if more cars are there; oxen will be free again if more machines are there to do their work; animals can be free again.

Freedom was not possible without machines. If you drop machines man will again become slaves. There will be people who will start dominating and forcing. You see the pyramids? They look so beautiful, but each pyramid was made in such a way that millions of people died in making it. That was the only way to make it. All the beautiful palaces of the world, and the forts.... Much violence has happened, only then could they be made. The Great Wall of China -- millions of people died in making it. They were forced, generations of people were forced, to just make this China Wall. Now people go and see it, and they have completely forgotten that it represents a very ugly chapter of history.

For the first time electricity and technology have taken all the work; man need not do it. Technology can free man absolutely from work and the earth caul be playful for the first time. Luxury is possible for the first time. There is no need to go back.

That's why I am against the Gandhian approach towards life, utterly against. If Gandhi is believed, then the world will again become ugly, poor, dirty, ill. The way is ahead: one has to go to superior technology that can rearrange the balance. The earth can really become paradise.

I am all for science. My religion is not against science; my religion absorbs science in itself. I believe in a scientific world. And through science a great religion, a greater religion than ever, is going to happen to man, because when man will be really free to be playful and there will be no need to work, tremendous creativity will be released. People will paint, and people will play music, and people will dance, and people will write poems, and people will

pray, and people will meditate. Their whole energy will be free to soar high.

Only a small part of humanity has been creative, because all the other people have been forced to do futile things which can be done by machines more easily and without any trouble to anybody. Millions of people are simply laboring their whole lives. Their whole lives consist only of perspiration, there is no inspiration. This is ugly, this should not be.

And this is possible only for the first time. Just think... the whole of humanity freed from the imprisonment of labor, then the energy will start moving in new directions. People will become adventurers, explorers, scientists, musicians, poets, painters, dancers, meditators. They will have to because the energy will need some expression. Millions of people can bloom like Buddhas.

I am tremendously hopeful about the future.

You say, Ruparahi, "To me the future of the East appears bleak whichever way one looks at it. " It is not bleak. It can be bleak if stupidity wins over intelligence. If the old, rotten mind wins over intelligence -- then it is bleak. If Gandhi wins, then it is bleak. If Morarji Desai and people like him win, then it is bleak. But if I am heard and understood it is not bleak.

You say, "... either poverty and starvation through fatalism, or Westernization through capitalism." I am all for Westernization of the East, and I am all for capitalism too, because capitalism is the only natural system. Communism is a violent, enforced, artificial system. Capitalism is a natural growth; nobody has forced it on anybody, it has come on its own. It is part of human evolution. Capitalism

is not like communism -- a few people trying to enforce a particular system, forcibly, on others. Capitalism has grown out of freedom. Capitalism is a natural phenomenon, and it fits perfectly well with human potentials.

I am all in favor of Adam Smith and all against Karl Marx. Capitalism means laissez-faire. People should be free to do their own thing; no government should interfere with people's freedom. The government which governs the least is the best. That's what capitalism is. The interference of the state, nationalization of the industries, are all inhuman. Communism can exist only in the climate of dictatorship. Communism cannot be democratic, socialism can never be democratic. No socialist can have the democratic mind, because socialism ar communism means to impose a particular system on people. How can you be democratic? It has to be forcibly imposed. The whole country has to be turned into a concentration camp.

Capitalism needs no enforcement from above. Capitalism is a democratic way of life. And capitalism is also very psychologically true, because no two persons are psychologically equal. The whole idea of equality is false, inhuman, untrue, unscientific. No two human beings are equal; people are unequal. In every possible way they are unequal. Their talents, their intelligence, their bodies, their health, their age, their beauty, their qualities -- everything is different No two individuals are alike or equal.

And it is good. The variety makes life rich; the variety gives people individuality, uniqueness.

Capitalism means freedom, it represents freedom. I am not against equal opportunities for all -- please, don't misunderstand me. Equal opportunities should be available

to everybody, but for what? -- equal opportunities to grow to your unequal potentials, equal opportunities to be different, to be dissimilar, equal opportunities to be whatsoever you want to be.

Communism is an ugly phenomenon. It destroys human freedom in the name of equality. And the equality can never be managed, there is no possible way. Even in Soviet Russia there is no equality; only the classes have changed their labels. First there used to be the proletarians and the bourgeoisie; now there are the rulers and the ruled. And the distinctions are far greater than ever. And the whole country has fallen into a kind of dull state.

Communism makes people drab and dull, placid, because nobody feels the freedom to be himself, so joy disappears from life. Nobody feels any enthusiasm to work for others. That is unnatural, inhuman. How can you feel enthusiasm if you are working for the inhuman state, the machinery called the state? When you work for your children, your wife, there is enthusiasm. If you are working for your wife and you would like her to have a beautiful house, a small cottage in the hills, you are in great enthusiasm. You would like your children to be healthy; you are in great enthusiasm. Who cares for the state? For what?

The state is an abstraction; nobody can love the state. That's why in Russia and in China you will find people dragging, dull. Their intelligence has lost color, they are no more rainbows of life.

Communism -- in the beautiful name of equality -- destroys the most valuable thing: freedom. Freedom is the ultimate value. There is nothing higher than freedom, because it is through freedom that everything else becomes possible.

Capitalism is a higher value system than communism, and communism will always remain dictatorial because it is afraid, afraid because something inhuman has been imposed on human beings. The moment you withdraw the structure of dictatorship, people will start becoming unequal again. Just give five years to Soviet Russia, five years of democracy and you will see: again people are different; somebody has become rich and somebody has become poor and somebody has become famous and somebody has become something else. Just five years of democratic freedom, and fifty years of dictatorship will go down the drain; hence the fear. This is an unnatural imposition on people; it destroys their spirit.

I am all for capitalism. Capitalism is the system that produces capital. Communism is the system that reduces everybody to the lowest denominator. That is the only way to make people equal.

For example, if somebody here is seven feet tall -- there are a few Dutch sannyasins seven feet tall -- and somebody is just five: now if you want to make these people equal, what can be done? The five-foot tall person cannot be stretched to seven, but the seven-foot tall person can be cut to five. That's the only possible way.

Communism reduces people to the lowest denominator. People are not allowed to have higher intelligence, because that will make them unequal. They have to be reduced to the lowest intelligence.

Capitalism functions in a totally different way. It helps you to express, to manifest, to flower in your totality.

And I am not saying that there are not wrong things in capitalism. They are there -- but capitalism is not

responsible for them. Human ignorance is responsible for them, human unconsciousness is responsible for them. Capitalism has many errors in it; it is not the perfect system. It is the most perfect in available systems, but it is not the perfect system, because man is not perfect. It simply reflects man, with all its illusions, with all human errors, with all human stupidities; but it reflects perfectly well. Communism is against all that is good, valuable, all that takes you higher than humanity. Communism is an effort to live by bread alone. Bread is needed, but it is needed only so that you can pray, so that you can sing a song, so that you can fall in love, so that you can paint. Bread is needed, but only as a means. Communism has turned the means into the end.

I am in favor of the East being Westernized because Westernization means nothing but modernization. Forget the word "West". Westernization means modernization: more technology, more science, more industrialization; and higher technology so that we can save this earth and its delicate ecological balance. The East has to be modernized, and then the future is not bleak.

But the greatest problem is that the Eastern mind is against modernization. Their old traditions are great blocks. Their conditioning of the mind is such that they are committing suicide. And they think that they have great culture and great values and great ideas. And it is all rotten! And because of that rotten past, they cannot understand the modern explosion of great knowledge that can transform this earth into a real paradise.

These old patterns have to be destroyed. People ask me, particularly Indians, "What are you doing to help India to

get out of its poverty?" That's actually what I am doing, because to me it is not only a question of going and distributing clothes to poor people; that is not going to help. It is not a question of distributing anything, it is not a question of charity; it is a question of changing their mind and their structure of thinking. But then the problem arises: they will be the most antagonistic to me. This is how life is paradoxical.

What I am saying can change the fate of the East, it can transform its whole ugliness into beauty, but the Eastern people will be the most against me because whatsoever I will say will go against their conditioning, their ideas -- settled ideas, of centuries. That's why you don't see many Indians here.

The Western mind immediately feels a deep affinity with me. It is because I am always in favor of the modern, of the new. The Western mind can understand me immediately, it feels a great alikeness, but the Eastern mind simply feels agitated. The moment the Eastern mind hears what I am saying he becomes annoyed, antagonistic; he starts defending himself.

He has become too attached to his mind, and his mind is the cause of all his problems. He wants to change those problems, but he clings to the mind. And that is not possible. First the mind has to be changed; only then will those problems disappear.

For example, the whole East suffers from repressed sexuality, great repression, but again and again they go on insisting that they have great ideas of celibacy, great ideas of character, morality. And those are the ideas which are making them repressed. Those are the ideas that are

keeping them unflowing, because once your sexuality is repressed, your creativity is repressed, because sex energy is your creative energy. It is God's way of helping you becoming creative. Sex is creativity. The man who has repressed his sex will not be able to create anything; he will be stuck.

Now what to do with the East? If you tell them to become a little more loving, a little more sensuous, a little more sensate, they immediately are against you; they say, "Then why has Buddha said this, and Mahavira has said that? You are teaching materialism! "

I am simply teaching you totality. And let me say it to you, that Buddha's approach is not total, it is partial. But I can understand him, because if you are against me, now, twenty-five centuries after Buddha, if Buddha had said these things that I am saying to you, how much would you have been against him? I can understand why he never told you about the total growth of human beings, why he had to remain partial. Even that was too much for the Indian people, and Buddhism was thrown out of the country even that was too much. If he had talked the way I am talking, you would have immediately killed him. It was not possible; the climate was not ready for him to talk to you in total terms.

I am taking the risk of talking to you in total terms -- and creating unnecessary troubles for myself! I can also go on teaching that old, stupid kind of spirituality, and the country will be very proud of me and they will worship me. But I am not interested in being worshiped, and I am not interested in India being proud of me. My whole interest is

how to change this country's rotten mind, how to give it a new vision.
But they will be against me, although what I am doing is their only hope.
India needs to become modern, it needs to become more capitalistic, but the very word "capitalism" frightens people. They start thinking of me as if I am working for the C.I.A. Foolish people. The C.I.A. may be working for me, but why should I work for the C.I.A.? But their mind is settled. Whatsoever you do, go on talking about socialism and they feel good. So in India everybody talks about socialism. People who are not socialistic at all, they also talk about socialism because that's what brings votes.
I may be the only person in this whole country who has the guts to say that capitalism is the only right thing. I may be the only person in this country who has the guts to say that India should become more and more friendly with America and drop its policy of neutrality. That is all nonsense; that is not going to help India. It is only through American capital and American know-how and American technology that this country's problems can be solved.
And don't be worried, Ruparahi, that if we make this country industrialized, more technologized, that if more technology and industry is brought to the country, then the ecology will be destroyed. Don't be worried. Technology itself can find ways to overcome all those things.
Technology is the only potential means in the hands of man to transform the outer world. The outer world can be transformed totally. We can bring it to an even better ecological balance than nature itself, because nature's ways are very primitive and rudimentary. And what is man

really? -- nature's highest growth. If man cannot bring a better balance, then who is going to bring it? Man is nature's highest peak; it is through man that nature can resettle its own problems.

I don't think that the future is bleak. The future is very hopeful, very bright. It has never been so before because for the first time man is coming closer and closer to a point where he can be freed from all work. Man for the first time can live in luxury, and to live in luxury is to be ready to move inwards, because then there is no hindrance on the outside. Then you can simply move inwards, you will have to move inwards: the outer journey is finished. All that can be attained in the outside world has been attained... now a new adventure.

What happened to Buddha can happen to the whole of humanity in the future. He lived in luxury -- he was the son of a king -- and because of that luxurious living he became aware. Because there was no problem on the outside, he could relapse into himself, he could find ways and means to enter inwards. He became interested in knowing "Who am I?" What happened to Buddha can happen to the whole of humanity if the whole of humanity becomes rich, outwardly rich. To be outwardly rich is the beginning of inward richness.

And I teach you a religion which implies science in it, and I teach you a religion which is sensate, sensuous. I teach you a religion which accepts the body, loves the body, respects the body. I teach you a religion which is earthly, earthy, which loves this beautiful earth, which is not against the earth. The earth has to be the base of your heavenly flight.

The second question:

Question 2
MANY TIMES WHEN I SEE OUR FRIENDS HUGGING, KISSING PASSIONATELY, AND CARESSING EACH OTHER'S BODIES, I FEEL THAT IT IS THIS SIGHT WHICH OFFENDS INDIAN SOCIETY IN GENERAL AND CREATES GREAT MISUNDERSTANDINGS ABOUT YOU AND YOUR TEACHINGS. WITH THIS PARTICULAR TYPE OF BEHAVIOR, IF THE SOCIETY IS OFFENDED AND GREAT DIFFICULTIES ARE CREATED FOR THE WORLD OF OUR MASTER, WHY SHOULDN'T WE SIMPLY CORRECT OUR BEHAVIOR WHEN WE ARE IN SOCIETY, WHETHER IN INDIA, AMERICA, OR GERMANY?

Siddhartha, this is what I have been talking about: the rotten mind.
What is wrong in hugging a person you love, in kissing a person you love? Don't enforce your hug on anybody, that's true; then it is ugly -- and that's what the Indians go on doing. And my women sannyasins are aware of it.
If you are there in the marketplace, then Indians behave really in an ugly way. They will pinch your bottoms. Now, that is ugly. They will rub their bodies against your body. That is ugly. They will look at you as if they would like to eat you. That is ugly. They will look at you as if they would like to see how you are behind your clothes. That is ugly, but that is accepted, that is perfectly good.

If you love a person and you hold hands and you hug each other and you kiss each other, it should be nobody's business. Why should others feel offended? If they feel offended, then something is wrong with them. Maybe they are feeling jealous, but they cannot show their jealousy, so they become angry. Maybe they would also like to hug somebody, but they don't have the courage; they are afraid of the society. Hence they feel very angry at you. What they cannot do, they would not like anybody else to do either.

And, because they are so sexually repressed, whenever they see somebody hugging, kissing, holding hands, showering so much love on each other, their repressed sexuality starts surfacing. They become afraid of themselves.

They are not offended by your behavior; they are offended by their own unconscious tendencies because they suddenly start surfacing! All their repressed sexuality starts coming up, and they become frightened that, if it is allowed, they may do something. They are somehow controlling themselves. Now, here is a person who provokes them. Here are two persons in such a deep hug, they start losing control.

The Indian mind has lived in control, discipline, character. It is a hypocritical mind. On the surface is control, deep down there are ali kinds of things boiling. And when you provoke them they are offended -- not against you: they are offended by their own unconscious, but they are not aware of that at all. They throw the responsibility wholly on you, that you are doing something wrong.

And, Siddartha, although you are my sannyasin, still the Indian mind continues in you. It is a very deep-rooted thing, centuries and centuries of conditioning.

You say, "Many times when I see our friends hugging, kissing passionately, and caressing each other's bodies, I feel that it is this sight which offends Indian society in general and creates great misunderstandings about you and your teachings."

No, it is not creating any MISunderstanding. Exactly, precisely, this is my teaching! It is love that I teach. It is loving behavior that I teach. You are not going against me when you are doing it.

I would like the whole country to be in a hugging, kissing atmosphere. That climate is needed. People have forgotten how it feels to hug others' bodies. People have forgotten the warmth, the flow of energy that comes from the other's body. Indians have completely lost roots in their own bodies.

Even husbands and wives make love so quickly, so fast, that there is no hugging, caressing at all. It is done almost as if it is a sin, in secrecy, nobody should know about it. Indians live as if there is no sex in their life. This has become their patterned way of existence; now you are disrupting it. I would also like them to learn a few ways of how to be loving. Love is not obscene, but that's how they think: they think love is obscene.

If two persons are fighting on the road, no Indian thinks it is obscene. Even if they murder each other, nobody thinks it is obscene. In fact, the crowd will gather to watch what is happening and they will be very much thrilled. And if nothing happens, they will go away very sad, that "Nothing

happened, and we waited so long." It was a kind of free entertainment. They are not offended. Even if knives are drawn, they are not offended. If blood flows, they are not offended; it is not obscene.

In Indian films, murder is allowed, suicide is allowed; kissing is not allowed. Just think and see the whole absurdity of it. Murder is allowed. Kissing is far more dangerous, far more dangerous than murder? What kind of valuation is this? Suicide is allowed. All kinds of sadistic, masochistic tortures are allowed, but kissing is not allowed. A certain distance has to be maintained between the lips -- six inches, I think. Lips should not come more than six inches closer; otherwise there will be an atomic explosion! It is just a very repressive society.

There is no misunderstanding about me. I am very simple and plain. Whatsoever I say, I say, and I say it the way it is. I call a spade a spade. Then whatsoever happens, it's good. But I have decided to be utterly honest and truthful -- whatsoever the cost. So don't think that "great difficulties" are created for me. Nobody can create difficulties for me. But if I have to say the truth, difficulties are bound to be there.

And do you think if you stop kissing and hugging on the roads, streets, people will not have anything against me? Then why were they against Jesus? His disciples were not kissing and hugging. Why did they crucify him? Why were they against Socrates? Why did they poison him? Why were they against Al Hillaj Mansur? Why did they kill him? These are excuses. Don't be deceived by the excuses that people find. If they cannot find this excuse, they will

find another. And whatsoever I am saying is such -- it is explosive, it is dynamite.

In that way, you need not bother about what you do -- whatsoever you do is okay: even if you become absolute saints according to Indians, then too they will be against me because what I am saying and what I am trying to do is utter rebellion. It has never been done that way, it has never been spoken that way -- but people find excuses. If one excuse is dropped, they will find another.

The Western disciples have come only recently. Seven years before, you were not here, and people were against me as they are against me today. I only had Indian disciples, but still they were against me. So it is not you, it is I who is creating trouble for himself. You are not responsible at all. You are just an excuse, and they go on finding excuses, and my every statement can become an excuse.

In fact, your hugging and kissing and your caressing each other, embracing each other, has been a great help to me. Because of that they have forgotten everything else that I say! It is a protection. Now, I have even been seeing editorials written in which it is said that what Osho says is right; his disciples are wrong... and I am so grateful to you. If you were not here, I would be wrong! Now at least because of your behavior I am becoming prestigious, respectable.

Go on doing it. Soon they will throw the whole responsibility on you and I will be completely free of blame!

Even the Municipal Corporation of Poona has passed a resolution in which it is said that, " We are not against

Osho's teachings -- his teachings are perfectly true and right -- but we are against the behavior of his disciples." So beautiful! I enjoy how stupid people can be. They cannot fight with me, they cannot argue with me, they feel impotent against me; now they are finding scapegoats, now they are finding other excuses.

Continue doing whatsoever you are doing. This is going to help my work.

And I am not here to compromise. Whether the difficulties are there or not, I am not here to compromise -- not an iota of compromise. Even if they make my life impossible here, that is perfectly okay, but no compromise.

And you say, "With this particular type of behavior, if the society is offended...." Society is going to be offended if we want to change the society, if we want to change the mind of the society. People don't leave their old minds easily. They have invested so much in it, how can they leave it so easily? They will be offended. And, Siddhartha, you ask me, "... why shouldn't we simply correct our behavior...?" Your behavior is already correct. And if they are suffering, they have to correct their minds. If they are suffering, that is their problem. They will have to reconsider.

I would like many more and many more sannyasins roaming around the country, hugging, kissing, loving. Make it a problem everywhere, so they have to understand that something has to be done. In the beginning they are always offended. Nobody wants to change. Even if it is for your benefit, nobody wants to change.

Love is a religious phenomenon, the greatest religious phenomenon there is. It is love that becomes prayer.

Sufis say... a great Master is reported to have said:

I must empty myself to others
in tears and in kisses, in hugs and smiles.
That is the way one becomes empty
and ready for God to enter in.

In a moment, when one is empty, suddenly all becomes full of God. When you kiss somebody with deep love, you are emptying yourself into the other. When you hug somebody ecstatically, you are pouring yourself into the other. This is the way of emptying yourself. And when you are utterly empty, God comes in. To be empty is to be in meditation.

The third question:

Question 3
I AM A MARRIED MAN WITH THREE CHILDREN AND WITH ALL THE PROBLEMS OF A MARRIED MAN'S LIFE. MY WIFE IS CONSTANTLY AT MY THROAT. WE ARE TOGETHER ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN; OTHERWISE, EACH MOMENT IS A NIGHTMARE. IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF MY ESCAPING HELLFIRE? I HAVE HEARD OTHER GURUS SAY THAT ONLY CELIBATES GO TO HEAVEN. IS IT SO, OSHO?

I will tell you one story:

A man was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. The judge looked at him thoughtfully. "Your name is Jim Moore?"

"Yes, sir."
"You are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"
"Yes, sir."
"You are guilty of that crime?"
The man squared his shoulders doggedly. "I am."
"You ask me for mercy?"
"No, sir."
The judge smiled grimly. "You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"
"I have."
"You have often wished you were dead?"
"I have, please Your Honor."
"You wanted to steal enough money to take you far away from Arkansas?"
"You are right, Judge."
"If a man had stepped up and shot you as you entered the store, you would have said,'Thank you, sir'?"
"Why, yes, I would. But, Judge, how in the world did you find out so much about me?"
"Some time ago," said the Judge, with a solemn air, "I divorced my wife. Shortly afterwards you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

You need not be worried about hell. You have suffered enough. You are already in it. You can only go to heaven, because nothing else is left. Celibates may go to hell, but you cannot. You have suffered enough. Celibates may need a little taste of suffering, but not you.

In fact, there is no hell somewhere else and no heaven either. Hell is here, heaven is here. Hell and heaven are your ways of being. They are your ways of living. You can live in such a way that the whole life is a benediction.
But don't go on throwing the responsibility only on your wife. In the first place it is you who have chosen her. Why have you chosen such a wife who is constantly at your neck?
And do you think, if you are divorced, you will not again choose another woman of the same type? If you ask psychologists they will say you will again choose the same type of woman. You needed it; it is your own choice. You cannot live without misery. You think your wife is creating misery? It is because you wanted to live in misery -- that's why you have chosen this woman. You will again choose the same type of woman. You will only become attracted to the same type of woman, unless you drop your old mind completely.
Except our own minds, there is no other way to change or transform. You must be thinking that if you divorce this woman things will be good. You are wrong, you are utterly wrong. You don't know a thing about human psychology. You will get trapped again. You will search for a woman again; you will miss this woman very much. She will miss you, you will miss her. You will again find the same type of person; you will be attracted only to that kind of person. Watch your mind.
And then, she cannot only be at fault. You must be doing something to her too. It is your statement; I don't know her statement. It will be unfair to the poor woman if I accept your statement about her totally. You may be fifty percent

right, but what about the other fifty percent? You must be supplying fuel to the fire.

And if life was so ugly, why have you given birth to three children? Who is responsible for that? Why have you brought three souls into the ugly world of your family, into the nightmare that you are living? Why? Can't you have any love for your children?

People go on reproducing without thinking at all of what they are doing. If your life is such a hell, at least you could have prevented your children from falling into the trap of your misery. You would have saved them! Now, those three children are being brought up by two persons like you and your wife. They will learn ways and means from you, and they will perpetuate you in the world. When you are gone, you will still be here in the world creating hell. Those children will perpetuate, they will keep the continuity of your stupid ways of living, miserable ways of living.

Now your boy will find a woman just like your wife -- who else? -- because he will know only this woman. He will love his mother, and whenever he falls in love with a woman, it simply means that woman reminds him of his mother. Now again the same game will be played. Maybe you have chosen your wife according to your mother; your father and your mother were playing the same game that you are playing, and your children will perpetuate the same structure and the same gestalt. That's how miseries persist.

At least you could have saved these three children's lives, and you could have saved the future of humanity, because the ripple that you have created will go on and on. Even when you are gone it will be there. Whatsoever you do abides. Whatsoever ripples you create in the ocean of life

remain; you disappear. It is like throwing a stone in a silent lake: the stone falls deep into the lake, disappears, goes to the bottom and rests there, but the ripples that have been created, they go on spreading towards the shores. And the ocean of life knows no shores, so those waves go on and on, forever and forever.

At least you could have been a little more alert not to produce children.

And it is never late. Still life can be changed -- but don' t hope that your wife should change. That is the wrong approach. You change. Change radically. Stop doing things that you have always been doing. Start doing things that you have never done. Change radically, become a new person, and you will be surprised. When you become a new person, your wife becomes a new person. She will have to, to respond to you. In the beginning she will find it hard because it will be almost like living with another husband, but slowly, slowly she will see that if you can change, why can't she? Never hope that the other should change. In every relationship start the change from your side.

Life can still become a paradise; it is never too late. But great courage is needed to change. All that is really needed is a little more awareness. De-automatize your behavior; just watch what you have been doing up to now. You do the same thing, and the wife reacts in the same way. It has become a settled pattern.

Watch any husband and wife -- they are almost predictable. In the morning the husband will spread his newspaper and start reading, and the wife will say the same thing that she has been saying for years, and the husband will react in the same way. It has become almost structured, programmed.

Just small changes, and you will be surprised. Tomorrow, don't sit in your chair early in the morning and start reading your paper. Just start cleaning the house, and see what happens. Your wife will be wide-eyed, and she will not be able to believe what has happened to you. Smile when you see your wife, hug, and see how she is taken aback. You have never hugged her. Years have passed, and you have never looked into the poor woman's eyes.

Tonight, just sit in front of her, look into her eyes. She will think in the beginning that you have gone crazy, you have become a Rajneesh freak or something, but don't be worried. Just hold her hand and be ecstatic. If you cannot be, at least pretend. Be ecstatic. Sometimes it happens that if you start pretending, it starts happening! Just start smiling, for no reason at all, and watch. Your poor woman may have a heart attack!

You have not been holding her hand -- do you remember since how long? Have you ever taken her for a morning walk? Or when the moon is full, have you taken her for a walk in the night under the stars? She is also human, she also needs love.

But particularly people in India go on using women as if they are just servants. Their whole work consists of taking care of the children and the kitchen and the house, as if that's their whole life.

Have you respected your wife as a human being?

Then, if anger arises, it is natural. If she feels frustrated -- because her life is running out and she has not known any joy, she has not known any bliss, she has not known anything that can give meaning and significance to her life....

Have you just sat by her side sometimes, silently, just holding her hand, not saying a word, just feeling her, and letting her feel you? No, that is not done in India at all. Wives and husbands have only one kind of communication: quarreling. I have been acquainted with thousands of Indian families, I have stayed with thousands of Indian families. While I was traveling all over the country I was staying with so many families that I have come to know almost all kinds of families, but very rarely have I seen husbands and wives respectful to each other. Using each other, exploiting each other, reducing each other to things, but never respecting each other's divinity -- then this hell is created. Don't think that only your wife is responsible. She may be, but that is not the point, because she has not asked the question. You have asked the question. Start changing your life. Give the poor woman a little feeling of significance. Give the little woman a little feeling that she is needed. Do you know the greatest need in life is to be needed? And unless a person feels that he or she is needed, his or her life remains meaningless, desert-like.

Laugh with her, listen to music together, go for a holiday in the Himalayas. Caress her body, because bodies start shrinking when nobody caresses them. Bodies start becoming ugly when nobody looks with appreciation. And then you think, "Why is my wife not beautiful?" You are not creating the climate in which beauty flowers, blooms. If you love a person, the person immediately becomes beautiful! Love is such an alchemical process. Look at a person with loving eyes, and suddenly you will see his, her aura changing, the face becoming radiant, more blood coming to the face, eyes becoming more shiny, radiance,

intelligence -- and like a miracle. Love is a miracle, love is magical.
It is not yet too late.
But our ways of thinking are utterly wrong. We have forgotten how to live a really human life -- warm, welcoming, sensate, sensuous. The words "sensuous" and "sensate" have become dirty words; particularly in India they are dirty words. I am using them knowing that people will be offended.
Become sensuous. The senses are as divine as anything else. The whole existence is divine.

And the last question:

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO, THE OTHER DAY IN LECTURE,FOR THE FIRST TIME I HEARD YOUR SONG! IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL. YOUR WORDS HAD NO MEANING, YOUR VOICE WAS SOFT MUSIC THAT SURROUNDED AND FILLED ME WITH SUCH JOY AND DELIGHT! WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE!

Dhanya, that is the way to hear me. It is for the first time you have heard me. It is for the first time communion has happened and not only communication. Communication is through words, communion is through music. Communication is an intellectual process; communion is that of the heart, when two hearts meet and mingle and melt.

Dhanya, your name means "the blessed one". You are... you are blessed. This is the way to be with me. This is adab the way to be with a Master -- heart to heart, silence to silence, spirit to spirit.
When my words start disappearing and you start hearing the gaps between the words, when you start hearing the gaps between the lines, you will be full of great music. That is my real message.

The Secret

Chapter #17
Chapter title: Are You Willing To Be Made Nothing?
27 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

THERE WERE TWO MEN OF GREAT RENOWN AS TEACHERS OF THE RIGHT PATH. IBN HALIM RELATES THAT HE WENT FIRST TO SEE ONE OF THEM, WHOSE NAME WAS PIR ARDESHIR OF QAZWIN.
HE SAID TO PIR ARDESHIR, "WILL YOU ADVISE ME AS TO WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO?"
THE PIR SAID, "YES, BUT I WILL GIVE YOU SUCH INSTRUCTIONS AS YOU WILL FIND VERY HARD TO CARRY OUT, SINCE THEY WILL GO AGAINST YOUR PREFERENCES, EVEN IF THESE PREFERENCES ARE SOMETIMES FOR HARDSHIP."
IBN HALIM SPENT SOME MONTHS WITH PIR ARDESHIR, AND FOUND THAT THE TEACHING

WAS INDEED HARD FOR HIM. ALTHOUGH PIR ARDESHIR'S FORMER DISCIPLES WERE NOW FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS ENLIGHTENED TEACHERS, HE COULD NOT STAND THE CHANGES, THE UNCERTAINTIES AND THE DISCIPLINES PLACED UPON HIM.
AT LENGTH HE APPLIED TO THE PIR FOR PERMISSION TO LEAVE, AND TRAVEL TO THE TEKKIA OF THE SECOND TEACHER, MURSHID AMALI.
HE ASKED THE MURSHID, "WOULD YOU PLACE UPON ME BURDENS WHICH I MIGHT FIND NEXT TO INTOLERABLE?"
AMALI REPLIED, "I WOULD NOT PLACE UPON YOU SUCH BURDENS."
IBN HALIM ASKED, "WILL YOU THEN ACCEPT ME AS A DISCIPLE?"
THE MURSHID ANSWERED, "NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE ASKED ME WHY MY TRAINING WOULD NOT BE SO ONEROUS AS THAT OF PIR ARDESHIR."
IBN HALIM ASKED, "WHY WOULD IT NOT BE SO ONEROUS?"
THE MURSHID TOLD HIM, "BECAUSE I WOULD NOT CARE FOR YOU AND YOUR REAL WELL-BEING LIKE ARDESHIR CARED FOR YOU. THEREFORE YOU MUST NOT NOW ASK ME TO ACCEPT YOU AS A DISCIPLE."

RELIGION IS AS SIMPLE AS THE FISH swimming in the ocean, but man has become very complicated. It is

because of man's complexity that religion looks arduous. Religion cannot be arduous because it is our very nature. It is in our breathing, it is in our heartbeats, it circulates in our blood, it is our very marrow, our very soul. How can it be difficult? The very idea of difficulty arises because of a wrong notion.

We have been taught down the ages that religion is a faraway goal and the journey is uphill. In fact, religion is not a goal at all, and there is no journey uphill or downhill. There is no journey possible. Religion is where you are, religion is what you are, religion is your being -- there is nowhere to go. And those who go in search, they are moving farther and farther away from religion. To seek is to lose, to search is not to find.

Seeking becomes more and more difficult; the farther away you reach, the more difficult it becomes, the more frustrating -- because the more efforts you make to attain to God, the less is the possibility of attaining him.

God is already the case. God is the ocean, we are the fish. And there is no need for a fish to learn swimming.

I have beard...

Mulla Nasrudin was fishing on a lake. It was a private lake and fishing was absolutely prohibited. And just behind him there was a big board declaring in capital letters: "No fishing allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted." But he was sitting on the bank, fishing.

The landlord came, caught him red-handed. He asked, "What are you doing?"

Mulla laughed. He said, "I was teaching this fish to swim."

No fish needs any teaching to swim. No man needs any religion whatsoever. All that is needed is to become simple. Drop your complexities, drop your unnecessary mind games. Be silent and still and you will find it at the very core of your being; it is waiting there, but it is a very still small voice. Your mind is creating so much noise; that's why you cannot hear it.
I have heard...

An Englishman and an Irishman were riding on top of a London bus, and the Englishman especially had been annoyed by the confusion, the bustle, the raucous din from all sides. They came in sight of Westminster Abbey, and at this moment the chimes burst forth in a joyous melody. The Englishman turned to his friend and said, "Isn't that sublime? It is glorious to hear those chimes pealing to heaven, and doesn't it lift one's thoughts higher and higher to the Creator of all things?"
Casey leaned over, hand to his ear. "Ye will have to speak a little louder, George."
"Those magnificent chimes, old top -- don't they imbue you with a feeling of reverence, of awe? Doesn't that golden tintinnabulation reawaken golden memories of a happy past?"
Casey leaned still closer, face still puzzled. "George, ye've gotter speak louder, I can't hear one word ye're saying. "
The Englishman almost shouted in the other's ears. "The chimes, old thing, the marvelous chimes! Right-o! Isn't that pealing melodious? Doesn't it take you back into the dim vistas of the past when the world was young, and man's

springtime heart faced with a sweet young reverence the awful miracles of godhead?"
Casey stuck his mouth against the other man's ear and screamed, "I can't hear a damned word. Those damned bells are makin' such a hell of a racket! I can't hear me own self, drat'em!"

The bell is ringing in you. You are the temple, and the bell is continuously ringing in you -- it is your life -- but there is so much noise. The mind has become a marketplace. You have lost all contact with yourself; that's why you have lost contact with God. It is not that you have to search for God. Where are you going to search for him? In what direction? You don't have any address. You don't know his form, his name. Even if you come across him you will not be able to recognize him, so please don't start any journey towards God. That is utterly doomed from the very beginning.
On the contrary, move inwards, become more silent, become more relaxed, and suddenly one day you will start hearing those beautiful chimes ringing in you. You will start hearing that still, small voice. It is there, you have never lost it for a single moment. It cannot be lost.
That's why all the great seers of the world have insisted that God is your nature. God is within you, his kingdom is within you. There is no need to seek and search.
Then what is needed? -- to fall into silence, to fall into a harmonious, a melodious state of being; to be a no-mind. That's what Sufis go on doing: dancing, singing, hugging each other, kissing each other. They are pouring themselves into each other, creating an energy-field in which silence easily surfaces. And in silence, God is found. Silence is his

face. In the inner music God is found; music is his name. In an utterly lost state, when you are drunk, when you are not left at all, he is found. When you are not, he is. The seeker is too much; that's why he goes on missing.

It is said about the great Sufi mystic, Bayazid, that when Bayazid reached the station of nearness he heard a voice which ordered him, "Ask for something!"

The state of nearness is the state when you are falling silent, when voices in your head are disappearing, evaporating, when thoughts are leaving you, deserting you; when you are feeling utterly alone, not even shadows of the others are present; when you are just on the verge of disappearing. That is called the "station of nearness".

When Bayazid reached the station of nearness he heard a voice which ordered him, "Ask for something!"

"I have no desire," he replied.

But the voice insisted. It said, "You ask for something!"

Again he said, "But there is nothing to ask because I have no desire. "

But again the voice repeated, "Ask for something!"

Bayazid answered, "Then I want only Thee!"

The voice then said, "So long as even an atom of the existence of Bayazid remains, this is impossible."

Bayazid missed. He was just on the verge. He started asking. He came back -- because with the desire you are back, with the desire the mind is back. Even if the desire is for God, that doesn't matter. You would have thought that this was beautiful, that Bayazid desired God. But desire is desire; what you desire is irrelevant. Desire brings the desiring mind back. Bayazid had again entered into the marketplace, that station of nearness was lost. The moment

he said, "I want only Thee," he was there. Again the I had gathered, and when there is I, it creates thou. When there is I it creates duality, and all is lost in duality. When there is no I, then there is non-duality.
Then you are one with existence, utterly one. Then you are nothing but a pulsation of existence itself, just a ripple in the lake of this infinite consciousness.
The moment he said, "I want only Thee," the voice then said, "So long as even an atom of the existence of Bayazid remains, this is impossible."
Man has to disappear for God to be. All that is needed is this simple phenomenon of disappearance. But because we don't want to disappear, then the whole approach becomes very arduous. Then we start playing games: on the one hand we want God, and on the other hand we want to protect ourselves.

Again it is said of Bayazid that once he was walking along a road with his disciples when they came upon a severed head lying on the way. Upon its forehead was written this tremendously important sutra from the Koran: He loseth both the world and the hereafter.
Bayazid picked up the head and kissed it. When his disciples asked who he was, who this man was, he answered, "This is the head of a Sufi dervish who gave up both worlds for God. I have not yet been able to do it. I had reached to the point where it could have happened, but I missed."

On the severed head these words from the Koran were written: He loseth both the world and the hereafter. One has to lose all, only then is God gained.

The people who are searching for God, the people who are searching for enlightenment, nirvana, moksha, or any other name, will go on missing; and their lives will become more and more complicated, and the journey will become harder and harder.

But Bayazid had taken a lesson from his first experience. Soon he was again at the station of nearness. Again it was asked, "Bayazid, ask something!" This time he did not even bother to say that "I have nothing to ask" -- because even if you say that you have nothing to ask, you are. He simply sat there in utter silence. Again and again the voice provoked him, tempted him, "Ask something, Bayazid!" but there was no answer from Bayazid. Thrice it was repeated, "Bayazid, ask something!" And this voice was God's voice, this was disrespectful! When God himself is telling you to ask, ask! But Bayazid was not there, there was nobody; so how to be respectful or disrespectful?

This is what Sufis call adab: the way of being in the presence of a Master, and ultimately, the way of being in the presence of God.

There was no Bayazid, so even this provocation, "Ask, Bayazid! This is disrespectful towards God. I am God myself, asking you to ask something. I am happy with you. I am here to give you all that you want, all that you ask. Even if you ask me, I am ready to give myself to you."

But this time there was nobody, the silence remained undisturbed. There was no response from Bayazid. And he

took the ultimate jump, it happened -- he became God. This is the way one becomes a God, this is the way one attains. It is said:

"Who are you?" somebody asked Bayazid.
He said, "I lost him years ago. The more I seek him, the less I find."
"Who are you?" the person asked again.
Bayazid said, "There is nothing under my cloak but Allah. Except God, there is nobody within me, so the question 'who are you?' is meaningless. I am not, God is. And God is always blissful. God is blissfulness, so the question is irrelevant. There is nobody, nothing under my cloak, except Allah."

God is not there to be found somewhere else -- in Kaaba, in Kailash, in Girnar, in Jerusalem. God has to be found under your cloak. And the reality is this: that there is nobody except God within you. But you have not turned upon yourself, your eyes are fixed at distant goals. Your eyes are roaming there somewhere in the future; and God is here, and you are not here. Hence the meeting is difficult. Otherwise there is no difficulty at all.
Sufism is the path of intense love, passionate love. As Bayazid has said, "The duration of Bayazid's life of asceticism was only three days. On the first day he renounced the world, on the second day he renounced the other world, and on the last day he renounced himself. "
There are only three steps. The first step: becoming aware that this world is nothing but games, becoming aware that this world is nothing but our projections; and the second

step, becoming aware that the other world, heaven, paradise, is also nothing but our unfulfilled dreams, our unfulfilled desires projected in time, in the future; and the third step, when this world is dropped and that world is dropped, then all that is left is you. Then all that is left is the faculty of projection, the mind, the ego. And the third step consists of dropping the ego. And suddenly you are back home. Suddenly nothing is needed any more, all is available. And then one starts laughing, because this had always been so -- all had always been available. Just because we were searching and searching, and we were in such a frantic search that We never looked within; We never looked at the treasure that we are already carrying, we became too much obsessed with the outside world; we forgot the language of the inner, we forgot that there is an interior in us and that interiority is God.
Meditate over these beautiful lines of D.H. Lawrence:

Are you willing to be sponged out,
Erased, cancelled, made nothing?
Are you willing to be made nothing,
Dipped into oblivion?
If not, you will never really change.

The phoenix renews her youth
Only when she is burnt, burnt alive,
Burnt down to hot and flocculent ash.

The myth, the beautiful myth of the phoenix, the bird who becomes alive only through death, who renews itself by burning itself, utterly burning itself, whose death becomes

resurrection... The myth of the phoenix bird is the myth of all the awakened people.
Jesus is another representation of the same myth: crucifixion and resurrection.
Bayazid says, "I am gone, I am no more." This is death. But out of this death something deathless arrives, is found. But people are cunning: they would like to have God also. Just as they have a good bank balance, they would like God also to be in their fist. They would like God to be their possession so that they can brag about and claim that "I know God." But that ego will not allow them.
God cannot be possessed. God is not a property. You cannot own God. God is a love affair; you can only dissolve into him. And remember again: the dissolution is not into some thou, the dissolution is simply a let-go into your own being. When you disappear into your own being and there is no Center left which can say "I", you have known what God is.
Man is like an ice cube, frozen. God is nothing but the melting of the ice cube. Then you lose your solidity, you become fluid. Then you lose your stagnancy and you become flowing. That flow, yes, that flow is another name for God. Life is another name for God.
By creating the temples and the mosques and the churches we have deceived people. We have given them a wrong notion of God, as if God is something separate from life. It is not so. And it is because of this mis-education that has been perpetuated for centuries, because of this wrong conditioning, that whenever people think of God they think of a statue, a temple, a holy place; they never think of themselves.

Standing before a mirror, looking into your own eyes reflected in the mirror, has the idea ever arisen in you that this is God? No, your priests have destroyed that possibility. And this is the real phenomenon: to recognize God as your own being, pulsating in you, in the very beat of your heart.

So the first thing I would like to say to you: God is not difficult to find. The difficulty consists in losing yourself. And this is the statement not of one enlightened person, this is the statement of all the enlightened people of the world. They may have been born in India, in China, in Japan, in Israel, or anywhere else -- about this they all agree.

Rumi says: "In a court of justice requiring several witnesses to prove guilt, a prosecutor brought a few Sufis to bear witness with regard to a certain crime. The judge, however, refused to accept the testimony on the grounds that the prosecutor had only one witness, a thousand Sufis being the same as one."

That's a beautiful story Rumi relates: that the judge refused to accept because many witnesses were needed. Many witnesses were produced but they were all Sufis, so the judge said, "One Sufi or many Sufis does not make much difference, because whatsoever one Sufi says will be said by all the Sufis. So you can bring ten thousand Sufis; it counts only as one. "

That's a beautiful story. Buddha, Christ, Krishna, Lao Tzu, Mohammed, Bahaudin, Bayazid... they are not saying different things... maybe in different ways, but not different things. They are witness to a single truth, and the truth is that the kingdom of God is within you.

This story...

THERE WERE TWO MEN OF GREAT RENOWN AS TEACHERS OF THE RIGHT PATH. IBN HALIM RELATES THAT HE WENT FIRST TO SEE ONE OF THEM, WHOSE NAME WAS PIR ARDESHIR OF QAZWIN.

Each word has to be tasted slowly so it melts on your tongue, so you can digest it and its beauty.

THERE WERE TWO MEN OF GREAT RENOWN AS TEACHERS OF THE RIGHT PATH....

What is the right path? You will be surprised to know -- right path means no path. All paths are wrong, because a path is needed if there is a distance between you and your goal. The path is relevant only when there is distance. But there is no distance between you and God, so there is no need of any path. No path is the right path.
It will look paradoxical, but nothing can be done about it -- existence is paradoxical. All paths are wrong paths, because a path will take you farther away. You are not to go anywhere, hence no path is required.
And you are being taught so many paths, and the people who teach you paths look very logical. It appeals to your mind. Naturally you think, "We don't know God, We don't know where he is, so a path is needed. We don't know where God is so unless a path is given to us how are we ever going to reach?" But you are completely oblivious to the fact that God is not there but here, not then but now,

that God is not the sought but the seeker. So any path is going to take you astray, any path will misguide you.
The teachers who give you paths are pseudo-teachers; they are dangerous people. They have created much chaos in the world, but they are very logical and they appeal to your ordinary mind.
The real teacher is one who takes all paths away. The real teacher is one who takes all teachings away. The real teacher is one who unburdens you, who destroys all your knowledge and makes you again ignorant, innocent, like a child. The real teacher is very destructive. When all knowledge is taken away, all paths withdrawn, you don't know a thing, you are left in your ignorance, naked, nowhere to hide, suddenly the great explosion happens. It always happens in innocence.
That's why Jesus goes on saying, "Unless you are like small children you will not enter into my kingdom of God."
The real teacher makes you like small babes. The real teacher does not teach you information. The real teacher does not inform, he transforms. He does not convey doctrines and dogmas; on the contrary, he takes a sword and cuts your very head. He makes you headless.
So what is the right path? "Right path" means no path. But if somebody teaches no path, teaches no teaching, very few people are going to go to him, because it will look so illogical. Only people of great understanding and intelligence will be attracted. That's why false teachers attract great masses, real teachers attract only the chosen few.

THERE WERE TWO MEN OF GREAT RENOWN AS TEACHERS OF THE RIGHT PATH. IBN HALIM RELATES THAT HE WENT FIRST TO SEE ONE OF THEM, WHOSE NAME WAS PIR ARDESHIR OF QAZWIN.

Pir is a Sufi name for a siddha. Pir means one who has arrived -- arrived to the place from where he had never gone in the first place, arrived home, arrived to that home which he had never left, which even if he had wanted to leave, he could not.

To leave your nature is impossible. Then what happens? People only dream that they have left their home. It is like in the night you sleep and you dream; you dream a thousand and one things, but in the morning you find yourself lying in your bedroom. All those dreams, that you had been to Peking and to Philadelphia and to Timbuktu and to Constantinople, and you have been in Poona all the time and nowhere else; but only in the morning will you recognize the fact, when you are awake, that all that was just dreaming. You had never left you bed, you were always here.

That is the situation: nobody has lost God, nobody can. It is impossible. God is your very being, how can we lose him? And if we can lose him we will immediately die, because he is our life. If we lose him then there is no possibility of finding him; so the question is not of finding God, the question is only of remembering. We have only forgotten. That's why Sufis say zikr, remembrance, is all. That is their very fundamental: just remember, just make yourself alert and remember. Just become more aware and you will start

laughing -- that you had never left the place and you were thinking how to get back, what methods to use, what paths to follow, what maps are needed. And you were consulting maps and books and teachers and this and that, and all the time you Were simply fast asleep in your own home.
Pir means one who has arrived, one who has come to know that he has never gone anywhere else, that he had always been here, but now he recognizes the fact, that's all.
The moment I say I am God, I am not saying that I have become God -- I have been God all along; now just the recognition has come. When I say you are God, I am not saying that you have to become God. If you are not you cannot become. One can become only that which one is, which one already is. You become only that which you are, never anything else. So it is not a question of becoming, it is only a question of awakening to your being, to your facticity, to your truth.
Ibn Halim Went to Pir Ardeshir of Qazwin.

HE SAID TO PIR ARDESHIR, " WILL YOU ADVISE ME AS TO WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO?"

Now this is the beginning of a wrong inquiry. It looks so relevant, it looks so logical. Reading the story you will not see the point immediately -- that it is irrelevant; you don't ask a Master what to do and what not to do.
When you go to a Master you simply surrender to him. Then it is up to him to tell you what to do and what not to do. When you go to a Master, a siddha, a pir, all that is needed is trust. You simply sit silently by his side waiting for the right moment. He knows, he will tell you.

When Bayazid lived with his own Master, he lived for twelve years, just sitting silently. The only thing that he had done, on the first day, was he came, he touched the feet of the Master, and sat silently for twelve years, never asking a question, never asking what to do, just waiting in tremendous trust: "If something is needed to be done, the Master is there and he will tell me. If nothing is needed to be done, then he will not tell me. If silence is needed from his side, then I will go on drinking his silence. If a few words are needed he will utter the words, and he knows, so in the right moment everything will be done."

And it happened in twelve years. Slowly, slowly he became more and more silent. When you don't ask a thing, your mind is not fed by information. He just sat there.

Thousands of people came and went, and they were asking this question and that, and what to do and what not to do, and, "What is the meaning of the scripture; this passage particularly, what is to be understood by it; a few people say this and few people say that?" Many came and many went, and Bayazid was just sitting there silently. Slowly, slowly he disappeared.

What else can you do, just sitting silently by the side of the Master? How long can your mind go on creating turmoil? When you don't feed the mind every day it starts dying out of starvation.

This was a real fast that Bayazid did; this is fasting. Not eating food is not going to help, not eating information is going to help.

And after twelve years the Master turned towards him, hugged him, and said, "Bayazid, now you can go. You have

arrived." Not a single word was uttered, no message ever given, no instructions, no guidance.
This man, Ibn Halim, asked a wrong question.

HE SAID TO PIR ARDESHIR, " WILL YOU ADVISE ME AS TO WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO?"

First, to ask such a question is wrong. The disciple has to be there. His very being has to be available to the Master. His very being will tell the Master what is needed, what is not needed -- and he will do it, or he will say it, or he will order you. But Ibn Halim must have been a very wise man; he was asking a wise question.
Secondly, it is wrong because even if you want to ask, ask "What should I be and what should I not be?" First, not asking anything is the best; the second best is asking, "What should I be, what should I not be?" The question should be about being, but he is asking about doing: "What should I do and what should I not do?"
Remember, doing is the concern of morality, being is the concern of religion. Trust, silence, is the concern of spirituality. The best is to trust, to be silent, to wait in love, in hope, in patience. That is the spiritual relationship. If it is not possible then ask, "What should I be?" That is a religious relationship. The lowest, the third-rate, is to ask what to do, what not to do. That is a moral question. What is right and what is wrong, and what is virtue and what is sin -- those are the most ordinary questions.
Remember, morality is not religion. Religion is not spirituality, although spirituality contains religion and contains morality. Morality cannot contain religion and

cannot contain spirituality. That's why an irreligious person can be moral; there is no problem in it. In fact the irreligious person is found to be more moral than the so-called religious. The irreligious person can be moral, the atheist can be moral -- one who does not believe in God, one who does not believe in any hereafter. He can be moral, because morality is only a way of living in convenience with people. It is a calculated step; it is simply functional. It has no other truth.

That's why there are as many moralities as there are societies. One thing may be moral in India, may not be moral in Iran. Or sometimes one thing may be moral to the Hindu and may not be moral to the Christian, and the Christian may be living in the same neighborhood. Morality is decided by the society. It has no ultimate truth about it. It is all arbitrary. It is needed, because man is not alone, man lives with so many people. When you live with so many people a few rules and regulations are needed, but those rules and regulations are just like rules of traffic -- "Don't walk in the middle of the road" -- they have no ultimate truth about them. Not that if you walk in the middle of the road you have committed a sin and you will be thrown into hell; but walking in the middle of the road, you create an unnecessary nuisance in the traffic. You may be hit. Keep to the left: but that too is not in any way moral; there are countries where you have to keep to the right. Both are good. Either keep to the right or keep to the left so that the traffic moves smoothly. The whole thing is arbitrary. It has a utility in it, but no ultimacy about it.

When you ask what to do and what not to do, you are asking a very ordinary moral question. You are not yet

religious. The religious person will ask what to be, what not to be. His concern will be with being, not with doing. Doing is an outer thing, being is inner.
But the best is not even to ask that. If you trust, then it is the concern of the Master. You have surrendered, you have opened all your cards before him. You are not even keeping a trump card, you have opened all your cards. That's what surrender is. Now he knows everything about you; he will do whatsoever is necessary, or if nothing is necessary he will not do anything.
Ibn Halim's question is third-rate. It is because of the third-rate question that the Pir had to say:

" YES, BUT I WILL GIVE YOU SUCH INSTRUCTIONS AS YOU WILL FIND VERY HARD TO CARRY OUT, SINCE THEY WILL GO AGAINST YOUR PREFERENCES, EVEN IF THESE PREFERENCES ARE SOMETIMES FOR HARDSHIP."

If you simply surrender to the Master, then life grows spontaneously. In his very presence life grows spontaneously, just as in the presence of the sun trees grow -- they don't ask how to grow; and the buds open and bloom, and they don't ask how to open their petals and how not to open them, and what is the right way and what is the wrong way; and the birds start singing. As the sun rises on the horizon something starts happening all over the earth. Life is back, sleep disappears, a great awakening....
Exactly the same is the case when a disciple surrenders to the Master. He simply remains available to his presence and things start happening. The Master functions as a

catalytic agent -- but that is the highest. It is very rare to have that much trust. It needs guts.

Why can't you have trust? Do you think you are very intelligent, that's why you can't have trust? No, you are a coward, full of fear -- that's why you can't trust. It is fear that prevents trust. Only a fearless person can trust. You are afraid, you may be exploited. You are afraid: "Who knows? This man may be a cheat, a fraud. Who knows where he is trying to lead me? Who knows? I should keep alert and hold myself back. I should always remain sitting on the fence so if something goes wrong I can jump out. I should always keep one foot out, so if there is any danger signal I can run away, I can escape." This is out of fear.

Remember, trust is possible only when you are fearless. Only a very brave and courageous person can trust. The world has become very cowardly, that's why trust has disappeared, faith has disappeared.

If it is not possible, then the second question has to be asked: "What should I be?" Then you are not asking about your character, you are asking about meditation. You are not asking what to eat and what not to eat; you are not asking when to get up in the morning and when to go to bed; whether tea is right to take or not; "Is coffee going to disturb my spiritual growth or not?" You are not asking those kinds of nonsense questions. You are simply asking how to be -- how to be silent, how to be authentic, how to be still, rooted, centered. This is the second-best.

Then the Master will tell you -- meditation, prayer. Then the Master will teach you by his presence, meditation, prayerfulness, gratitude, thankfulness. He will give you a taste of the benediction that he has.

To the first, all will be given. The Master will pour his whole being To the second, a few glimpses will be given, and those glimpses will prepare him to become the first. Then the Master can pour his whole being into him. For the first things will be absolutely easy, utterly easy. Just like the fish swimming in the ocean, the disciple starts swimming in the presence of the Master's being. It is so easy -- as a dewdrop slipping on the grassleaf, or the bird on the wing. It is so easy, it is so spontaneous, for the first. For the second it is a little bit difficult, but not too difficult; just a little bit difficult, because he will have to struggle with the mind to drop the thoughts, to become a witness. To the first it is going to happen in effortlessness; to the second it will happen through effort, but it will happen. For the second the journey will not be uphill but will be downhill. For the first there is no journey, he has arrived. For the second the journey is downhill; it will not be arduous.

For the third the journey is going to be uphill. That's why the Master says, "Yes, but I will give you such instructions as you will find very hard to carry out...."

To change your actions without changing your being is very hard, because actions arise out of your being. That is the problem. It is not your actions that are really the problem, the problem is somewhere in your being.

For example, a person goes on lying, and the Master says, "Don't lie." Now it is going to be difficult. More possibility is that the person will start lying to the Master too. Now he will say, "I don't lie since you have told me, I have stopped lying. " But more possibility is that he is lying again! Now he is lying to the Master himself.

When a person lies he is simply saying one thing -- that in his deep being he has something wrong. He is a liar there in his being. He is living a lie deep in his being and that lie goes on coming on the surface.

Whatsoever comes on the surface comes from the roots. If you want to destroy a tree, don't go on pruning the leaves; that is not going to help. Leaves are actions. And that's what people go on doing: their being is violent and they try to become non-violent. Then on the surface, just on the surface, they manage a veneer, a facade of non-violence. Deep down they remain the same violent people, because no action can change the being.

It is like, you can paint your face, but by painting the face your real face is not changed. But if your real face changes, certainly beauty will arise on its own accord.

Remember, there is no way to change the within by changing the without, because the circumference cannot change the center. The circumference is impotent against the center, but the center can change the circumference. The circumference is nothing but the reflection of the center, so change the center.

The second kind of inquirer changes the center. Then the circumference changes automatically. The first kind of disciple drops the circumference, the center, everything in toto, to the Master. He remains unconcerned. He puts everything that he has, good and bad, at the feet of the Master, and is free from that very moment. His trust makes him free, his trust becomes his enlightenment.

The second tries to change the center, and through the change of the center the first changes.

If you become more meditative many changes will happen. For example, a more meditative person will stop smoking. It will not be possible, because smoking is nothing but a kind of nervousness. Whenever you are nervous you smoke. It keeps you together. But why, what relevance is there? Why does it keep you together when you start smoking? It is a regression. Smoking represents nothing but that you are back at your mother's breast. Your smoke functions as if you are drinking milk from your mother's breast. The warmth comes from the hot smoke going in, and the smoke almost gives you the illusion of the milk going in, and the cigarette in your mouth becomes the nipple. Whenever the child was afraid in his childhood he was soothed, calmed. Whenever he was afraid, miserable, angry, sad, the mother would immediately give him her breast. And then he fell asleep; it was very tranquillizing. You are simply repeating that process and nothing else. When the child cannot find the mother he starts sucking his own thumb as a substitute. And that too helps; if the child sucks his own thumb he falls asleep, he feels good, he believes that it is the mother's breast. "The mother is close by -- I need not be afraid, I need not be nervous. There is no fear, nobody can do me any harm. "
That's what smoking is -- a psychological regression. Whenever you are nervous -- you are facing a crisis, a challenge, you are going to give an interview, sitting outside the office waiting for your name to be called, you are trembling within -- you immediately take your cigarette out of your pocket and you start smoking. It soothes you. But the man who meditates need not stop smoking; it stops on its own accord. It has to stop, because now he no longer

feels nervous, he is at home. Being meditative, he starts gaining roots into his being; he is no more trembling, he is not afraid of the world. There is nothing to fear. Even death will not make him afraid, because now he has seen something deathless in himself, he has tasted something of the nectar. Smoking will disappear.

That's why I don't tell you to do this and to do that. My whole approach is: meditate, and then things will change on their own accord.

The meditator, if he really goes in deep meditation, cannot be violent. Violence erupts from you because you go on repressing so much anger that by and by it becomes very sour, bitter, poisonous. And one day it is too much and the steam has to be let out. But the meditator does not repress. He tries to understand rather than repress. His whole approach changes: because he does not repress, he never carries any wounds in him. He does not carry any steam which can explode at any excuse, and sometimes very irrationally, with no excuse also.

So these are the three kinds of seekers. The first, the best, is a devotee. He simply surrenders and things start happening, there is no journey. Instantly he has arrived home. Looking into the eyes of the Master, touching his feet, he has arrived. Now he has nowhere to go. But that is a rare phenomenon; very few will be of that intelligence and that fearlessness.

The second kind is one who asks about meditations -- better than the third, because he is asking a more fundamental question.

The third asks a very low kind of question, the lowest. His question is more concerned with morality, character-

building, making a beautiful facade. He is not really interested in transformation. Then the journey is difficult, very difficult. For the first there is no journey, for the second an easy journey, for the third a very arduous journey.

"YES," SAID THE PIR, "BUT I WILL GIVE YOU SUCH INSTRUCTIONS AS YOU WILL FIND VERY HARD TO CARRY OUT, SINCE THEY WILL GO AGAINST YOUR PREFERENCES."

And the greatest problem arises when you want to change your actions. The greatest problem is that you have preferred those actions your whole life; you have cultivated them, they have become your second nature. It is not just a question of your mind now, thinking and deciding that "I will not smoke any more." It is not going to help. Maybe for one or two hours you can try, or for one or two days you can try, but it will come back, and it will come back with great vengeance. And its coming back will destroy whatsoever little self-confidence you had before. That too will be gone. Now you will know that smoking is far stronger than your will; you are defeated. And if it happens again and again, slowly slowly you will lose all trust in yourself.
That's what happens to so-called religious people: they take one vow and they cannot follow it; they take another vow and they fail again, and another; and slowly, slowly the recognition arrives, has to arrive, that "I am such a low person, so ugly, so weak, such a sinner, that I have no

worth at all. " That's what so-called religious people have been reduced to -- worthless, meaningless, impotent people. They had started wrongly, they asked a wrong question. Their very first step went wrong.

Whenever you want to change your action it is going to be against your preferences, otherwise how have you cultivated that action for so long? You must have liked it, notwithstanding what you say. You may be always saying that smoking is not good; that is not the point, what you say. The point is that you have been smoking. Why have you been smoking? There must be something that you are gaining from it.

There is something: it gives you a kind of consolation, it gives you a certain security, it gives you an occupation, it helps you to remain together, it takes you away from your nervousness. It has something psychological there for you. You may say that because it brings tuberculosis or cancer, "That's why I am against it," but these reasonings won't help. Tuberculosis may come in thirty years, but the nervousness is now. And there are people who are suffering from tuberculosis and they have never smoked, and there are people who are suffering from cancer and they have never smoked. And there are people who have smoked their whole lives and they are not suffering from cancer. So all these things are there in the mind -- "Who knows?..."

So for something uncertain, how can you surrender that which is certain? -- that right now smoking is going to give you a little more confidence. And you are going to give an interview. Your boss has called you and you are afraid. Just puffing on your cigarette will give a good puff to your chest. You will be a little warmer, blood will be circulating

better. A little more nicotine in the blood and you will be standing straight, and you will be able to look eye to eye at the boss. Without this cigarette you will be limp and loose, and you will not know what to say and how to say it. You may start trembling and you may mis-manage the whole thing, you may mess up the whole thing. This is right now, immediate. Who bothers about a tuberculosis that will come after thirty years? Who knows if you are going to live thirty years? Seeing the traffic and the accidents and the aeroplanes falling and the trains... who knows? And wars are there. Who knows about thirty years? The question is right now -- and the cigarette is going to help you right now... unless you know something better.

If you can sit silently just for a single minute and watch your breath, that will give you real confidence, not created by nicotine. That will give you real silence, and not dependent on any chemical.

But meditation will have to be learned.

Don't ask how to change your actions, ask how to change the Very roots of your actions. And actions are always going to be against preferences. And sometimes it happens: even if these preferences are sometimes for hardship, then too you have lived with them for so long that they have a certain appeal.

People are great rationalizers; they go on rationallizing. Even if they are creating misery in their lives, they go on finding beautiful reasons for their misery. They say it is duty, they say it is sacrifice. They find beautiful labels. Remember, man is very cunning and very clever in finding rationalizations. There are millions of people who are unnecessarily suffering but they think their suffering has

great value. The idea that their suffering has great value keeps them in the suffering.
Many people unnecessarily travel long where shortcuts are available, but they have become accustomed to the long journey. They won't choose the shortcut. The shortcut is so new -- it may be comfortable, it may be convenient, but it is so new -- that is the trouble.
The mind always likes the old. It does not like the new because the new creates a little insecurity in you. You don't know how to tackle it. Who knows? You may fail, you may not succeed. It is better to always go through the old way; you are perfectly acquainted with it.

So the Pir is right. He says "..EVEN IF THESE PREFERENCES ARE SOMETIMES FOR HARDSHIP."

Just the other day I was reading an article against me. The person who has written says, if I really want to help this country, I should become like Dayananda and Vivekananda; only then can I help this country. Now, this is how the mind functions.
Dayanandas and Vivekanandas have existed here by the millions. Have they helped the country? Nobody will ask that question. How have they helped the country? And if they have helped, what is the need for me to help your country? So many Dayanandas and so many Vivekanandas have existed -- what have they done?
In fact, they are the causes of your misery! But you have become accustomed to them. You have started liking them because you have been acquainted with them for thousands of years. They have a great appeal because they fit with

your mind -- and your mind is the cause of your misery! They fit with your mind: they are also part of the cause of your misery.

The author who has written the article against me says that I teach people to live an earthly life. Our real saints have never taught that; they have always taught people to renounce the earthly life.

That I know. That's why you are suffering. That's why you are poor -- because you have forgotten how to live on this earth! Nobody has taught you how to live on this earth, how to love this earth. They have all taught you that this earth is ugly, that it is a punishment that you have been sent here, that you are not supposed to enjoy. If you enjoy, you will be sent again. You are supposed to be very sad, detached. You have to renounce all the joys of the earth so next time you don't have to be born, and then you will enjoy heavenly pleasures.

Because these people have been talking too much about the "other world", they have destroyed this world. I teach you this earth.

This very earth, the paradise. This very body the Buddha.

I am not a Dayananda, and I don't want to be a Dayananda. And if you think Dayananda is a saint, then I don't want to be called a saint either; then that very word becomes ugly to me, obscene.

These are the people who have destroyed you, poisoned you. But the appeal is there because they are old and you are acquainted with them and they are not alone; they have happened in the thousands. And they have been telling it so often, continuously, for centuries. Adolf Hitler has written in his autobiography, MEIN KAMPF, that if you repeat a

lie continuously, it becomes a truth. And that's what has happened in this country. For thousands of years a few lies have been repeated: that God is against the world.

He is not. If he is against the world, then why does he go on perpetuating this world? If he is against this world, then he is the greatest sinner. Why does he go on giving life to this world? Why do trees grow? Why are children born? Why does life continue? And you call him omnipotent. Can't he simply say, "Stop!" Just as one day he said, "Let there be light," and there was light, now let him say, "Let there be darkness," so there will be darkness. "Let there be death." He can simply finish the whole nonsense in a single stroke -- if he is against it.

If a poet is against his poetry, he will not write it. If a painter is against his painting, he will burn it. If a musician is against his music, he will throw his veena, he will destroy it; what is the point?

God must be in utter love with the world. He is.

Your Dayanandas and your Vivekanandas are utterly wrong, but because they have been repeating an ancient lie, you go on believing in them.

Now, I look wrong to you, naturally, obviously. Centuries of repetition, and suddenly I am here and I am saying that God is in love with the world, and you also be in love with the world, don't renounce it, live it in great joy, celebrate it. Naturally, I look like I am against religion. I am not, Dayananda is.

Dayananda is not a religious person at all. He is certainly a great scholar, a great logic chopper, a great hairsplitter, but if you look deep down, then there are only words and words and nothing else; no spiritual experience of his own.

But this country praised him very much because he praised this country! This is how we satisfy each other -- a mutual arrangement of ego satisfaction.

He said this country is the holiest country in the world. He said Hindus are the Aryans. He changed their names because, he said, "Hindu" is not our real name; it was given by the other people; foreigners have given it to us. Just as the whole world calls Germans Germans, but that is not their name; and the whole world calls Japan Japan, but that is not its name; exactly like this, Dayananda said, others have called us Hindus. This is not our name; our name is Aryans. And the word ary means "the noble ones, the noblest ones, the chosen few of God".

Adolf Hitler has also chosen to call his Nordic race the Aryans -- the noble people of the world, the people who are born to dominate the world.

Now, this satisfied the Hindu ego very much. They praised Dayananda as if he were a reincarnation of God.

He was just a mere scholar, and all his argumentation was childish, ugly, irreligious, because he was fighting against all religions: Christianity is wrong, Buddhism is wrong, Jainism is wrong, Islam is wrong. All religions are wrong except the Aryan religion. I don't call him religious at all.

I call Ramakrishna religious -- who said all religions are the same, who said all religions reach to the same experience, who said, "I have known not from one window, but from all the windows, and I have seen the same vision again and again." He tried Hindu methods, he tried Mohammedan methods, he tried Christian methods, he tried Buddhist methods; and again and again he said, "I have come to the

same experience from all possible ways. God is one, and the experience of God is one."

Ramakrishna was a religious person. He was a contemporary of Dayananda. Dayananda was not a religious person at all, but the man who has written the article seems to be a follower of Dayananda.

And so is the case with Vivekananda. His Master, Ramakrishna, was an enlightened person, but not Vivekananda. Vivekananda was just a good missionary, clever, intelligent, articulate, educated, well versed in the ways of philosophy, but that's all.

I am not a Dayananda and I am not a Vivekananda, and I don't want to be. But people go on saying and asking these things.

And they don't see the point that all these people have been worshiping poverty, and if you worship poverty, poverty can never be destroyed. I hate poverty! I call poverty the greatest disease. It has to be destroyed, not worshiped. These people have been saying again and again that poverty is something spiritual. I say poverty is the most unspiritual thing in the world.

Richness is spiritual, and outer richness creates possibilities for inner richness.

But certainly, my statements will go against their preferences. Although their preferences lead them into hardship, misery, starvation, still they will cling to their old mind. The mind always clings to the old. It has no guts to go with the new; it is always afraid to go into the uncharted ocean. It remains tethered to the known, to the familiar territory.

IBN HALIM SPENT SOME MONTHS WITH PIR ARDESHIR, AND FOUND THAT THE TEACHING WAS INDEED HARD FOR HIM. ALTHOUGH PIR ARDESHIR'S FORMER DISCIPLES WERE NOW FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS ENLIGHTENED TEACHERS, HE COULD NOT STAND THE CHANGES, THE UNCERTAINTIES AND THE DISCIPLINES PLACED UPON HIM.

And that is bound to happen. When you move into some inner work, your old certainties will disappear because the old mind will start losing its hold on you and you will become more uncertain.
And what actually happens when people come to seek truth? They have come really to seek certainty, not truth. They want to be absolutely certain so they can be secure and safe. But when you start searching, your old certainties will go, because old certainties are based on lies. And before new certainties come the old will have to go and there will be a transitory period when you will be almost in a chaos, when you will be almost not knowing at all what is going to happen and what is happening.

... HE COULD NOT STAND THE CHANGES, THE UNCERTAINTIES AND THE DISCIPLINES PLACED UPON HIM. AT LENGTH HE APPLIED TO THE PIR FOR PERMISSION TO LEAVE, AND TRAVELED TO THE TEKKIA OF THE SECOND TEACHER, MURSHID AMALI. HE ASKED THE MURSHID, "WOULD YOU PLACE UPON ME BURDENS WHICH I MIGHT FIND NEXT TO INTOLERABLE?"

Now from the very beginning he wants to be certain that no burdens should be placed upon him, no hardships, no uncertainties, no disciplines. People want truth to be very cheap. They want it without paying any cost for it.

AMALI REPLIED, "I WOULD NOT PLACE UPON YOU SUCH BURDENS." IBN HALIM ASKED, "WILL YOU THEN ACCEPT ME AS A DISCIPLE?"

He must have been utterly happy, exhilarated with the prospect of finding a Master who was not going to put any hardships on him.

THE MURSHID ANSWERED, "NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE ASKED ME WHY MY TRAINING WOULD NOT BE SO ONEROUS AS THAT OF PIR ARDESHIR."
IBN HALIM ASKED, "WHY SHOULD IT NOT BE SO ONEROUS?"
THE MURSHID TOLD HIM, "BECAUSE I WOULD NOT CARE FOR YOU AND YOUR REAL WELL-BEING LIKE ARDESHIR CARED FOR YOU. THEREFORE YOU MUST NOT NOW ASK ME TO ACCEPT YOU AS A DISCIPLE."

The moment the disciple asks, "Give me God in a cheap way," he is not worthy of being accepted as a disciple. The moment the disciple says, "Don't ask any hardship for me to go through, I don't want to go through any pain, any agony," then he is not ready to be a disciple.

He had asked a wrong question of the Pir, now he was asking an even more wrong question of the Murshid. Murshid means the Master.

The Master said, "Because I WOULD NOT CARE FOR YOU...

You are not worth caring for.
The Master cares only for one who is ready to surrender. "And your well-being... I cannot take care of that too like Ardeshir cared for you. That's why he had put so many hardships for you to go through: he loved you. But you have destroyed that possibility. And if you could not get through that beautiful man and his help, it is useless to waste my time.

"THEREFORE YOU MUST NOT ASK ME TO ACCEPT YOU AS A DISCIPLE."

To be accepted as a disciple needs surrender. One needs to die into the Master, only then does one become a disciple.

The Secret

Chapter #18
Chapter title: The Master Is A Metaphor
28 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1
OSHO, WHY AM I SO MUCH AFRAID OF TWO GROUPS HERE, THE TANTRA AND THE ENCOUNTER?

Man has always been afraid of two things, life and death. He is afraid of life because life brings death; he is afraid of death because death ends life. Hence there have been only two taboos in the world: one is sex -- sex represents life; the other is death. All the societies of the world have been repressing two things.

If you watch people's faces, their beings, you will come to know about two things: that they don't take any note of 'death, and death is everywhere. Death is the way life exists on the earth. And death is beautiful; it is only through death that life renews itself; otherwise life would become so rotten. It is death that goes on giving it new garments, new abodes; otherwise life would be in ruins. Death is very creative. You only see the disappearing body, you don't see the new appearance.

And whatever is death on one side is sex on another side. Death and sex are two aspects of the same coin, and they are always together. If you deny one, you automatically deny the other.

This is something very important to be understood, because I would like you to live your sex in totality and your death too in its totality. A man is in truth only when he is capable of living life and death both, without any inhibition. Life exists only between the polarity of sex and death. If both are denied -- as they have been denied down the ages --

then man becomes apathetic. Great apathy arises; man becomes indifferent to things, man becomes boredom. Have you observed the fact? Each time you go deeply into love, each time you attain a sexual orgasm, what happens afterwards? A sadness settles; you fall into a deep valley of darkness. That's why people make love and then they go to sleep, to avoid facing that dark, deep valley. It is inevitable because sex brings you to the highest peak of life, to the greatest peak of radiance, joy, to the climax. You vibrate at your maximum. But that can only be for a moment, and then suddenly all starts disappearing, you start falling back. And the fall is going to be deep and steep.

It is not so only in man. Animal watchers also say animals look very sad after making love. When you make love, life takes a flight, and when life is very much there you become aware, in contrast, of death too. Awareness happens only in contrast. That's why in the night you can see the stars in the sky, not in the day. In the day there is no contrast; the sunlight is so much, you cannot see the stars in the day. But in the night, when the sun is gone and all is dark, stars start appearing. What happens? The contrast of darkness is needed for them to appear, just as you write with white chalk on a blackboard.

If you move deeply into life, love, sex, suddenly you will become aware of death surrounding you from everywhere. That's why man became afraid of sex and religions became repressive of sex. It is not just an invention of some theologians; there is some deep psychological reason for it. Man became aware of one thing: that whenever you move to the peak of love, suddenly you become aware of the deep, deep, abysmal valley surrounding it. And fear takes

grip of you, you start feeling nauseous, shaky; trembling arises in you. How to avoid this trembling? The only way that was found was to avoid the peak, so that you never come across the valley -- avoid sex, so you never become aware of death.

You will be surprised to know that it is really death that has made people afraid of sex. And all the people who are afraid of sex are cowards, naturally. It has to be so. It is because of the fear of death that they have become inhibitive of sex; hence they are cowards.

And the second taboo is death: don't talk of death; it is thought to be unmannerly. Don't bring death into a conversation; it is thought to be uneducated, vulgar. Keep death out of life, as if it doesn't exist. At least believe that it doesn't exist. That's why cemeteries are made outside of the town, so that we don't come across them; or cemeteries are made in such a beautiful way -- gardens, flowers, marble graves -- to hide the phenomenon of death. And people believe in the immortality of the soul -- not that they know -- but only so that they can go on living with this illusion that death is unreal.

Just as in the moment of sexual ecstasy you become aware of death, the same happens when you are dying or you are on the verge of death: you become aware of your whole sexuality, of your whole sexual being. It is a well-known fact that when people are hanged, the last thing that happens to them is ejaculation. When a person is murdered on a gallows, the last thing that happens is ejaculation. Why? Death brings the other pole into vision.

People who are dying almost always die with sexual fantasies surrounding them, and that is natural because this

is the way they will enter into another womb immediately. Here they are dying, the body is disappearing, they are losing their roots in this body, and their fantasy is already searching for a new womb, for a new body, for a new sexuality. In the moment of death people become aware very much of sexuality. The dying person almost always has an erection; even old people, very old people, will have erections when they are dying. What happens? Life is trying to assert itself at the last moment too. Life is trying to overcome death.

People try to avoid sex, to repress sex, so that they can forget all about death. And then at the moment of death priests have invented rituals -- they go on repeating mantras and sacred scriptures into the ears of the dying man so he is still kept engaged, so that he does not become aware of his sexuality. But these are just foolish inventions of man which don't work, which can't work.

You must have heard about William Randolph Hearst, the great newspaper tycoon. He is an example. He tried through power and wealth to build a wall between himself and the human condition. A fairyland world was constructed on his orders where the mention of death was prohibited, and everything was arranged to create the illusion that life would never end. Hearst, in his later years, showed himself to be a weakling and a fool -- naturally, because he avoided life to avoid death. He remained stupid. You will remain stupid if you avoid the real human situation. Whatsoever it contains, whatsoever is implied in it, has to be encountered, has to be lived through. That is the only way to go beyond it.

Given the human reality, the only alternative to courage is a flight from reality. That's how escapism arises. Millions of people have been escaping to the monasteries, to the Himalayas, to the caves. Why? -- to avoid life so that they can avoid death. Millions of people have been searching for immortality, hoping that there must be some way to become immortals.

And I am not saying that the soul is not immortal. It is, but you don't know anything about the soul. And your efforts to be immortal simply show that you are not yet aware of your soul, because the soul need not become immortal: it is! But it is not a question of believing in immortality. It is a question of exploring, and exploration goes through real life situations. And these two are the greatest life situations: sex and death.

It is through sex that life arises, it is through death that life disappears. Sex is the door from where life enters, and death is the door from where life disappears. These two doors have to be explored in their totality. And those who have looked into it have found that these two doors are not two; it is one door. From one side it is entrance, from the other side it is exit.

The so-called monk, the so-called old idea of sannyas are all escapisms, cowardly, utterly cowardly.

Running away, however, is never a solution. It is rather a form of weakness and cowardice. Minor forms of this weakness are called neuroses, and the acute forms of this weakness are called psychoses.

And your so-called religions have been teaching you only these two things: neurosis and psychosis. Neurosis is a mild form, a mild dose of cowardliness, of not facing life as it is,

and psychosis is the acute. The fully grown neurosis becomes psychosis; then you start escaping to the monastery, then you drop out of life -- but this is not the way to go beyond. The way beyond goes through life, and life is utterly beautiful. Sex and death, both are beautiful. You ask me, "Why am I so much afraid of two groups here, the Tantra and the Encounter?"

Tantra is based on life; tantra is the art of life, of love. Tantra is the method to encounter your sexuality, your sensuousness, your sensate being. And you are afraid of it because you have been taught that there is something wrong in your sensuousness. You are afraid to encounter your sensate being, your physical being. You are afraid to encounter your body and others' bodies, and you are afraid, deep down, that if sex reaches to a climax, then you will have to face the ultimate terror of death. It is better to avoid the peaks and walk on level ground -- no peaks, no valleys. Live a mediocre life of no peaks and no valleys. Live an unintelligent life, stupid, boring, dull, drab, placid. But one thing is good about it -- that you will not encounter two things: the ecstasies of the peaks and the agonies of the valleys. But you will not grow either.

Growth happens only when one moves from peaks to valleys and valleys to peaks. Growth happens only in that constant pilgrimage between darkness and light and from light to darkness. When one rises on the waves of the ocean and falls back, and again rises and falls back and slowly, slowly attains a certain balance, in that balance one transcends peaks and valleys both, becomes a witness. That witnessing is meditation.

So not only are you afraid of Tantra, people are afraid.

And Encounter is facing your fears -- and all fears are based in death -- facing your anger, facing your violence, facing the possibility that death is there, that death cannot be denied. So Encounter and Tantra are frightening because they bring you against two taboos which have been cultivated for centuries: Sex and death.

Just the other day I was talking to you about Geet Govind from Esalen. When he came here, I had given him only two groups, Encounter and Tantra, because that was my first insight into his being, that he was afraid of two things -- sex and death. Although he had been a disciple and a colleague of Fritz Perls, he had not learned anything. Although he is the founder of Esalen, he must have been avoiding his own deep problems. I had given him these two groups. If ke had passed through these two groups he would have attained to a great insight -- a satori was possible -- but he escaped, he ran away.

In the Encounter group, after just twenty-four hours, he wrote a letter to me: "I don't want to participate in it. There is too much violence. I cannot cope with it." I gave him a message, "Then if you cannot cope, drop out of it." Receiving my message he must have become aware that dropping out of it was cowardice, so just to keep face, he tried to continue in it; but he remained only on the periphery, he didn't get involved in it. He was there more as a spectator than as a participant. He did not expose his own hidden fears and violences. He did not expose that he is afraid of death. He did not encounter the possibility of his own death.

Rather than encountering the possibility of his own death, he started being angry at the Encounter group that is being

run here. That is a "transference"; it is a well-known phenomenon to psychoanalysts. If the psychoanalyst brings the patient to a certain point that the patient wants to avoid, if the psychoanalyst pushes a button that the patient has been avoiding his whole life, the patient immediately becomes angry at the psychoanalyst. Rather than seeing the truth of his wound, when his wound is touched he thinks he has been offended, he has been hurt. He immediately becomes angry with the therapist -- and that's what happened to Geet Govind.

If it had happened to somebody else it would have been understandable. But a man who runs a prestigious institute like Esalen, who is the founder, if he could not understand the simple phenomenon of transference, then who is going to understand? Not only did he fail, but through him he betrayed Fritz Perls too: that if living with him for so many years and being his disciple he could not understand the simple phenomenon of transference, what else could he understand? And remember, trees are known by their fruits; the Master is known by the disciples. He has, through his cowardice, condemned his own Master.

He became so angry. Not seeing his fears, not seeing his death-oriented cowardice, he started projecting all his violence and anger on the group. And he escaped before the Tantra group started, without telling anybody. He was to see me before he was to leave, but for that he would have had to do the Tantra group. He left without seeing me. He didn't even participate in Tantra. He didn't participate in Encounter either, but at least he was a spectator there. But in Tantra he was not even courageous enough to be a spectator.

Now he is talking against me, without understanding what he has done.

Man is made of two things: being and non-being. Man is a strange phenomenon. Something in him is very existential, and something in him is very non-existential. The existential is sex, and the non-existential is death; and man is a combination of sex and death. And unless you know both without any prejudice, you will not be able to transcend, you will not be able to become a real meditator. One has to face these two facts. These are the ultimate facts of life, and these are the tests: if you face them, unafraid, they are holding the keys to eternal life. It is through them that you will be able to enter into the kingdom of God. These two groups are very important groups. All the other groups are, in a way, a preparation for these two. But the fear is there. One has to go into these experiences in spite of the fear.

Just see how you are made with being and non-being. Something in you is present: that is your sexuality. That's why in deep sexual experience the past and future disappear and you are utterly present to the present moment and it becomes a moment of meditation. So is the case with death: if death suddenly is encountered, the mind stops, all past and future disappear again.

If you have been in an accident, when you see that another car is coming and there is no way to avoid it and the accident is going to happen -- just a few seconds more and you are gone -- in those few seconds all thoughts disappear. Suddenly there is silence, utter silence. Silence that you have been seeking your whole life and were not able to attain, is attained. It comes from nowhere. Death makes

you again present to the moment; it brings you to the moment.
These are the two most potential experiences. Please, don't be afraid and don't avoid them.
Geet Govind has written a letter to me too, "I will remain a sannyasin of yours only if you change the structures of the groups that are being run in Poona. Then I will believe you, that you are a Bhagwan, an enlightened person; otherwise you are just Mr. Rajneesh. "
You see the stupidity? You are making conditions for me. You are trying to bribe me -- as if being called "Bhagwan" by Geet Govind is going to give me something, as if I am interested in being called "Bhagwan" by Geet Govind, or as if his sannyas is something immensely valuable for my existence.
Reading his letter I was reminded of T.S. Eliot's lines:

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

If you are afraid to face your sexuality -- which is the beginning of your life, which is the source of your life -- and if you are afraid to face your death and the fear that it creates -- which is going to be the end of your life -- you are nothing but a "hollow" man, a "stuffed" man, a "headpiece filled with straw. Alas!" You are not a real man yet if you cannot face these two things. These two things have to be faced.

In the new commune I am going to introduce another group which will be called Death, which will be a higher and more intense form of Encounter in which you will have to actually move through death. You will have to pass through the experience of death, and if you can pass through it you will come out alive in a totally new sense.

I am preparing things. This is just the beginning, Geet Govind. This is just the ABC of the work. As more and more courageous people will be coming to me -- and they are coming -- as more and more uninhibited people will be coming to me -- and they are coming -- my methods will start becoming more and more intense. I will sharpen my sword!

And remember, if you avoid these two things, apathy is created. That's why you see so much apathy all around the world -- people walking, moving, doing things, but with empty faces, with no joy, no cheerfulness, their eyes dull, non-expressive, their faces almost dead, just pulling, dragging themselves somehow, a great burden. Life is not a benediction for them but a great burden, a misery, a hell. Who has done this? Who has poisoned the sources of human joy and celebration? The people who have taught you inhibitions.

If sex and death are repressed, you will become very apathetic, you will become very, very dull. Your life will not have any streaming energy because the energy can be created only by this polarity: sex and death. Between this polarity the beautiful tension is created which keeps your life energies flowing. If you avoid these two things you have avoided all. Then you live in vain. Then your life is nothing but an empty gesture -- it means nothing.

And you will never be able to enter into the temple of God, because you are missing the very door, or you have misunderstood.

The haggard young man went to his psychiatrist and com plained of a recurring bad dream. "Every night," he said, "I dream of a sign on a door and I push it and push it, but I can't open it."
The doctor took notes frantically. "And what does the sign say?"
"Pull."

You can go on pushing, your whole life, but if the sign says pull.
God says live, love, live dangerously, love dangerously, and you remain frozen in fear. How will you enter into the temple of God?
Be aware of the poison that the priests have poured into your beings. Accept whatsoever is a fact. But priests go on rejecting facts: they say Jesus was born out of a virgin mother just to reject the facticity of sex. They cannot conceive of Jesus being conceived through sexuality. These are the poisoners. And they go on doing the other thing also: they cannot conceive that Jesus died on the cross, they say he was resurrected.
The whole of Christianity depends on two dogmas: one is the virgin birth of Jesus, the other is his resurrection. One is against sex, the other is against death -- and these are the only taboos. And the whole of Christianity depends on this pathological approach, this neurotic approach. In Jesus' life they have denied two things, sex and death, and Jesus is the

example you have to imitate. You have to become like Jesus.
Jesus is born as much out of sex as anybody else. Jesus was not a freak! He was a normal human being, a natural human being -- more natural than you are. And Jesus died as everyone dies. There is nothing wrong in death; anything that begins ends.
But still there is something which never begins and never ends! -- that is God. And that is in you too. But to know that which never begins and never ends you will have to know that which begins and ends. Only in contrast will you be able to know the eternal. You will have to experience time and its process of change to know the eternal and the unchanging and the absolutely abiding truth.

The second question:

Question 2
WHAT IS WRONG, IN IMITATING THE GREAT IDEALS TAUGHT DOWN THE CENTURIES?

It is not a question of great ideals or petty ideals, it is a question of imitating. What you imitate is immaterial; the important thing is that you imitate. If you imitate you become a carbon copy. If you imitate you have betrayed your authentic being. If you imitate you are no more your being, you are no more your soul, you are no more yourself. You have committed suicide -- and this suicide is far more suicidal than when you destroy your physical body. This is destroying your very psychology.

Imitation means you will not live according to your own spontaneity, you will live according to somebody else as your image; you will follow somebody else's character, behavior, way of life. You will have to impose. What will you do if you want to follow Christ; if you want to imitate Christ, what will you do? You will act like Christ! What else can you do? It will be a drama, it will not be a real, true life.

What will you do if you want to become a Buddha? You can take a begging bowl, you can use the same type of clothes he used, you can even walk like him -- these are simple things, they can be learned -- but you will be just a showpiece, not a Buddha. You will be just doing it on the surface, but you will remain the same deep down, deep behind it. Your reality will not be affected by it; it will be just a painted face, a mask, a personality. It will not touch your essence.

I am against all kinds of imitation because I respect the individual. Learn from everywhere. Learn from Jesus, learn from Buddha -- they have something great to share with you. Participate in that sharing, but never imitate.

You are here with me -- never imitate me! Listen to me, understand me, feel me, feel my love for you, drink this presence that is available to you, participate in this silence, but don't imitate. There is no need for you to wear the same clothes that I wear or to eat the same food. There is no need to follow my lifestyle.

But the idea has become very deeply planted in you. You have been told again and again and conditioned for it. Nobody has ever told you to be yourself. Everybody was giving you an example: "Be like that. Be like Jesus, be like

Buddha, be like Mahavira" -- as if your whole purpose here is just to act somebody else's life and not to live your own; as if God has not given you a first-hand life but only a second-hand life. This is disrespectful to yourself and this is disrespectful to God too.
God has given you a life to be lived, and lived spontaneously, with no pattern. Don't become a slave and don't become an imitator. Love yourself, respect yourself, and try to live your life the way you feel it. And even if you are a failure you will be contented. And imitating somebody else, even if you succeed, you will remain empty inside, filled with straw and nothing else. Alas!
The person who will succeed in imitating Christ will be the person who has completely destroyed his possibility of growing. He has been playing, he has not been living. And howsoever intelligently you try to imitate, imitation is unintelligent. Intelligence never tries to imitate.

A cowboy boasted to the sheriff that he had the best horse in the world.
"I was riding him through a lonely stretch of the country when he stumbled over a rock. I fell from the saddle and broke my leg."
"Don't tell me," the sheriff said, "that the horse reset your leg! "
"Nope. But he grabbed me by the belt, dragged me home, and galloped five miles to fetch the doctor. "
"I am glad everything worked out so well," said the sheriff.
"Not really. That dumb horse fetched a horse doctor! "

But what more can you expect from a horse? Even this is too much!
By imitating somebody, whatsoever you do will miss the point somewhere or other. At one stage or another stage you will miss the point, because imitation means you have already accepted living a stupid life.

A man checked into a hotel and was asked by the manager if he wanted a R.W.B.
"What is that?" he asked.
"Room with bath" ke was told. "You see, in the hotel business we try to abbreviate everything" explained the manager. "Would you also like an R.W.V.?"
"What is that?"
"I told you we try in this hotel business to abbreviate everything -- that means room with view."
"I will take an R.W.B. with an R.W.V." And he proceeded to his room where he took his shower and lay on the bed completely naked.
In walked the chambermaid, not knowing the room was occupied. She looked at him on the bed and he looked at her and said, "F.U.C.K. "
"What did you say?" she said in shock. He repeated "F.U.C.K." -- whereupon she ran to the manager and told him about the naked man on the bed and what he had said. Up came the manager and ordered the man to leave the hotel immediately.
"What did I do? What did I say that was wrong? You tell everybody to talk hotel talk so when she came in, I said F.U.C.K. -- First You Could Knock?!"

Imitations won't do! You will get into trouble. You will have to live your life intelligently on your own. And you are so unique that only you can live your life and nobody else. And you are so original that trying to copy somebody else is simply destroying such a tremendous gift of God. Sing your song and dance your dance and love your love.

The third question:

Question 3
WILL YOU PLEASE SPEAK ABOUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HEALTHY LOVE OF ONESELF AND EGOISTICAL PRIDE?

Aikagro, there is a great difference between the two, although they both look very alike. The healthy love of oneself is a great religious value. The person who does not love himself will not be able to love anybody else, ever. The first ripple of love has to rise in your heart. If it has not risen for yourself it cannot rise for anybody else, because everybody else is farther away from you.
It is like throwing a stone in the silent lake -- the first ripples will arise around the stone and then they will go on spreading to the further shores. The first ripple of love has to be around yourself. One has to love one's body, one has to love one's soul, one has to love one's totality.
And this is natural; otherwise you would not be able to survive at all. And it is beautiful because it beautifies you. The person who loves himself becomes graceful, elegant. The person who loves himself is bound to become more

silent, more meditative more prayerful than the person who does not love himself.

If you don't love your house you will not clean it; if you don't love your house you will not paint it; if you don't love you will not surround it with a beautiful garden with a lotus pond. If you love yourself you will create a garden around yourself. You will try to grow your potential, you will try to bring out all that is in you to be expressed. If you love, you will go on showering yourself, you will go on nourishing yourself.

And if you love yourself you will be surprised: others will love you. Nobody loves a person who does not love himself. If you cannot even love yourself, who else is going to take the trouble? And the person who does not love himself cannot remain neutral. Remember, in life there is no neutrality.

The man who does not love himself hates, will have to hate -- life knows no neutrality. Life is always a choice. If you don't love that does not mean that you can simply remain in that not loving state. No, you will hate.

And the person who hates himself becomes destructive. And the person who hates himself will hate everybody else -- he will be so angry and violent and continuously in rage. The person who hates himself, how can he hope that others will love him? His whole life will be destroyed. To love oneself is a great religious value.

I teach you self-love. But remember, self-love does not mean egotistical pride, not at all. In fact it means just the opposite. The person who loves himself finds there is no self in him. Love always melts the self: that is one of the alchemical secrets to be learned, understood, experienced.

Love always melts the self. Whenever you love, the self disappears. You love a woman and at least in the few moments when there is real love for the woman, there is no self in you, no ego.

Ego and love cannot exist together. They are like light and darkness: when light comes, darkness disappears. If you love yourself you will be surprised -- self-love means the self disappears. In self-love there is no self ever found. That is the paradox: self-love is utterly selfless. It is not selfish -- because whenever there is light there is no darkness, and whenever there is love there is no self.

Love melts the frozen self. The self is like an ice cube, love is like the morning sun. The warmth of love... and the self starts melting. The more you love yourself the less you will find of the self in you, and then it becomes a great meditation, a great leap into God.

And you know it! You may not know it as far as self-love is concerned, because you have not loved yourself. But you have loved other people; glimpses of it must have happened to you. There must have been rare moments when for a moment suddenly you were not there and only love was there, only love energy flowing, from no center, from nowhere to nowhere. When two lovers are sitting together there are two nothingnesses sitting together, two zeros sitting together -- and that is the beauty of love, that it makes you utterly empty of the self.

Remember again: just the other day I was saying, empty yourself in hugs, in kisses, in love, in embraces. Empty yourself! Pour yourself into love so that in your inner-world space is created -- because God can enter only when there is space in you to contain him.

And great space will be needed, because you are inviting the greatest guest. You are inviting the whole existence into you. You will need infinite nothingness in you.
Love is the best way to become nothing.
So remember, egoistical pride, Aikagro, is never love for oneself. Egoistical pride is just the opposite. The person who has not been able to love himself becomes egoistic. Egoistical pride is what psychoanalysts call the narcissistic pattern of life, narcissism.
You must have heard the parable of Narcissus: he had fallen in love with himself. Looking into a silent pool of water, he fell in love with his own reflection.
Now see the difference: the man who loves himself does not love his reflection, he simply loves himself. No mirror is needed; he knows himself from inwards. Don't you know yourself, that you are? Do you need a proof that you are? Do you need a mirror to prove that you exist? If there were no mirror, would you become suspicious of your existence? Narcissus fell in love with his own reflection -- not with himself. That is not true self-love. He fell in love with the reflection; the reflection is the other. He had become two, he had become divided. Narcissus was split. He was in a kind of schizophrenia. He had become two -- the lover and the loved. He had become his own object of love -- and that's what happens to so many people who think they are in love.
When you fall in love with a woman, watch, be alert -- it may be nothing but narcissism, and the woman's face, and her eyes, and her words, may be simply functioning as a silent lake in which you are seeing your reflection.

My own observation is this: that out of a hundred loves, ninety-nine are narcissistic. People don't love the woman that is there. They love the appreciation that the woman is giving to them, the attention that the woman is giving to them, the flattery that the woman is showering on the man.

Two lovers were sitting on the sea beach, and it was a fullmoon night, and great waves were arising in the sea -- it was a tide time. And the lover said loudly to the sea, "Now, roll into great waves! Roll, rise into great waves!" And the great waves started rising, and the great waves started rolling towards the beach.
And the woman came closer to the lover, hugged him, kissed him and said, "I knew it before, that you are a miracle! Even the ocean follows your orders! "

This is what goes on happening. The woman flatters the man, the man flatters the woman -- it is a mutual flattery. The woman says, "There is nobody as beautiful as you are. You are a miracle! You are the greatest that God has ever made. Even Alexander the Great was nothing compared to you." And you are puffed up, and your chest becomes doubled, and your head starts swelling -- although there is nothing but straw, but it starts swelling. And you say to the woman, "You are the greatest creation of God. Even Cleopatra was nothing compared to you. I can't believe that God will ever be able to improve upon you. There will never again be another woman so beautiful. "
This is what you call love! This is narcissism. The man becomes the silent pool and reflects the woman, and the woman becomes the silent pool and reflects the man; in fact

not only reflects the truth, but decorates it, in a thousand and one ways makes it look more and more beautiful. This is what people call love. This is not; this is mutual ego-satisfaction.

The real love knows nothing of the ego. The real love starts first as self-love.

Naturally, you have this body, this being, you are rooted in it -- enjoy it, cherish it, celebrate it! And there is no question of pride or ego because you are not comparing yourself with anybody. Ego comes only with comparison. Self-love knows no comparison -- you are you, that's all. You are not saying that somebody else is inferior to you; you are not comparing at all. Whenever comparison comes, know well it is not love; it is a trick somewhere, a subtle strategy of the ego.

Ego lives through comparison. When you say to a woman, "I love you," it is one thing; when you say to a woman, "Cleopatra was nothing compared to you," it is another, totally another, just the opposite. Why bring Cleopatra in? Can't you love this woman without bringing Cleopatra in? Cleopatra is brought in to puff the ego. Love this man -- why bring in Alexander the Great?

Love knows no comparison, love simply loves without comparing.

So Aikagro, whenever there is comparison, remember, it is egoistical pride. It is narcissism. And whenever there is no comparison, remember, it is love, whether of oneself or the other. In real love there is no division. The lovers melt into each other. In egoistical love there is great division, the division of the lover and the loved. In real love there is no relationship. Let me repeat it: in real love there is no

relationship, because there are not two persons to be related to. In real love there is only love, a flowering, a fragrance, a melting, a merging. Only in egoistic love are there two persons, the lover and the loved. And whenever there is the lover and the loved, love disappears. Whenever there is love, the lover and the beloved, both disappear into love. Love is such a great phenomenon; you cannot survive in it. Real love is always in the present. Egoistical love is always either in the past or in the future. In real love there is a passionate coolness. It will look paradoxical, but all greater realities of life are paradoxical; hence I call it passionate coolness: there is warmth, but there is no heat in it. Warmth certainly is there, but there is also coolness in it, a very collected, calm, cool state. Love makes one less feverish. But if it is not real love but egoistical love, then there is great heat. Then the passion is there like fever, there is no coolness at all.

If you can remember these things you will have the criterion for judging. But one has to start with oneself, there is no other way. One has to start from where one is.

Love yourself, love immensely, and in that very love your pride, your ego and all that nonsense, will disappear. And when it has disappeared your love will start reaching to other people. And it will not be a relationship but a sharing. And it will not be an object/subject relationship but a melting, a togetherness. It will not be feverish, it will be a cool passion. It will be warm and cool together. It will give you the first taste of the paradoxicalness of life.

The fourth question:

Question 4
BELOVED OSHO, WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL US MORE ABOUT WHAT THE SUFIS CALL "ADAB"? IS IT A "TARIQA"... A METHOD THAT EXTENDS BEYOND THE PHYSICAL PRESENCE OF THE MASTER, BECOMING PART OF THE INNERMOST BEING OF THE DISCIPLE AND REFLECTING, IN EVERY ACTION OF HIS DAILY?

Radha Mohammed, yes, adab is a tariqa, a method. It is the beginning of something very immense, of something utterly incomprehensible to the intellect. It is the first step of a great eternal pilgrimage. To be with the Master is simply a lesson in how to be with God. That's why down the ages the Master has been called "God". It is very symbolic, it is a metaphor.
The word "metaphor" is beautiful. Meta means beyond, phor means going: that which takes you beyond. The Master is a metaphor -- he takes you beyond himself. He is just a beginning, a jumping-board. To be with the Master is nothing but a discipline in how to be with God. God is not visible, the Master is visible; it is easier to learn from the visible and then move to the invisible.
Have you looked into children's books? We have to make big pictures, very colorful pictures for them. Words are few. If you have to teach the child M, you have to make a big mango, very juicy, colorful. The child is not interested in M. Something abstract -- what does it mean to a child? But in the mango, he is certainly interested. Juices start flowing in his mouth the moment he sees the mango -- so colorful, so full of juice. Now there is a way we can teach

him about M through the mango. Mango becomes a metaphor. Slowly, slowly the picture becomes smaller and smaller and smaller, and one day it will disappear. Then M will work on its own. There will be no need again and again to bring in the mango to remind the child about the M.

Exactly like that, the Master is something visible, God is invisible. You cannot learn adab with the invisible, you will have to learn adab with the visible. You fall in love with a Master; it is very difficult to fall in love with God. Where is he in the first place? Who is he? Is he or not? But one can fall in love with a Master, and in that very love grace arises in you. Love always creates grace. That grace is adab. When you love the Master you behave in a certain way. Love knows how to behave. It is not a question of an imposed discipline. It is not that it is enforced on you; if it is enforced, then you are not in the presence of a Master. It arises out of yu; it is part of yur love, it is part of your feeling heart. You feel so much for the Master that when he is around, you immediately fall into the silence, into grace. A great elegance arises in you. Suddenly you forget all your worries, you forget all your past and future programs. For a few moments you are transported into the another world.

This is the beginning. Slowly, slowly this will become so deep-rooted in you that there will be no need for the Master to be present. Whenever and wherever you will remember the Master, immediately you will fall into the same space again. Then by and by there will be no need to remember the Master. The remembrance will become like your breathing -- it will be always there, in a subtle form. And

then your whole life will become graceful. Then it will not only be a question of behaving gracefully with the Master. You will behave gracefully with whomsoever you are relating: in the marketplace, in the office, in the factory, wherever you are, wherever and with whomsoever. Now the Master has become your innermost core, you are always in the presence of the Master. Then slowly, slowly it will spread to trees, to mountains, to the sky, to the stars. Then you are entering into God. By and by, step by step, one day suddenly the Master is no more there, the disciple is no more there... only God is.

Adab is a discipline, but it brings you to a state of total spontaniety. It is a tariqa, a method -- and a great method. It can be known only by those who love. It can be known only by those who have become devotees, disciples. It is available only to the eyes of love. It is such a subtle experience that if you come to the Master full of your knowledge and intellect you will miss it. It is such an exquisite feeling tht unless youur heart is open for it you will not have any taste of it.

That's why each Master finally decides to live with his own disciples only, because that is the only way to help people towards God. I am not interested in the mobs. I am not interested in people coming here out of curiosity. I am interested only in those people who are ready to die in my presence, who are ready to disappear into my love.

You are living adab. This silence is adab. Your hearts beating with me -- you are breathing in rhythm with me -- this is adab.

The fifth question:

Question 5
CLOTHES OF A PARTICULAR COLOR AND THE WEARING OF THE MALA IS PRESCRIBED FOR SANNYASINS SO THAT THEY ARE CONTINUOUSLY AWARE OF THE FINAL AIM OF LIFE -- BLISS. IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE AWARE OF THIS AIM WITHOUT WEARING A PARTICULAR DRESS? THE UTILITY IS UNDERSTOOD BUT THE INEVITABILITY IS NOT. PLEASE ELUCIDATE ON THE USE AND THE LIMITATIONS. FOR BLISS, I WILL WEAR THEM. IF YOU CONVINCE ME OF ITS INEVITABILITY, I WILL WEAR IT HAPPILY.

Raviraj, you are missing the whole point. You are not getting what I am saying to you. You are listening through your prejudices, through your already arrived conclusions. You are not listening to me, not at all. You have not understood a single word uttered here.
You say, "Clothes of a particular color and the wearing of the mala is prescribed for sannyasins so that they are continuously aware of the final aim of life -- bliss. "There is no final aim of life. That's what I am teaching: life has no aim, no purpose. It is not going anywhere; life is already there. The ultimate is the immediate, the immediate is the ultimate: that's what I am teaching. I am not saying that tomorrow you will attain to bliss -- bliss is already here. If you are available it will explode in your being, if you are not available it will not explode for lives and lives.

Tomorrow has nothing to do with it. Bliss is a quality of the present moment. It is the essence of now, of here. It is the radiance of this moment.

But Raviraj, you are thinking in terms of desires, longings, succeeding somewhere in the future. The dress and the mala, the orange color, are not given to my sannyasins to be reminded of the ultimate goal of life, bliss; no, not at all. And they are not prescribed by me as a doctor prescribes a medicine. In fact, they are not purposive at all. It is just that I am crazy. It is my eccentricity, that's all. There is no reason behind it.

It is not meant for people who are rationalistic. It is just a gesture from the disciple's side that he loves me so much that even if I tell him to do something crazy, he is ready.

It is not something utilitarian, as you say. You say, "Is it not possible to be aware of this aim"... there is none, no aim "... without wearing a particular dress? The utility is understood but the inevitability is not." There is no utility, there is only inevitability. What is that inevitability? Being with a crazy man, you have to become crazy! It is just a gesture of surrender from your side.

And that gesture is needed because I will be telling you so many absurd things. And if you cannot accept a simple phenomenon like wearing orange and the mala, when we will be moving into more dangerous spaces, when your reason will not support you at all, when your reason will in fact try to prevent you from going more into it, and I will be calling you forth, "Come on!" and you will see that ahead there is death, and the road ends in an abyss, and I am calling you, " Come along! " -- then it will be very

difficult. So this is just a gesture from the side of the disciple that he is ready to go with me.
When Ibrahim, a great Sufi Master, first went to his own Master -- Ibrahim was a king, King of Balkh and Bukhara... when he went to the Master, the Master told him, "Undress immediately! " The Master's disciples were puzzled because he had never asked anybody to undress; why should he ask Ibrahim to undress? But Ibrahim immediately undressed. And then the Master gave one of his shoes to him and told him to go into the marketplace and go on beating on his head with the shoe, and laugh as loudly as he could.

The disciples Were even more puzzled and confused: "What is going on? Has he gone completely mad?" They had always suspected that he was a little crazy, but now this was too much!
But Ibrahim went -- in his own capital town where he had always moved in a golden chariot, where he was respected like God -- naked, beating on his own head with a shoe and laughing. You can just imagine the scene. It created a circus -- the whole capital gathered, people Were laughing, people were throwing banana peels and rotten onions and tomatoes, and they were enjoying, and they were having fun: "What has gone by?" Their king! "And what is he doing?" And the more they were throwing banana peels and tomatoes, the more he was laughing.
When he went back, the Master hugged him and he said, "You are accepted as a disciple." His other disciples asked, "What is the matter? What is **The Secret** behind it?" The Master said, "You need not worry -- this much was needed.

He has been a great king, with all his ego. This much of a gesture was needed from his side so that I could be convinced that he was ready to go into the supra-rational, where there would be no possibility of convincing him. If he can do such an absurd act, then I am convinced. "
Raviraj, you are saying, "Osho, if you can convince me of its inevitability, I will wear it happily."
I am not going to convince you. You will have to convince me that you are ready to go crazy with me. It is not a question of me convincing you, it is a question of you convincing me.
And remember again, this is just the beginning. Soon Ibrahims will be coming! You please be in a hurry, because my demands will go on growing more and more. As the work goes deeper more and more demands will be made. It is not a prescription, it is a demand! And I am not here to convince you about its rationality, because if I convince you about its rationality -- and I can convince you.... In fact, anything can be made to look rational. Any absurd thing can be made to look rational -- that is such an easy game! I can convince you of the utility, of the inevitability and everything, but that will all be just bullshit.
The real truth, the simple fact, is that you have to show a simple gesture from your side that you will not ask for reasons. You have to convince me, not I convince you. It is your problem that you are missing bliss, it is not my problem. Why should I bother to convince you? I am not suffering from any problems -- I am bliss. You are suffering.
You have to give me a few indications that you are ready to take the jump. By wearing orange and the mala you give

me a little proof that you will not be demanding reasons for each and everything, because that will not be possible.
As the journey deepens, reasons and rational explanations become absolutely futile, meaningless. And as you start soaring higher you go beyond rationality completely. This is a journey into super-reason, or irreason. This is a journey beyond mind. And you are asking me, "For bliss, I will wear them. If you convince me of its inevitability, I will wear it happily. "
I am not going to convince you. If I convince you, the whole point will be lost. If I convince you and then you wear it, then you have not shown the gesture. It is out of your own conviction, out of your own reason that you wear it; you have not dropped your reason, your mind. It is your conclusion. It is utterly meaningless. And then again and again you will be asking me -- and there are things which are going to happen to sannyasins about which nothing can be said, they can only be experienced -- then I will be in trouble. I don't want to start that kind of process at all.
And you say, "For bliss, I will wear them."
Your whole motivation is very ordinary. Your mind is full of desires. You may be thinking that you are having spiritual desires -- for bliss, for God, for truth -- but all desires are worldly. Yes, even the desire for God and bliss and truth is worldly. If you want to become a sannyasin you have to become a sannyasin for no reason at all, for no desire, for no motivation. At least in your life do one thing without any motivation, for the sheer joy of it. And from there starts bliss.
If you can do a single thing, even a single thing, for the sheer joy of doing it you will be surprised -- bliss simply

starts pouring on you. Not to live through motivation is the way of bliss.
But there are people who are continuously thinking of gaining this, of gaining that, whose whole idea of life is through motivations. They may be worldly, they may be other-worldly; in my observation there is no difference between them. Live through motivation and you are living in the world of misery, live without motivation and you are a sannyasin.

A rabbi was giving a very serious sermon in the temple when he came to the word "Moses" and from the congregation came a loud voice, "He was a stupid jerk."
The rabbi could not believe his ears and thought he was hearing things, so he continued until again he mentioned Moses and again the loud voice cried, "He was a stupid jerk!"
With that the rabbi stopped and dared the man to identify himself and prove his remark. "Certainly I can, and will," replied the apparently rebellious Jew.
"You remember when God told Moses to lead our people out of the land of Egypt and Moses led our people to the Red Sea? So what happened? -- God parted this Red Sea so Moses could lead our people across. So what happens? -- the stupid jerk at the top of the procession leads our people and when he gets to the other side he makes a right hand turn into the desert. If he had made a left hand turn, we would have been up to our asses in oil wells!"

Please don't be a Jew! And out of a hundred people, ninety-nine point nine percent are Jews -- continuously greedy,

continuously thinking of gaining this and that. Can't you allow a few moments without desire? And to be without desire is to be in bliss.
Bliss cannot be desired. It is impossible to desire bliss because desire creates misery. Bliss happens only when you have understood the process of desire, when you have seen it through and through -- that all desire ends in misery. When you have seen it, desiring disappears. And in that very moment, instantly, immediately, all is bliss.

The Secret

Chapter #19
Chapter title: Infinite Patience
29 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN WHO HAD HEARD OF THE FRUIT OF HEAVEN. SHE COVETED IT. SHE ASKED A CERTAIN DERVISH, WHOM WE SHALL CALL SABAR, "HOW CAN I FIND THIS FRUIT, SO THAT I MAY ATTAIN TO IMMEDIATE KNOWLEDGE?"
"YOU WOULD BE BEST ADVISED TO STUDY WITH ME," SAID THE DERVISH. "BUT IF YOU WILL NOT DO SO, YOU WILL HAVE TO TRAVEL RESOLUTELY AND AT TIMES RESTLESSLY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD."
SHE LEFT HIM AND SOUGHT ANOTHER, ARIF THE WISE ONE, AND THEN SHE FOUND HAKIM, THE

SAGE, AND MAJZUB THE MAD, THEN ALIM THE SCIENTIST, AND MANY MORE...
SHE PASSED THIRTY YEARS IN HER SEARCH. FINALLY SHE CAME TO A GARDEN. THERE STOOD THE TREE OF HEAVEN, AND FROM ITS BRANCHES HUNG THE BRIGHT FRUIT OF HEAVEN.
STANDING BESIDE THE TREE WAS SABAR, THE FIRST DERVISH.
"WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME WHEN WE FIRST MET THAT YOU WERE THE CUSTODIAN OF THE FRUIT OF HEAVEN?" SHE ASKED HIM.
"BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT THEN HAVE BELIEVED ME. BESIDES, THE TREE PRODUCES FRUIT ONLY ONCE IN THIRTY YEARS AND THIRTY DAYS."

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED a very poor man in a village in Italy. He desperately wanted to know the answer to the mystery of existence, so he decided to work very hard and travel to the Himalayas and find a guru. He worked long arduous hours and at the end of twenty years he had saved his fare.
He had been on a ship for about two weeks when a tremendous storm blew up and he was shipwrecked, and found himself on a desert island. He spent the next twenty years on the island when one day he managed to finally attract the attention of a tanker. They picked him up and took him to Bombay where he caught a plane. He had managed to salvage some of his money when shipwrecked.

However, during the flight he was hijacked by the hijackers. But the hijackers decided to set him free in the desert. He walked to a village and waited for the bus to take him to the Himalayas.
Within a few months the bus came and he caught it to the foothills of the Himalayas. He then spent a long time on foot but finally managed to arrive at the guru's cave. He then asked the guru his question about the mystery of life.
The guru replied, "Life is a river."
The man went crazy, threw his arms up and shouted at the guru, "For fifty years I have been trying to get to you. I had to work very hard for the fare. I was shipwrecked and then hijacked, and bloody hell -- now you tell me life is a river?!"
And the guru said, "Isn't it?"

Life is not a problem or a puzzle to be solved. Life is a mystery to be loved and to be lived. And the mystery is not something far away, the mystery is something that is very obvious, herenow. The mystery is the this-ness of existence; hence the answer of the guru, "Life is a river." He must have been sitting on the bank of the river watching the river go by. In that moment his consciousness was full of the river, there was nothing else but the river.
Another Master was asked, "What is truth?" and he said, "The cypress tree in the courtyard." He must have been looking at the beautiful cypress in the courtyard; that was all in that moment. That moment was full of the cypress tree, that moment was nothing but the cypress tree.
And another Master when asked, "What is life?" was drinking tea. He said, "A cup of tea."

This-ness, idam, or suchness, tathata -- that's what life is. Another, still another Master, was weighing flax, and he was asked, "What is Buddha?" and he said, "Three pounds of flax."

These answers are tremendously important. They don't appear important on the surface. It certainly can drive a person who has been working for fifty years to reach to the Master crazy, who has wasted his whole life to reach to the Master, to know the mystery of life -- and the Master says, "Life is a river," or "A cup of tea," or "The cypress tree in the courtyard," or "Three pounds of flax." It will drive anybody crazy. But the answers are tremendously beautiful. This moment is the answer, whatever it is. There is no other answer. The facticity of this moment is the answer. Truth is herenow, but the ego is never satisfied with the truth that is herenow. The ego wants something difficult, it thrives on difficulties. The ego lives through great challenges. If life is only a cup of tea, where will your ego find the ground to stand on? If life is only the cypress tree in the courtyard, how will you become a great saint, a mahatma? There is no possibility left -- the ego will have to disappear. If truth is so simple and obvious, then the ego cannot be nourished. There is nothing left to be nourished on.

When the Master said, "Life is a river," he simply took away the very earth underneath the man. He must have wanted something of tremendous import, a revelation, God descending from heaven, great light, infinite light happening, a vision, something utterly extraordinary.

"Life is a river"? -- such an ordinary statement? But if you meditate over it you will find God descending from heaven, great light, infinite light coming to your vision,

psychedelic, colorful, spiritual experiences. All are just childish. All are toys for the ego to play with.
Real religion consists of the obvious. The obvious, the ordinary, is the mysterious. The obvious, that which is always with you, has always been with you, will always be with you, is God. Between you and God there is no distance at all. Not even a single step is needed to be taken. If you understand it, you have understood all the religions, all the scriptures.
But the ego will create trouble. Ego is never interested in simple things because on simple things it cannot soar high. The more a thing is difficult, the better for the ego. That's why religions became interested in unnecessary difficulties. They are called austerities, asceticism; they are nothing but food for the ego. They have not helped anybody to know the truth. In fact they have been the greatest barriers. Religion became a pathology, religion went neurotic, because of the demands of the ego. The ego wants something utterly difficult so that it becomes a special privilege if you attain it -- only you have attained it, nobody else. It wants truth to be something like the peak of Everest or walking on the moon; something so special that you can claim. Through it, you become special.
Because of this, religion slowly slowly became sado-masochistic. "Torture yourself" -- the more you torture, the more religious you are. And when a person tortures himself, teaches others also to torture themselves, out of necessity he becomes doubly pathological. He tortures himself, so he is a masochist, and because he teaches others to torture themselves he becomes a sadist.

In the name of religion, sado-masochism has existed on the earth. That's why only neurotic people become interested in religion. The healthy person avoids it.
The religion I am teaching you is for the healthy person. It is for those who are not in search of fulfilling their egos. It is for those who are ready to be ordinary, utterly ordinary. It is for those who are ready to dissolve in the obvious. It is for those who are ready to make their home in this moment, this beautiful now, and who are not hankering for any paradise, who are not hankering at all; who have no desires for the other world and no desires for some god sitting on a golden throne somewhere; but for those whose god is spread all over existence, in the calls of the birds and in the green leaves of the trees and in the dewdrops and in the sunrays and in you and in me -- all over; whose god is not something separate from life and existence; whose god can be in a cup of tea, whose god can be the river flowing by, whose god can be the cypress tree in the courtyard, and whose god can be three pounds of flax. It is not sacrilegious. It is not that God is reduced, Buddha is reduced, to three pounds of flax; on the contrary, three pounds of flax is transformed into divinity, into Buddhahood, into God. It is not sacrilegious, it is one of the most sacred statements ever made.
This is one of the basic truths to be understood. Then it will be very easy to go into this beautiful parable.

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN WHO HAD HEARD OF THE FRUIT OF HEAVEN. SHE COVETED IT.

Meditate over each word:

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN WHO HAD HEARD...

Many of the people who become religious, become religious only through information. That's where they miss the whole point; their first step has fallen on the wrong track.

If your life makes you religious, then it is totally different. If your very experience of life creates enquiry in you about truth, that has beauty in it. But just because you have heard -- people are talking about God and paradise and nirvana and enlightenment -- and because of their talk and constant propaganda down the centuries, and millions of books and scriptures, and churches and temples and gurudwaras and mosques, and everywhere it is being taught, from the very childhood you are being conditioned that there is a God, that there is a paradise, that you have to search for it.... If you become interested in the search because of these conditionings, your search is doomed from the very beginning. You have already moved in a wrong direction. It is not your search, it is borrowed. It is not an authentic desire in your heart, it is just in your head. It is accidental; it is because you have been told. If you were not told you would not have bothered at all. And you can see it.

When a Jaina comes to me, he never asks how to find God, because in his scriptures there is no belief about God. He asks how to attain to moksha, to ultimate freedom, liberation. God is not meaningful to him at all, because he has not been taught about God. Not that he knows there is no God, but because his mind has been conditioned in a certain way, he has given another word with totally

different connotations. He has been taught that y our soul is in a bondage in the world and you have to drop the bondage and attain to ultimate freedom. Unless you attain to ultimate freedom -- when all bondages of attachment, possessiveness, domination, have disappeared, when there is no greed, no anger, no sex, when there is nobody left and you are a pure soul... then you have arrived. This is the goal, moksha. He asked about moksha.

But no Christian ever asks me about moksha, freedom. He has not been told. He asks how, by what means, one can enter into the kingdom of God. He never asks how to become God, because he has not been told. On the contrary, he has been told nobody can become God. God is God and you are you, God is the creator and you are the creature -- and how can the creature be the creator? So even the idea of becoming God will look sacrilegious, a sin, a great sin. He will never ask how to become a God, how to realize God. No! All that he wants is how to enter into the kingdom of God, that's all.

But when a Vedantin comes to me, then his enquiry is totally different. He says, "How to become God? How to become absolute truth?" He does not ask about the kingdom of God. He has been told tat tvam asi, that art thou. You are in your very essence God, so attain to your Godhood. Aham brahmasmi -- I am God -- that has been poured into him with the mother's milk. He has become saturated with the idea. He asks, how to become God? From where are these different enquiries coming?

And when a Buddhist comes he never asks how to become a God, because there is no God in his theology. His theology is without any concept of God. In fact, to call it

theology is not right, because there is no theos, no God. He does not believe in any soul, so he will never ask how to realize one's own being -- there is none. Self-realization is utter nonsense for him. Because he does not believe in the soul there is no question of attaining liberation; there is nobody to be liberated. Then what is his enquiry?

He asks about nirvana. Nirvana means to extinguish this illusory flame of life. His enquiry is very negative; he simply asks how not to be. There is no question of being a soul, no question of being a God, no question of God's kingdom. His enquiry is very negative. He asks how not to be, how to be extinguished utterly, how to become utter emptiness, how to disappear into emptiness so nothing is left.

The Jaina asks how to make one's own self free, and the Buddhist asks how to be free of one's own self. But these different enquiries are all accidental, borrowed. Even your questions are borrowed, your queries are borrowed. Even your enquiry is not yours. It is not true, and when you begin with an untrue enquiry you will never come to a true conclusion.

That is one of the greatest problems every seeker has to face. Don't start with what you have heard, start with what you have felt. Can't you feel the beauty of existence and the mystery of existence? Can't you feel this utter poetry of existence? Have you to go into the Vedas to feel the poetry of existence? Have you to go into the Bible? Have you to ask Buddha, Christ, Krishna? Can't you yourself see? Don't you have eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart to feel? Then what are you doing here? What are you? Are you alive or not?

An alive person is one who will look at life, who will witness life; who will not only witness life but will witness the witness itself. And then there arises a great enquiry -- "What is all this?" It is not borrowed, it is not heard from somebody else. It arises from the deepest core of your being just like a sprout arising out of a seed. Then the enquiry is not plastic; it is a real rose. And only a real rose can have a real fragrance.

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN WHO HAD HEARD OF THE FRUIT OF HEAVEN....

She had just heard; and when you hear you are bound to misunderstand.

Now, the "Fruit of Heaven" is just a metaphor. It is just a way of saying it, a poetic way of saying it. The ultimate truth cannot be expressed in words. No word is adequate to express it. Hence metaphors have to be used, similes have to be used, just to give you a little indication, a little taste. It is difficult to show you the truth directly, so some indirect ways and means have to be devised. Parables have to be told, stories, because stories don't say anything directly, they only give you subtle hints, delicate hints.

The Fruit of Heaven -- what does it mean? If you have heard it from somebody it simply means "fruit of heaven". Then you start thinking of some fruit. It is not a fruit, it is fruitfulness. The fruit only represents a state of fruitfulness. The fruit represents three F's: one is fruitfulness, another is flowering, another is fragrance. And when all these three F's exist together -- the fruit, the flower, and the fragrance -

- the fourth F comes into existence. That is fulfillment. That is the real goal.

Now if you try to decipher, to decode the symbol of the Fruit of Heaven, how are you going to work, how will you decode it? The Christian will think it means Kingdom of God, and the Brahmin will think it means God-realization, and the Jaina will think it means freedom of the self, and the Buddhist will think it means freedom from the self. Again you have fallen into the trap of the herd.

Be a little more intelligent. Be a little more trusting of your own being. Decode these beautiful metaphors on your own; meditate on them.

That's why I am speaking on these stories. Nobody has ever spoken on them. Why am I speaking on these small stories? -- just to give you a few clues on how to meditate. These are not commentaries on these stories; I am not a commentator. I am simply helping you to meditate. I don't want to give you a very fixed meaning, I simply want to give you a very liquid, vague, cloudy glimpse. Then you have to search and seek and find. The conclusion has to be yours. I can give you a few clues on how to meditate. That's all that I am doing here... just clues on how to meditate, not conclusions! Don't lean upon me. I am not going to give you a single conclusion, because once a conclusion is given by somebody else it loses all truth, it becomes a falsehood. It may be true for me, but the moment I give it to you it becomes false. In the very transfer it loses all truth. To me it was a real rose; by the time it reaches you it is a plastic flower.

This is the problem of language, the great problem that has always been faced by all the mystics of all the ages of all

the lands. Language is good enough to convey mundane reality: it is utterly impotent in conveying the sacred reality. But some ways have to be found, because it has to be conveyed. A parable, a story, is a subtle way, a delicate way, an indirect way. The story does not hit, it simply triggers a process in you. It is not like a stone that hits you hard. It is like the fragrance of a flower that comes and surrounds you and caresses you.

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN WHO HAD HEARD OF THE FRUIT OF HEAVEN. SHE COVETED IT.

The moment you believe in somebody else's truth, you start coveting it. And truth cannot be coveted. And the person who covets truth will never attain to it.

Truth is not a commodity to be coveted. Truth is not a thing to be desired and longed for. Truth is not there outside you to be possessed. Truth is something that flowers in you; you don't take it from anybody. And if you attain to truth, it is not like money that somebody else has lost because you have it. It is not a quantity in the world, it is a quality of being.

When Buddha becomes enlightened it is not that somebody else is suffering: Buddha has usurped enlightenment, now somebody must be poor and will not be able to attain enlightenment. If somebody becomes rich, naturally somebody else somewhere will become poor. That's not the case with truth. It is not a quantity -- remember it -- it is a quality.

If I see the beauty of the moon, it does not mean that I have taken some beauty of the moon and nobody else will be

able to see the beauty now, because I have possessed it. It is a quality! Millions of people can see the beauty. There is no question of competition, there is no quarrel. On the contrary, the more people see the beauty of the moon, the more beautiful it becomes.

In fact, this has been one of the greatest observations of poets, painters, and the people who move in the dimension of aesthetics: that when a poet writes a poem about the moon he reveals some beauty of the moon which was not available before. And many more people will be able to see it now; their sensitivity will be aroused.

You have seen the sun rising, but if you have seen the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh of the sun rising, the sun in the middle of the day, the sun setting, you will be surprised: he has a totally different way of looking at the sun. He was so madly in love with the sun as nobody has ever been. For one year continuously he was painting the sun and the sun and the sun, and he was standing continuously under the sun for one year. It was so hot, but he wanted to catch the sun in all its moods. He caught the sun in all its moods, in all its whims, in all its expressions, but he himself went mad. One year just standing under the sun, looking at the sun -- the heat was too much, he could not bear it. His love for the sun was such that he went mad for it.

If you see Van Gogh's paintings of the sun you will become, for the first time, aware of the beauty of the sun. When you will look at the sun, something of Van Gogh's vision will have penetrated your soul.

Nature is more beautiful because there have been nature poets. Nature is more beautiful because there have been nature painters. Nature is more beautiful because many,

many people have seen beauty in it and that has become a heritage that has penetrated our beings.

Truth is not like money, truth is like beauty. The more people see it, the more clear it is. The more people have it, the more people can have it. There is no question of coveting.

But the woman had only heard, the woman had only gathered rumors about the Fruit of Heaven. Now she must be feeling very miserable, in despair: "Others have attained and I have not attained. I have to show to the world, I have to prove myself."

This is an ego trip, this is not true search; this is the same ego trip. Some people are trying to collect more and more money so they can stand on the pile of money and declare to the world, "Nobody has more than I have." Somebody else is moving into the world of power-politics so he can become the president of a country and declare, "Look! I have arrived." And then there are others who are thinking that when they have attained to the Fruit of Heaven they will show the world: "Now do you know who I am? I am a Realized Person. I have Attained and you are all Ignorant, and you are all Sinners and you are all still crawling in the mud of the world. I have gone beyond it." Then one can have that look which is known as "holier-than-thou".

This woman coveted it. If you hear about truth, God, enlightenment, there arises a great desire: "Others are having something which I am not having. I must have it." It is just like somebody else having a beautiful house, and you covet it; somebody else has a beautiful wife, and you covet. Is truth a beautiful house? Is truth a beautiful woman?

Truth is not a thing, truth is a no-thing. Truth is not a commodity there outside you, it is an experience, it is in your interiority. It is felt, lived at the very core of your being. It cannot be possessed, it cannot be coveted -- but that's how it goes on.

Just the other day somebody has asked, "If I can convince him, he will become a sannyasin. If I can convince him that by wearing orange and the mala he will attain to bliss"... Now this is greed, and a greedy person cannot be a sannyasin. And it is not a question of my convincing you; you will have to convince me that you are worth being initiated into sannyas. You will have to convince me that you have not come to enquire just because others are talking about God, but that a great inner desire has arisen in you, a longing, a thirst, that you are aflame, that a passion has arisen in you that "Life is useless if I don't know who I am, if I don't know from where I come and if I don't know to where I am going. I have to know it, because without knowing it, whatsoever I am doing is foolish, is going to be stupid. Without knowing who I am whatsoever I do is meaningless. Meaning can arise only when I know my nature and start moving according to my nature. When there is a harmony of me and the existence that surrounds me, only then can there be joy and bliss."

Bliss is not something to be desired, bliss is not something to be coveted.

But the person who had asked must have come here hearing others saying that if you become a sannyasin you will attain to God, to bliss. Now he wants me to convince him.

I am not a salesman! I am not selling God to you! Why should I convince you? If you are thirsty you will come to

the river. The river does not bother, the river is not in any need of convincing you, that "I am water and I can quench your thirst." If you are thirsty you will try. You will have to try; there is no other way.
But the problem always arises because we hear others, we don't feel any passion arising in our own being. Our passion is borrowed, superficial. And a man, who has no passion for truth of his own is not yet man. He is still part of the animal world, he is still living unconsciously. At least something -- just even a small thirst will do -- but you will have to bring a thirst of your own.
I have heard...

A tramp knocked at a cottage door, and when it was opened he said to the housewife, "Beg pardon mum, but I wonder if you would not sew a button on a coat for me."
"Why yes, my man," said the woman, a kindly soul. "Come in."
The tramp entered and handed the woman a button.
"Very well," she said, "now where is the coat?"
"Ah, I ain't got nothing but the button, mum. I was thinking maybe you would sew the coat on."

But people who start searching for God don't even have the button. I am ready to supply the coat, but at least bring the button! At least a little thirst of your own, your own heart beating a little faster, a readiness to risk, a readiness to devote something, to dedicate, a readiness to sacrifice something... a readiness to risk....

SHE ASKED A CERTAIN DERVISH, WHOM WE SHALL CALL SABAR, "HOW CAN I FIND THIS FRUIT, SO THAT I MAY ATTAIN TO IMMEDIATE KNOWLEDGE?"

Sabr or Sabar is a significant word: it means patience.

SHE ASKED A CERTAIN DERVISH, WHOM WE SHALL CALL SABAR, "HOW CAN I FIND THIS FRUIT, SO THAT I MAY ATTAIN TO IMMEDIATE KNOWLEDGE?"

These parables are pieces of objective art. Each word has significance, and each word has to be meditated upon. Why should we call this dervish Sabar? That is not his name, certainly. That's why the story says, "We shall call him Sabar."
Sabar comes from sabr: it means infinite patience. Those who are in search will need infinite patience. Patience is the greatest religious quality; if you have patience nothing else is needed. Patience is enough, enough unto itself. Patience means hope, trust, and without any hurry, without any impatience. Impatience simply shows that you are not trustful. Impatience simply shows that you want to impose yourself upon the will of God, that you want it right now. You don't want him to work on his own. Impatience means, "My will is greater than your will." Patience means, "I surrender my will to your will. Let you be my will, so whenever I am ripe, whenever -- if it takes an eternity it is okay -- I will trust, I will hope. I will not lose my heart, I will not be disheartened."

Just think of patience... it will bring a meditation on its own. The man of patience becomes meditative because he becomes contented. He says, "God is looking after me so why should I worry?"

The more God has disappeared from the world, the more worries have entered into the world. You can watch it; there is a certain relationship. When people are in trust, in faith, when people know that God is, that we are taken care of, that we are not strangers on this earth, that we belong, that there is some invisible hand that is always ready to take us in the right direction, that we can live without worry, contentment arises, peace, silence, tranquility, a serenity.

All is lost now because trust in God is lost. The moment man loses God, he loses all -- because then he has to depend only on himself, and he is tiny, and the existence is vast. Man is just an atom and the atom is trying to struggle with this infinite existence. There is bound to be tension, anguish, despair, frustration, worry, suicide, madness.

The religious person is one who is relaxed with existence, who does not push the river; on the contrary, who dissolves into the river and says to the river, "Take me wherever you are going, because wherever you are going is the goal." The religious person, the person who is patient, is one who says, "I will not seek and search a goal of my own, I don't have a private goal to seek and search. Wherever this infinite universe is going I am also going." So whatsoever is the destiny of the whole is the destiny of the part. This is patience, this is sabr.

SHE ASKED A CERTAIN DERVISH, WHOM WE SHALL CALL SABAR, "HOW CAN I FIND THIS FRUIT?..."

Now she is asking a wrong question. She says, "How can I find this fruit?"
Remember Lao Tzu's famous statement: "Seek and you will never find; do not seek and it is already found." In seeking you go astray, because seeking means "my will", non-seeking means let-go, disappearance of the ego. And whenever you are not, God is. Lao Tzu is right: seek and you will miss; do not seek and find.
Non-seeking is the way to find. It will look very strange, illogical, but this is how it is. This existence is illogical; that's why we call it a mystery. If it were logical there would be no mystery. If the existence were logical then there would be no need for religion, science would have been enough. Science would have discovered everything if the existence were logical. But it is not; fortunately, it is not. Logic only goes to a certain extent, and then it flops. And when logic flops the real existence begins.
Existence is a mystery. The way to it is not logic but love. The way to it is not prose but poetry. The way to it is not the head but the heart.
Now this woman says, "How can I find this fruit?" The question of "how" is the question of the head, and the idea of finding this fruit is egoistic: "I must possess. " It is the desire to possess and conquer and be, "so that I may attain to immediate knowledge." Now the whole desire is how to attain the fruit so immediate knowledge is possible.

People are in a hurry -- they want instant God, just like instant coffee. They cannot wait. And when you cannot wait you simply say that you don't care much. If you care you can wait; the more you care the more you can wait. If you really care you can wait for eternity. If you don't care then you are in a hurry. You say, "If it is possible right now, instantly, okay; otherwise I am not going to waste time, it is not worth wasting time."

And God is not a seasonal flower, it is a cedar of Lebanon -- it takes time to grow. To reach to the clouds, it takes time. In fact time is not enough, it takes eternity. Time falls short. And I am not saying that God is not available now. Another paradox to be understood: eternity is always now. The now is the door to eternity. But that door is available only to the patient one, because those who are in a hurry and say, "Instantly I want this," their very hurry creates such cloud and clamor in their minds; they cannot see the now. To see the now one needs a very unclouded consciousness. And the consciousness is unclouded only when there is no desire, no hurry, no impatience, no longing. The consciousness is unclouded only when you are not going anywhere. Just sitting silently, doing nothing, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself. That is patience.

"YOU SHOULD BE BEST ADVISED TO STUDY WITH ME," SAID THE DERVISH. "BUT IF YOU WILL NOT DO SO, YOU WILL HAVE TO TRAVEL RESOLUTELY AND AT TIMES RESTLESSLY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD."

That's what anybody who knows will say: "You would be best advised to study with me." What does he mean? The word "study" has not that quality that Sabar must have used.

In India we have a word, swasthya. It can be translated as study, but it misses the whole point. In fact, swasthya means self-study, studying the self. It is not a question of reading scriptures, it is not a question of going more and more into information. Rather it is a question of going more and more inwards, into transformation.

And when Sufis say, "Study with us," they simply mean "Be with us." Being with a Master is the study; just being with the Master, adab, just being in the presence of the one who knows, drinking his presence, savoring his being, tasting him, digesting his energy. You will be surprised: if you come to a Sufi study circle, it has nothing to do with the study circles that exist in the West. In a Western study circle you read a book, then questions are raised and then questions answered, and discussion follows.

In a Sufi study group no question is raised, no book is read. People sit silently for hours, and maybe somebody starts swaying. But the one thing to be remembered is: nobody has to do anything. If it happens it is good. Somebody sometimes starts saying something, but the rule has to be followed: nobody should try to say anything. If it happens on its own, if one finds that something needs to be said, on its own is ready to be said, is just on the tongue, wants to come out "in spite of me", then it's okay.

It is just like the Quaker prayer meeting. Quakers learned it from the Sufis. In the Middle Ages Sufis penetrated deep

into European countries. Quakers learned how to sit silently from the Sufis. The Quakers sit silently for hours, then somebody may stand up and may start saying something; but those statements are very inspired. They are not from the person himself -- as if God has taken possession of him. He has become just a hollow bamboo, a flute, and some unknown energy has started singing through him.

The rule has to be followed. But in a Quaker group it is very difficult to follow the rule, because the basic thing is missing -- the Master is missing.

In a Sufi group the Master is a must. The Sufi group arises only when the center is there. The Quaker group is just a traditional thing.They learned it from Sufis but they missed one thing. They learned the outward, adab, the etiquette, how to sit in silence -- and it is good even if without a Master; sitting in silence is good -- but the mind is very cunning. Your mind may play tricks; your mind may like to say something, your mind may enjoy the idea that "Now I am the vehicle of God." And it is not that you are trying to deceive others; your mind can deceive you and you may stand up, and you will feel as if you are not doing anything. But there is no check in a Quaker group.

When you are with a Sufi Master there is a check. He will immediately stop you; he will know when it is from your mind. Maybe it is from your unconscious mind but it is still from your mind. You may not be aware of from where it is coming; that does not mean that it is coming from God. It may be coming from your own deep unconscious of which you are not aware, so it looks as if it is coming from God. A Master is needed, one who can see through and through,

who is a mirror not only of your conscious mind but of your unconscious too, before whom you are utterly naked, before whom you cannot hide a thing. His very presence prevents all strategies of the mind.
That is the meaning of being with a Master, adab. That's what Sabar means when he says, "You would be best advised to study with me, be with me, learn to be here. Just watch what is happening here."
But the woman was in a hurry. Study? She had not come to study. She wanted to know immediately where the tree was, where was that garden, and where was the Fruit of Heaven. She was not there to waste her time in studying some nonsense. She wanted immediate results, she was in a hurry. Sabar must have immediately felt it. So first he said, "You would be best advised to study with me, but if you will not do so..." He must have seen the mind of the woman -- that she was not going to do it. She was too much in a hurry; she could not be in the presence of a Master.

"YOU WILL HAVE TO TRAVEL RESOLUTELY AND AT TIMES RESTLESSLY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD."

Then you can go, but one thing I must remind you of. Remember, you will have to go throughout the world, resolutely and at times very restlessly. The journey will be long. If you want it in such a hurry then the journey will be very long. If you are ready to wait, the journey can be very short. If you can wait infinitely it can happen right now too, but if you cannot wait then it may take years or even lives. It is up to you.

The woman missed. The people who are in a hurry always go on missing the Masters, because the basic requirement to be with a Master is patience, and they are impatient. She must have thought, "It is better to go to somebody else who can show me a shortcut."

SHE LEFT HIM AND SOUGHT ANOTHER, ARIF THE WISE ONE.

Now, arif means the knowledgeable. If you go to a real Master, a perfect Master, he will demand many things from you. He will demand utter surrender, just as Krishna says to his disciple Arjuna: Sarva dharma parityajya mamekam sharnam braja -- "Leave all your religions et cetera, and come to my feet, surrender. "
The real Master will demand, and the greater the disciple, the greater the demand is going to be, the more the potential, the more the demand is going to be. The real Master is not there just to inform you, he is there to transform you. But who wants to be transformed? People want something without paying for it.
That's why the woman went to Arif. "Arif" means the knowledgeable one. He is not a Master, he is a teacher. Teachers are many, Masters very rare and very few. That's why Sabar said, "You will have to go around the whole earth, you will have to travel the whole world. Then too, if you can find the Master again, it will be a rare fortune."
You will meet many teachers; they exist everywhere. And they have great appeal too, because they never demand. On the contrary, they supply, they give you information, they make you more knowledgeable. "Arif" means one who is

very knowledgeable, a learned man who knows the scriptures, knows doctrines, dogmas, can explain difficult problems of theology, can go into subtleties, into very deep, logical complexities of systems. But information can never satisfy. It is as futile as informing a hungry person about bread: it is about and about, the bread is never supplied. Great talk about the bread, but how can bread, just by being talked about, be satisfying? The talk of the lamp will not create light.

So soon the woman must have become frustrated. She must have gathered a great knowledge, but she must have become frustrated. She moved.

That's how people go on moving from one teacher to another teacher. Even if they come across a Master, there is every possibility of missing the Master -- because they come with expectations. And no Master ever fulfills anybody's expectations; that is an absolute criterion. If somebody fulfills your expectations he is a teacher. In fact he is a follower of yours -- he is fulfilling your expectations. The real Master never fulfills your expectations. On the contrary, he goes on destroying your expectations. Whatsoever you expect, he will never do; he will just do the contrary. Why? -- because if he fulfills your expectations he will never be abIe to change you.

You have to be changed, utterly changed. You have to be burnt, in toto. Your expectations come from your mind; your mind has to be destroyed. Only then and only then is God possible. So how can a real Master fulfill your expectations?

People go on changing from one teacher to another. A few days they are on a honeymoon with one teacher, and then

as every honeymoon fades away, after a few days they are finished. When they first come across a teacher they are very enchanted; it seems as if now the time has come for fulfillment of their desire. But soon knowledge is supplied, and knowledge cannot quench your thirst.

The woman must have felt frustrated, so she went to another, Hakim the Sage. "Hakim" means the man who has character, "arif" means the man who has knowledge. Now she is finished with knowledge. She has seen a learned scholar but what is that to do? Now she wants some man who is not only knowledgeable, but who has practised, who has something in his character to say that he knows.

So she must have gone to another, Hakim the Sage. Now the man of character has more appeal than the man of knowledge, because the man of knowledge lives in an intellectual world which very few can understand, but the man of character is very earthly, you can understand him. He eats only once a day, he lives in poverty -- it is so visible -- he is a celibate. Any stupid person can see. No intelligence is needed, no intelligence is at all required, so foolish people become very much attracted to character. And the people who create character around themselves are also mediocre, because by creating a character nothing is changed, never. Only your surface is painted in a better way, your inner reality remains the same.

But it has-great influence on people. They can see, "Yes, this man is not only a learned man, this is a man of God. Look how he lives, with what simplicity, with what humbleness, how egoless he is." It is so plain on the surface; anybody can see.

So she went to the teacher, Hakim, the man of character. But sooner or later you will see the hypocrisy. If you live long enough with the man of character you will see the duality, that there are moments when his real being surfaces, there are moments when he cannot manage his so-called character. If you live long enough and if you watch the man of character you will be able to see the contradictions of his life, the hypocrisy. He is not one, he is many -- or at least two. One is his real essence which comes once in a while at certain moments, through certain provocations. He may be a man of very great compassion if everything goes according to him. If something goes against him, anger may surface. For that anger you will have to be with such a man for a long time, because once in a while he will flare up. He may have repressed his sex, may have become celibate, but once in a while the repressed desire may come to the conscious mind -- he may behave contradicting his character. Because the duality has not been dissolved, it is bound to assert -- so she must have been tired, seeing the hypocrisy.

She went to Majzub the Mad. "Majzub" means the mad. In a way she was coming closer. First she went to the man of knowledge, Arif, which is very superficial. Then she went to the man of character, which is a little bit more practical, not just heady. He had tried to do something with his life, even if he was wrong; but his sincerity could not be suspected. He may have been full of errors but he was sincere. He had tried to do -- in a stupid way of course -- but he had tried to do.

Now she went to a madman, Majzub. "Majzub" means one who is utterly drowned in God, lost, has attained the state of fana, is no more. She had come to the best man.
But there is a problem with a majzub: he cannot be a Master. He is so mad, he cannot help. He is utterly lost, he is not in any way capable of helping. In fact, he himself needs the help of an enlightened person so that some sanity can be brought back to him.
This kind of work has rarely been done in the world, but one of the greatest Masters of this age, Meher Baba, did it. He was also here in Poona, and the Poona people were as much against him as they are against me, for the same reasons -- because he would not fulfill their expectations. He was a man of God. He did something so tremendously valuable that it is rarely done, but no history books will ever mention it because histories are written by fools about other fools. Histories are written by people who don't know anything about the deeper phenomenon that goes on happening. Histories are written about politicians, stupid politicians, Adolf Hitler and so many books....
If you want to see all the books about Adolf Hitler, you can go to Samarpan's room. He has them all, he is the expert; so many books. And people go on writing as if there is something important. Can't you forget these stupid, neurotic people? Is there any need to keep their memory alive forever? It will be very good to drop them out of history. They are wounds! But flowers are not talked about, only wounds.
Meher Baba is not part of history. Nobody has tried to see the great experiment that he did. He travelled all over the country to catch hold of all kinds of majzubs, madmen,

because they are just very close to God. Only one thing is needed: somebody is needed who can shake them back to their sanity. Then they can become great Masters. Just a little sanity will be needed; then their madness will have a method in it. Right now they are only mad without any method; they cannot help. And to follow them may be dangerous, hazardous. To follow them, you will be only following yourself because they will never give you any clue. And whatsoever they will say, if you follow it, can lead you astray. It can throw you into deep pitfalls, because they are not in their consciousness; they have drowned themselves in God so much that they are drunk, they are drunkards. They have known God but they have no way to relate it to you. They cannot be Masters.

Each Master becomes a majzub before he becomes a Master -- he goes through great madness -- but all majzubs are not Masters. If a majzub dies as a majzub, he will attain to God but without helping anybody at all.

Now she had come to a right person, but the person was not a Master and could not be a Master. He could not supply any method.

So she started moving again to somebody who could supply a method. So she went to the fourth, Alim. "Alim" means the scientist, the methodologist, one who can give you the methods. She has again moved far away, because it is not necessary that the person who can give you the method knows what he is doing, because methods can be gathered from scriptures. You can read Patanjali's YOGA SUTRAS and you can start giving methods to others; that is not going to help.

A majzub cannot give methods. And the person who gives methods, if he has not been a majzub, is of no use. The majzub cannot be followed -- it is dangerous, because you will be following a madman -- and you cannot follow Alim, the scientist, because he himself does not know anything. He has gathered about methods, he is interested, he is a collector of methods.
There are many people who go on writing commentaries on the YOGA SUTRAS of Patanjali, and they have never meditated, they have never known what meditation is. But they know all about meditation. Many times they have come to me; they have written beautiful commentaries, they are very knowledgeable, learned, scholarly. You cannot find any fault with their language, with their exposition, but there is no experience to support what they are saying. There is not much difference between them and the ignorant people.

... AND MANY MORE. She went to many more.
SHE PASSED THIRTY YEARS IN HER SEARCH.
FINALLY SHE CAME TO A GARDEN.

The garden is again a symbol. The story of the world starts with the garden, the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, and life was eternally beautiful and blissful. The garden is the beginning of existence. And then Adam and Eve were thrown out, or threw themselves out, by eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.
The moment you become knowledgeable you lose innocence. And innocence is the garden. In innocence, flowers bloom. In innocence, fragrance is released. In

innocence, all is bliss. The garden is a symbol for innocence. And since Adam and Eve left the garden, man has been searching for the garden again and again.
The teqir, or the school of the Master, is called the garden of the Master -- because with a Master you start vomiting the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. The Master is nothing but a process of taking out all the poison of knowledge from your system so that you can become innocent again. And when Adam is innocent, Adam becomes Christ. He enters the garden again -- paradise lost, paradise regained....
And do you know what the word "paradise" means? It comes from a Sufi word fIRDHAUS. Firdhaus means a walled garden. That is from where the word "paradise" comes. Paradise is the garden. We have lost the garden somewhere in the past: we have to regain it. We have to be again as innocent as children and immediately we are back in the garden. In fact we have always been in the garden, but our eyes are so full of knowledge that we cannot see the garden. When the eyes are cleaned of knowledge and the dust of knowledge disappears from the mirror of consciousness, suddenly the whole garden explodes.

SHE PASSED THIRTY YEARS IN HER SEARCH. FINALLY SHE CAME TO A GARDEN. THERE STOOD THE TREE OF HEAVEN, AND FROM ITS BRANCHES HUNG THE BRIGHT FRUIT OF HEAVEN. STANDING BESIDE THE TREE WAS SABAR....

You can imagine the shock the woman must have gone through. Sabar? And he was the first one she had come across.

STANDING BESIDE THE TREE WAS SABAR....

That too is a beautiful metaphor: if you want to attain to the Fruit of Heaven, you will have to pass through the custodian, sabar, patience.
Patience is the door back to the garden.
The First Dervish was standing by the side of the tree."

WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME WHEN WE FIRST MET THAT YOU WERE THE CUSTODIAN OF THE FRUIT OF HEAVEN?" SHE ASKED HIM.
"BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT THEN HAVE BELIEVED ME. "

A truth can be told only when you are ready for it. A truth can be given to you only when you are worthy of it. A truth can be transferred only when you have become a receptacle, not before it, not a single moment before it. When you are ripe, mature, ready, then not even a single moment passes by; Immediately... here you are ripe and there you are given the truth.
The Master cannot load you with something that is unnecessary. The unnecessary load will be heavy on you. It will be destructive, it may turn into poison, it will not nourish you. It may give you weight but it will not give you vitality.

"BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT THEN HAVE BELIEVED ME. BESIDES, THE TREE PRODUCES

FRUIT ONLY ONCE IN THIRTY YEARS AND THIRTY DAYS."

Even if you had believed you would have had to wait. Even if you had believed, this time had to be passed in infinite patience; for that also you were not ready. So the best course was this: that I should allow you to go from one teacher to another, from one school to another school, and come back again when the time was ripe. You are ripe now, because you have seen through all the falsities.

You have been to Arif, the man of knowledge, and it was not enough. How can knowledge ever be enough? Knowledge is knowledge. To know about water is not going to quench your thirst.

You went to Hakim, the man of character, but the real man has no character. The real man lives moment to moment. The real man has consciousness but no conscience. The religious man knows nothing of morality; although he lives in morality he knows nothing of it. The real man has no character; he is characterless, although only he has character.

What do I mean by this contradiction? He has no programed character, he does not live in a readymade way, he is not predictable. Each moment he responds in a fresh way. He is true, he is one, he is integrated, but these things are not imposed on him. He has not practised them. He has only worked for one thing: he has tried to become more and more conscious. Now out of his consciousness, each moment characters arise and disappear. But he does not carry the load of a structure around himself. He has no

armor of the character. He is continuously free; he is freedom.
You went to Hakim, and then you knew that all character, imposed character, carries hypocrisy in it.
Then you went to Majzub and he was a real man, but he was so mad that he could not teach you anything. Seeing that he could not teach you any method, you went to Alim, the methodologist, who knows everything about methods. But he had never done anything; it was not based in his own experience.
All this was needed, everything was good, and you have come back right in time, because "this Tree produces fruit only once in thirty years and thirty days." Even if you had believed -- which was impossible -- you could not have understood. Even if I had said, "I am the custodian," you may have thought, "This man is very egoistic -- claiming himself to be the custodian?" That may have put you off. You could not have understood it, because you had come with the expectation that the man of knowing is humble.

The man of real understanding is neither arrogant nor humble. He simply is not, he only states the fact. It can hurt you, but that is your responsibility, that is your problem. He does not want to hurt you, ke has no desire to hurt anybody but his statements can hurt. And when they hurt, you will think they are being made in arrogance, in anger. They are not made in any anger or arrogance; be is simply stating a fact, as it is.

Sabar says: "BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT THEN HAVE BELIEVED ME."

And it was better not to say anything that you could not believe. It was better for me to wait for you; and I have also been waiting. And I am Sabar, I can wait; that's why I am the custodian. And you have come right in time. Now don't feel worried and don't think those thirty years have been a wastage. Nothing is a wastage. All those experiences -- even going through false teachers, even going through unnecessary paths -- have helped you. It has ripened you, it has made you mature. Now you are ready; I can deliver the fruit to you."

And that's what is happening here: many come, only a few stay. Many come, but I cannot tell them that now there is no need to go anywhere, you have arrived home. I can tell that only to a few people, only to those who are ready to understand, who are ripe to understand. Otherwise I have to tell people to go, to search, to seek. Hopefully, after thirty years and thirty days, if I am here and you come back, you may be able to understand, and I may be able to give to you what i can give to you right now, but you will not take it. The greatest thing in life is to be ready to take, to receive, to be feminine, to be a womb. And the real disciple is one who becomes feminine, who becomes a womb. When he is with the Master he is just receptive, passive. He drops all seeking, all searching, all hankering. He forgets all about truth, all about God and paradise and all that. He simply goes on allowing the Master to enter him; he becomes the host for the Master.

And when you disappear completely and the Master has filled you completely, the Master also disappears. And in

the disappearance of the disciple and the Master is paradise, the garden. You have come back home.

The Secret

Chapter #20
Chapter title: The World Of No-Thing
30 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
IS THERE A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE REAL SELF AND NO-SELF

Aneesha, the no-self is the real self; there is no difference at all. It is just a different way of expressing the same thing. The "real self" is a positive way of expressing it, and "no-self" the negative way.
But always remember, the negative is far better than the positive. The greatest Masters of the world have always expressed in the negative way for a certain reason: the positive can deceive you, can easily deceive you. If it is said that you have a real self, what are you going to understand by it? You will think of whatsoever you understand about yourself, that the real self will be a purified state of the same thing, higher, holier, more dignified, deathless, divine -- but you will conceive of it according to the idea of the self that you already have. Your

real self will become only a modified idea, a decorated idea of the false self. That is the danger.

The real self is utterly different; not only utterly different from your false self, it is diametrically opposite to it. You cannot have any idea of the real self through the unreal self. The unreal has to cease for the real to be. The unreal has to go absolutely.

What idea can you have of light if you know only darkness? Whatsoever you will think of light will remain a form of darkness. You know darkness.

That's why Buddha has chosen a negative way. He does not talk about the real self, atma, soul, atta. He talks about anatta, no-self, anatma, absence of self. He negates the whole idea of the self because the idea of the self will carry, will remain continuous with, your false idea of the self.

You have to disappear as you are, then the real arises. You don't have any idea, not even in your dreams, of what is the real. You are unreal and you live in unreality. You live in dreams, you are fast asleep. You cannot conceive of what awakening is going to be.

Only one thing can be said: whatsoever you know will not be there. This is the negative way of saying it.

Sufis have also chosen in the same way. They say fana -- first dissolve, dissolve in toto. Nothing is to remain of you; and only then that great transformation. When you are absent, God becomes a presence in you -- but only then. That condition has to be fulfilled.

The danger with the positive expression is this: that any positive expression is bound to be limited. The positive means the defined. Only the negative can be undefined,

only the negative can be unbounded. The positive immediately becomes a thing, and you are not a thing. You are a no-thing; that's why Buddha says you are a nothing. Remember always, "nothing" does not mean nothing, it simply means "no-thing".

But we live in the world of things, we are surrounded by things. And it is very easy to think of our own self as another thing -- luminous, divine, but still a thing. It is not a thing, it is a no-thing. It is not even a person, it is only a presence. It is not even a flower, but only a fragrance.

In our "thingified" culture, personal existence has lost all significance. We are continuously surrounded by things, man-made things. Things distract the human person from the fact that he is a no-thing. Maybe that's why we are so interested in things. "Have as many things as you can, go on accumulating things. The more things you have, the more you ARE": this is our logic.

When you have a great bank balance you feel you are. The moment the bank balance disappears you start disappearing. People commit suicide when they go bankrupt, as if their soul was in the bank. Their bank balance was their soul. How can they live now without a soul?

Just watch how attached you become to things. Your house, your many scientific gadgets, which are nothing but toys -- how deeply you become obsessed with them. And slowly, slowly you forget completely that you are a no-thing.

Not only that you forget that you are a no-thing, you forget that your wife is not a thing, that your child is not a thing. Surrounded by things and things, living in a thingified culture.... That is the real name for a materialist culture.

One tends to forget all that is spiritual, and one tends to reduce everything into a thing. Even persons are reduced. When you meet a woman and you fall in love, she is a person. Sooner or later you reduce her into a thing -- she becomes a wife. A wife is a thing; a woman is a person. If you really love any woman you will not reduce her to a wife. A wife is a function. If you really love a man you will not reduce him to a husband. A husband? It is a legal contract, a formality. To be in love with a man, undefined, indefinable, has beauty; to reduce him to a contract, to reduce him to a function, to reduce him to a husband, means you have reduced him into a thing.

But whatsoever you do, a person remains a person and he cannot be reduced into a thing. And that creates trouble. The wife remains a woman, whatsoever you think. She remains a woman. You can believe that she is a wife, but still she is a woman -- vast, unpredictable. That creates trouble. You would like her to be as predictable as a thing, as your car, as your tape recorder, as your TV -- predictable, manipulatable, controllable, always obedient. And she tries, but still there is something inside her which is not a thing at all -- a no-thing, a freedom. That asserts. And whenever that freedom asserts, there is trouble.

And you also have that freedom, and whenever your freedom asserts there is trouble.

We love people, but our love is not real love because we go on reducing them into things. Real love will raise them higher, higher than the person. Real love will make them presences. Watch. When you meet a man or a woman, the other is a person. If your love is not real, the person will disappear and there will be a thing, a wife, a husband, et

cetera. If your love is real, if you respect the nothingness of the other person, the innermost unbounded infinity and eternity of the person, you will raise him or her into a presence. The person will disappear; there will be a presence, a very, very vital presence. But the presence cannot be predictable, and the presence cannot be manipulated. The presence means freedom. It is as free as the fragrance of a flower.

Because no person can really be reduced totally and finally into a thing, people stop loving people. They start loving things. It is more safe that way. Watch yourself. Do you love things? That means you have forgotten completely who you are and you have forgotten completely that God exists as a presence in existence. And you will never be able to have any communion with God.

Millions of people only go on gathering things, go on possessing things. Finally what happens? They are possessed by things. If you try to possess things you will be possessed by things. And this is the ugliest state a man can fall to.

Things seem solid -- certainly they are solid. There is no need to believe in things; there is no need to trust. They are so solid, they are there, tangible. Their existence needs no proof. Things seem solid; they are solid. And, the no-thing seems to be in danger today, because that no-thing that you are is not solid. It is not tangible, it is not visible. You cannot touch it, you cannot see it, you cannot hear it. Unless you have a heart to feel it, your senses are incapable of knowing anything about it. It is not an experience of your senses; it is something transcendental to the senses.

Deep concern, care, respect, love, responsibility, the giving of self to another, these are not thing-like activities; and when you start believing too much in things these activities start disappearing.

That's why I say this country thinks it is religious. It is not! It believes in things. There are two kinds of people in this country, but both believe in things. One kind is called the worldly: that kind goes on accumulating things. The other kind is called the other-worldly, spiritual, religious: he goes on renouncing things. But both are focused on things, both concentrate on thing -- one to possess, one to dispossess. But their eyes remain focused on things.

I call this country one of the most materialistic countries in the world. But it is living in a great illusion, and the illusion is created because the people who renounce things appear to be religious. It is not a question of possessing things or renouncing things.

A religious person is one who has started living in the world of no-things, who knows how to love, how to pray, how to meditate -- because meditation is not any solid thing. You cannot show it to anybody. And neither is love a commodity. You cannot sell it in the marketplace; you cannot profit out of it. The religious person is one who starts entering into the world of no-things. And the beginning has to be with the acceptance, with the celebration of your own no-thinghood, of your own nothingness.

It is far better to use the negative expression so that you don't start thinking about yourself as a thing.

Aneesha, symbols are significant because a symbol creates its own center in you, and starts creating a reality around it.

For example, if you believe that you are a soul, your whole life is going to be different. It will be settled by that symbol of the soul. If you believe that you are a no-self, anatta, a silent nothingness, an utter emptiness, that you are a nobody, that will transform your whole life. It is going to be different.

The person who thinks "I am a soul" will live differently from the person who thinks "There is nobody inside me." What will be the difference? The person who thinks "I am a soul" will be alienated. He will think himself separate from existence. That's what alienation is.

The word "alienation" comes from a Latin root, alienare, which means "to make strange or to separate what once was united." The person who thinks "I am" certainly will have to draw lines around himself to make it clear who he is -- "I am not the tree, I am not the rock, I am not the woman I love, I am not the child I have given birth to, I am not this earth, I am not the sun." He will have to go on defining himself, "what I am not." He will have to eliminate millions of things; then a tiny space will be left of which he will think "I am." This is alienation.

The positive language used down the ages by the religious people has created great alienation. Man has become a stranger in a world which is his home. He feels homeless, uprooted, an outsider.

And the reason is a wrong symbol. Change the symbol, and you see how your life starts changing. Small changes sometimes bring great revolutions. Just a slight change. Symbols are significant; they create their own world. Each symbol creates a world. A symbol is a seed.

Just think that you are a no-self. Now, there is no need to draw any boundary around you. How can you draw one? You are not. You cannot draw a boundary when you are not. You need not think "I am not the tree, and I am not the rock, and I am not the earth, and I am not the people who are here." You will have to think in a totally different way. You will have to say, "Because I am not, that means I am all. Because I am not, that means I am not a wave in the ocean, but the ocean itself. I am not means God is. " And suddenly you belong to the world and the world belongs to you, and it is your home. And that brings great peace and great joy: you are not alienated.

Alienation is bound to create some kind of neurosis, schizophrenia, some kind of great paranoia, because if you are, then you are against this whole world. And you are so small, and the world is so vast, there is no possibility of your ever being the conqueror. Now the whole stupid idea of conquering nature arises. Once you accept that you are a self, now you have to conquer, you have to prove. You have to conquer other selves; you have to conquer nature; you have to prove yourself.

The greatest teachers have always been negative. They don't say that you are, they say you are not; and the beauty of that negativity is immense, incalculable, immeasurable. Remember the significance of the symbol. The symbol is just a center around which you become integrated.

The opposite of symbolic is diabolic. The symbol draws people together and generates action. The diabolic is what pulls apart and enervates. Without a symbol creating unity and involvement, people slip into diabolic apathy. Apathy

creates sleep and an illusion as if the problems have been solved. But they are not solved.
A symbol is a seed, a creative seed. Choose the symbol very intelligently. Much will depend on it; your whole life may be decided by the symbol you choose. If you choose a wrong symbol, you will be moving in a wrong direction. The function of the Master is to give you right seeds, right symbols. Sannyas is a symbol, nothing else, a symbol around which you can create a new vision, a new perspective.
There are people who have forgotten the significance of symbols. They start falling apart, they start falling to pieces. There is nothing to keep them together. The symbol keeps you together, it is like glue. It gives you direction, it gives you meaning, it gives you a possible future, it makes you aware of your potentiality.
And if you don't choose a right symbol, then your life will become diabolic; it will become disintegrated, fragmentary. And when a person becomes disintegrated and fragmentary, his life takes the color of apathy, indifference. He drags, he is bored, he somehow manages to live. He simply waits for death to come and deliver him. His life can't have any poetry, his life can't have any splendor, his life can't have any dance. There is nothing to dance for.
Man is a symbolic animal; that is my definition of man. Man cannot live without symbols. It is because of this great need that religions have always existed. They have existed because man needs symbols.
This century is the first in the whole of human history which is living without symbols -- and suffering much, unnecessarily. When you don't have symbols you start

disintegrating. Modern man lives in apathy, boredom. He is continuously tired and weary of existence. There is nothing to hold him together, he is always falling apart. He has no center, he is only a circumference. He can't have any richness of being.
So choose a right symbol. And no-self is far better than the self.
Aneesha, you ask, "Is there a difference between the real self and no-self?" There is no difference in reality. When you arrive, the no-self is the real self. But there is a difference before you have arrived. When you are on the journey there is a difference.
And my suggestion is choose the negative, and there is far more possibility of your reaching the positive by choosing the negative. If you choose the positive you will be lost. Then your self will be nothing but a sanctified idea of your ego.

The second question:

Question 2
IS POETRY THE VOICE OF WONDER, OR AN AVOIDANCE OF MOVING CLOSER TO THE SOURCE, A SENSUOUS LINGERING?

Samarpan, it all depends on the poet. Poetry is simply a flowering, an outpouring of the heart of the poet. On a rosebush there will be a rose flower; it depends on the rosebush. No other flower will happen to the rosebush, only the rose. It depends on the poet.

In Sanskrit, in the ancient language of India, we have two words for poet. I think there is no other language in the world which has two words for poet. One is rishi and the other is kavi. The English word "poet" only translates the second, kavi. For that first word, rishi, in English there is no equivalent. It has been translated as "the seer", but that is only approximately right.

These two words will be good to understand. The rishi means one who has seen, one who has arrived, one who has entered into the source, and now a poetry arises out of him. He is not a poet in the ordinary sense; he does not compose poetry. Poetry simply flows out of him. Even if he talks prose, there is poetry in it. And even if he sits silently underneath a tree, there is poetry in his silence. If he walks, his walk has a grace of its own, a poetry. If he looks towards you, you will find poetry pouring through his eyes. If he touches you, you will feel poetry flowing into your body through his touch. One who has arrived becomes poetry. A rishi is a poet who has become poetry itself.

The poet only has glimpses. The poet only once in a while comes to know what reality is, and that is only for a moment, like lightning. One moment the window opens and then it is closed again. But that glimpse stirs his heart Now he tries to express it, to find the right words, right rhythm. If he is a poet he will compose poetry, if he is a painter he will paint, if he is a musician he will try to bring that glimpse back again in his songs or in his music, or if he is a sculptor then he will try to transform a marble rock into his vision. But there is great effort. The vision is gone, only the memory lingers. The taste is still on the tongue, but

only a lingering taste, and great effort is needed to express it.

The poet tries to express. The rishi can't help expressing it. There is no effort involved, because the experience is not just a glimpse. The experience has become his very soul: he is it.

You ask me, "Is poetry the voice of wonder...?" Yes, the RISHI'S poetry is the voice of wonder; it is the voice of God himself. That's why in the East we say, "The Vedas are not written by man, but by God himself." It simply means that God has spoken through man and the people he has used were only mediums, vehicles. The words are not their own; the words have come from God. So is the case with the Upanishads and the Geeta, and so is the case with the Koran and the Bible and the Tao Te Ching.

Koran is a descendance from the beyond. Mohammed is only on the receiving end; he has not composed it, he has not written it. It has been written through him, he was only a medium. He has been used by God, just as you write with a pen; the pen is not the writer. The pen is only used, it is an instrument of writing, but the writing comes from beyond -- it comes from you. You use your hand to hold the pen, but the hand is not the writer either. That again is an instrument.

When God speaks, then there is no effort involved, then there is no deliberate composition of poetry or painting. Then one is in a kind of drunkenness -- one is a drunkard. One is drowned in God and something flows. Then certainly the poetry is the voice of wonder and it has great mystery in it. It has the taste of eternity. It is nectar.

And blessed are those who can move and can be moved by such poetry, who can move into this poetry, this kind of poetry, and can be moved by this kind of poetry. Yes, blessed they are.

But the other kind of poetry is also there which is not the voice of God. It is just man's creation. It is mundane. Howsoever beautiful, it carries man's signature on it, it carries all the limitations of man.

The other kind of poetry may be an avoidance of the real kind. It may be an escape.

Samarpan, you ask, "Is poetry the voice of wonder, or an avoidance of moving closer to the source, a sensuous lingering?" The other kind of poetry can be an avoidance. You may be afraid to take the jump, you may be afraid to lose yourself totally, so you allow only a few glimpses here and there, and then you "drown" yourself -- what you call creativity. You paint, you make poetry, you create music -- and you get lost in "doings". That may be an avoidance. Maybe you are afraid: that lightning was too much.

You are afraid that if you don't get drowned in your so-called creativity, the window may open again. And who knows? You may not be capable of resisting the temptation of jumping out of it. It is so alluring, it is so magnetic, it simply pulls one into the unknown. It is like a vortex, and it is so powerful that nothing can hold you.

It is possible, Samarpan. The other kind of poetry, the other kind of painting and creativity, may be just an avoidance of the creator.

Gurdjieff used to divide art into two divisions: one he used to call objective art, and the other subjective art. The objective art is the art that flows out of a man who has

arrived, and the subjective art is illusory, dreamlike. It is out of the man who himself is fast asleep, only dreaming that he is awake -- only dreaming that he is awake. And certainly when you dream that you are awake, that dream becomes a hindrance to awakening, because you are already thinking that you are awake, so what is the point of thinking of another awakening? You are awake in your mind, so you go on sleeping.

It is very right to have two words for poets. Because Mohammed's words are poetry, pure poetry, but it is different from Milton. Omar Khayyam's words are pure poetry, but it is different from Shakespeare. Buddha's words are pure poetry, but it is different from Kalidas. And where is the difference? The difference is that Buddha is no more, only God is. Buddha has become a hollow bamboo, a flute. The song is descending from the beyond -- Buddha is a flute on the lips of the beyond. He is not a doer; he is not at all. His nothingness is the source of his poetry.

But Kalidas is very much, Shakespeare is very much, Milton is very much. All the poets of the world, they are very much. You can just watch it. You will be surprised, poets are very egoistic people, sometimes more egoistic than the people who have much money and much power. And poets are very quarrelsome and are continuously fighting with each other, condemning each other, taunting each other, or very ironical about each other. They also create poetry, but their poetry is ordinary, subjective, dreamlike. Their poetry reflects only their faces. They are not rishis, they are only kavis.

When the poetry starts reflecting the face of God, then you are a rishi, a seer, a real poet.

Kelly comes to Cohen's office to sell him a dictaphone and after listening to the sales pitch, Cohen, who has a very strong Jewish accent says, "Tell me what for I need a dictaphone? I have a secretary, an office boy, a junior vice-president. What for I need a dictaphone?"
Kelly, being a super-salesman, says: "Tell you what, Mr. Cohen, you take the dictaphone one month free of charge and just try it."
"Well," said Cohen, "if it shouldn't cost a penny, what the hell -- I have nothing to lose."
After one month, Kelly returned and asked Cohen how he enjoyed it. "Well," Cohen said, "it is pretty okay, but there seems to be one thing wrong with it."
"What is that?" replied the salesman.
"The damn thing talks too much like a Jew!"

The poetry is going to be your reflection. If you are there too much, then in your poetry your ego will be reflected, then it will be nothing but an ornament for the ego. But if you are not there, then God will be reflected. Then poetry is sacred. That is the beauty of a Zen haiku; it is sacred. That is the beauty of the Upanishads; they are sacred.
Remember it: for the real poetry to be born you have to die. You and real poetry cannot exist together. Real poetry is religion. Religion is the highest form of art, and art is the lowest form of religion. Religion is pure aesthetics.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, WHY DO POLITICIANS GO ON MISUNDERSTANDING YOU?

It can't be helped. They are utterly incapable of understanding something which is non-political. They can understand only politics; they are experts in understanding politics. And even when there is nothing of politics, they suspect. They are constantly suspicious, and they go on finding politics even when nothing of it exists.
Now, this place is absolutely a non-political place. We are not interested in any kind of politics, but whenever they see that so many people are gathering, they become suspicious. Now the central Indian government wants to know how many sannyasins we have in the whole world, how many centers we have in India and abroad, how many government officials are sannyasins, and so many queries. Just because the orange people are growing and spreading, they are becoming afraid... something is on the way.
And I am not interested in politics at all, but their paranoia, their fear, is that if so many people are here, then sooner or later there may be trouble for them. And out of their fear they can go on interpreting things. They will be their interpretations, and they can create so much mess in their own minds, and they can start believing in their own fears. Politicians are, deep down, paranoid.
It is out of fear that a person wants power. It is to hide one's fear that a person becomes interested in power-trips. He wants great power so that he can feel that there is no fear, "at least not for me." Even the greatest politicians are

constantly trembling inside. To hide that trembling, they need great power around themselves; only then can their fear subside, can they console themselves. They constantly live in fear; fear is their problem.

And because all the politicians live in fear, they are creating a world of paranoia, a fear-oriented world. Now, the Americans are afraid of the Russians, and the Russians are afraid of the Americans. This is so foolish. And because the Americans are afraid of the Russians, seventy, eighty percent of their energy goes into preparing for war; and because the Russians are afraid of the Americans -- because the Americans are preparing for war -- eighty percent of their energy goes into preparation for war.

Now this same energy can make this earth a paradise. There is no need at all for anybody to be poor in the world now. And if people are poor, it is because of these foolish politicians -- these fear-oriented politicians.

Now, the Russians cannot stop preparing for more war, because they say the Americans are doing it: "Unless America stops, we cannot stop." And America makes it a condition: "Unless you stop, we cannot stop." Then who is going to stop first?

And this is not only the case with America and Russia, this is the case with every country. India is afraid -- Pakistan is preparing, China is preparing -- so we have to prepare. Pakistan is afraid that India is preparing for war, so Pakistan has to prepare for war.

It happened, a procession was coming, a marriage procession, and Mulla Nasrudin was standing by the side of a cemetery wall. Night was descending, things were

becoming dark. He was reading a book, a detective novel or something like that, and he was full of fear, and he was still dreaming about, thinking about the things he had been reading; and suddenly he saw this procession coming towards him, and he thought "These must be my enemies. Why are they coming towards me? And somebody is sitting on a horse with a sword! And bands and people! Must be enemies."

He frightened himself so much, he jumped inside the cemetery, searched for some place to hide. There was a freshly dug grave, so he went in, lay there with closed eyes so that the danger would pass.

Now, these people, the marriage procession people, had seen somebody standing by the side of the wall. In the dark it was not clear who he was, and suddenly he jumped inside the cemetery; they panicked: "Somebody is trying to do something. Maybe he is going to throw a bomb." So they stopped by the wall, and the few brave ones went in, ready to fight. They looked around; there was nobody. Then they came across that freshly dug grave, and Mulla Nasrudin was there. He stopped breathing because he became very much afraid that "Now, these people have come, so whatsoever I was afraid of is going to happen now. This is the last time. I am finished."

They all leaned over the grave and looked at him, what this man was doing -- and he looked alive! And how long can you stop your breathing? Finally, he had to breathe, so they asked, "What are you doing here?"

And Mulla Nasrudin opened his eyes and he said, "And what are you doing here? Why are you here?"

And those people were also angry; they said, "First you tell us why you are here! "
Then the whole thing was clear to Nasrudin. He laughed. He said, "Now, this is a very, very difficult philosophical problem. You are here because of me, I am here because of you. Now, it cannot be solved. There is no beginning and no end; it is a vicious circle."
And this goes on and on... the whole world preparing for war, and the whole world wants to live in peace. It is because of these stupid politicians. Because their orientation is fear, they make the whole country afraid. They spread fear. They live in fear. They are constantly suspicious.
Because I talk about laissez-faire, because I say that real political freedom can exist only when there is economic freedom... Economic freedom has to be the fundamental freedom. Once you destroy economic freedom, political freedom disappears; and when political freedom disappears, religious freedom disappears. They are all connected together.
If freedom is to exist in the world, it has to exist in its multi-dimensions -- religious, political, economic. It cannot exist only as political; it cannot exist only as economic. Freedom is one phenomenon. It has multi-dimensions to it, but they are all interlinked.
Just think of a country which allows no economic freedom. How can it be politically free? That's why communism cannot create freedom. It creates "equality". Equality means people's freedom to be unequal has been taken away. Equality means people who can earn more, who have the

talents to earn more, will not be allowed to earn more. And there are people who have the talents.

It is not only that poets have talents different from non-poets, it is not only that philosophers have talents different from non-philosophers; so is the case with the rich and the poor too. Andrew Carnegie or Rockefeller have certain talents which nobody else has. Andrew Carnegie was born poor, but died the richest man in the world -- had some genius. In a communist structure, this genius cannot be allowed. Nobody can become an Andrew Carnegie in Russia. But this is destroying people's freedom; that means this is unfair, unfair to Andrew Carnegie.

And the problem is the people who cannot become rich, cannot create wealth, cannot create capital, cannot create richness. It is people like Andrew Carnegie who create richness.

It is only people like Bertrand Russell, Wittgenstein, G.E. Moore who create philosophy. If you stop them from creating philosophy, there will be no philosophy. It is people like Rockefeller and Morgan and Carnegie who create wealth. If you don't allow them to create wealth, there will be no wealth.

Just stop a few poets from creating poetry. Do you think everybody else will become poets because you have stopped a few people and you have "distributed poetry equally"; now everybody should be equally a poet? No. People are different, people are unequal. The most fundamental error that Karl Marx committed was that he was not at all aware of the psychological inequality of human beings. Communism lacks something very fundamental, the perspective that people are unequal

psychologically. And a fair and free world has to give people full freedom to be unequal, to move into their own talents, to be themselves.

Because I say that capitalism is the natural evolution of human society, immediately the politicians become afraid. They think then I must be working for America or the C.l.A. or something.

Just a few days before, a well-known communist, Khwaja Ahmed Abbas, wrote an article against me, declaring that I am working for the C.l.A. Now, this is surprising because others say that Khwaja Ahmed Abbas is a Russian agent. In America, if you talk about communism, you are a Russian agent.

If you talk about communism you are a Russian agent, if you talk about capitalism you are an American agent; that means you cannot talk at all. Otherwise you will have to be either the Russian agent or the American agent. That means there is no possibility to think, to contemplate, to meditate, to talk the way you feel. If I talk about communism and for communism I am a Russian agent, if I talk about capitalism I am an American agent; then where is the possibility for me not to be anybody's agent and just to talk the way I want to talk? There seems to be no possibility.

This is the world your politicians have created. Continuously afraid... continuously afraid.

And it is not only that the Indian government is afraid of me. It is so absurd that other governments of other countries are becoming afraid. Now here are German agents from the German government, watching what is happening. Now the Indian government is afraid of why German spies are here! Now Indian spies are following the

German spies: there must be something, otherwise why should Germany be interested in me? And soon other spies will be coming!
And this is a place where nothing is happening for anybody. They're all fools! German, Indian, et cetera, they're all fools. They are unnecessarily wasting their time. But I am not saying don't send your spies. Go on sending. A few of them are bound to become sannyasins! A few of them have already become!
Just the other day I received a letter from a very well-known professor in Germany just to inform me that the Protestant Church of Germany has sent spies here. Now they are becoming afraid because Christians are becoming sannyasins. That is dangerous.
You will soon see all kinds of spies here. Be very loving to them, and help them to know as much as they can know about me. A few of them are bound to become sannyasins, and that will shock their governments and their churches very much.
From a very reliable source in New Delhi, I have just received information that Eva Renzi was here as a German government spy. Now, this is what Indian spies have discovered! You see the paranoia? You ask me, "Why do politicians go on misunderstanding you?" To understand me, a little intelligence is also needed.

A very smug and complacent politician disclosed airily to a New Delhi reporter that he had attended both Oxford and Cambridge.
"Why did you leave Oxford?" asked the reporter.
"Pneumonia, dear boy," explained the politician.

"Because you caught it?" persisted the reporter.
"No," admitted the politician. "Because I could not spell it."

A little intelligence is certainly needed.

The politician was campaigning to be elected to parliament.
He was trying to make conversation with an old farmer.
He said, "Say, mister, your corn looks kind of yellow."
Farmer, "Yep, that is the kind we planted."
The politician, "Looks as though you will only have half a crop. "
Farmer, "Don't expect any more. The landlord gets the other half."
The politician, "Have you been living here all your life?"
Farmer, "Nope, just part of it up to now."
The politician, "Say, there is not much difference between you and a fool, is there?"
Farmer, "Nope, just the fence."

The fourth question:

Question 4
PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MADNESS. I HAVE SEEN THAT PSYCHIATRISTS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT IN SPITE OF ALL THEIR EFFORTS.
THERE SEEM TO BE TWO TYPES OF MADNESS. YOU SPOKE OF MADNESS AS A STEP TOWARDS ENLIGHTENMENT, AND YOU ALSO CALLED PSYCHOSIS A SEVERE FORM OF COWARDICE IN FACING THE REALITY OF LIFE. NOT EVERY

MADMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE JESUS CHRIST SEEMS TO HAVE HAD AN EXPERIENCE OF GOD.

Prageet, madness is of two kinds, and modern psychiatry is aware of only one kind; and because it is not aware of the other kind, its understanding about madness is very lopsided, erroneous, faulty, and harmful too.

The first kind of madness that psychiatrists are aware of is falling below the rational mind. When you cannot cope with realities, when they are too much, when they become unbearable, madness is a way of escaping into your own subjective world, so that you can forget the realities that are there. You create your own subjective world, you start living in a kind of imaginary world, you start dreaming even with open eyes, so that you can avoid the realities that have become too much and are unbearable. This is an escape; one falls below the rational mind. This is going back to the animal mind. This is falling into the unconscious.

There are other people who manage the same thing in other ways. The alcoholic manages it through alcohol. He drinks too much; he becomes completely unconscious. He forgets the whole world and all its problems and anxieties -- the wife, the children, the market, the people. He moves into his unconscious through the help of alcohol. This is a temporary kind of madness which will be gone after a few hours.

And whenever there are difficult times in the world, drugs become very important. After the Second World War, drugs became of immense importance all over the world, particularly in the countries which had seen the Second

World War, in the countries which became aware that we are sitting on a volcano that can erupt at any moment. We have seen Hiroshima and Nagasaki being burned within seconds -- one hundred thousand people burned within five seconds. Now the reality is too much to bear. Hence the new generation, the younger generation, became interested in drugs.

Drugs and their impact all around the world, and their influence on the new generation, are rooted in the experience of the Second World War. It is the Second World War that has created hippies, that has created drug-people; because life is so dangerous and death can happen any moment... how to avoid it, how to forget all about it? In times of stress and strain, people start taking drugs. And this has always been so. It is a way of creating a temporary madness. And by madness I mean falling below the rational mind -- because it is only the rational mind which can be aware of problems. It knows no solutions; it knows only problems. So if the problems are manageable and you can co-exist with the problems, you remain sane. When you see it is too much, you go insane. Insanity is a built-in process of avoiding problems, realities, anxieties, stress situations. People avoid in many ways. Somebody will become an alcoholic, somebody will take LSD, somebody marijuana. And there are other people who are not so courageous -- they will fall ill. They will have cancers, tuberculosis, paralysis; so they can say to the world, "What can I do? I am paralyzed. If I cannot face realities, it is not my responsibility. Now I am paralyzed." "If my business is going to the dogs, what can I do? I have cancer. "

These are ways that people protect their egos -- poor ways, pit;able ways, but still they are ways to protect your ego. Rather than dropping the ego, people go on protecting it. Wherever life becomes too much of a tension, all these things will happen. People will have strange illnesses, incurable illnesses -- incurable because there is a great support from the inside of the person for the illness, and without his cooperation with the medicine and with the doctor there is no possibility of curing him. Nobody can cure you against you: remember it as a fundamental truth.

If there is a deep investment in your cancer, if you want it to be there because that protects you, that gives you a feeling that it is because of the cancer that you are not able to fight in the marketplace, that you are not able to compete, that it is because of the cancer -- if it gives you a satisfaction -- if this investment is there -- nobody can cure you, because you will go on creating it. It is a psychological disease; it is rooted in your psychology.

And everybody knows it. Students start feeling ill when the examination comes close. Some students go mad when the examination is just there. And after the examination they are okay again. Each time there is an examination they fall ill -- fever, pneumonia, hepatitis, this and that. If you watch you will be surprised -- why at the times of examinations do so many students become ill? And suddenly after the examinations everything is okay. That is a trick, a strategy. They can say to their parents, "What can I do? I was ill; that's why I could not pass," or, "I was ill; that's why I have

come third class. Otherwise the gold medal was certainly mine." It is a strategy.

If your illness is a strategy, then there is no way to cure it. If your alcoholism is a strategy, then there is no way to cure it, because you want it to be there. You are a creator, you are creating it on your own -- maybe not consciously.

And so is madness; that is the last resort. When everything fails, even cancer fails, alcohol fails, marijuana fails, paralysis fails, when everything fails, then the last resort is to go mad.

That's why madness happens more in the Western countries than in the Eastern, because life is still not so stressful. People are poor, but life is not so stressful. People are so poor, they cannot afford so much stress. People are so poor, they cannot afford psychiatry, psychoanalysis.

Madness is a luxury. Only rich countries can afford it.

This is one kind of madness that psychologists are aware of: falling below the rational mind, moving into the unconscious, dropping the small conscious that you had. It was not very much in the first place; only one-tenth part of your mind is conscious. You are just like an iceberg -- one-tenth above the surface, nine-tenths below the surface. Nine-tenths of your mind is unconscious. Madness means dropping that one-tenth that was conscious so the whole iceberg goes underneath the surface.

But there is another kind of madness -- that too has to be called madness because of a certain similarity -- that is going beyond the rational mind. One is falling below the rational mind; the other is falling above the rational mind, falling upwards. In both cases the rational mind is lost: in

one you become unconscious, in the other you become superconscious. In both cases the ordinary mind is lost.
In one you become totally unconscious, a certain integrity arises in you. And you can watch: in mad people there is a certain integrity, a certain consistency -- they are one. You can rely on a madman. He is not two, he is utterly one. He is very consistent because he has only one mind, that is the unconscious. The duality has disappeared. And you will find a certain innocence also in a madman. He is like a child. He is not cunning, he cannot be. In fact, he had to become mad because he could not be cunning. He could not cope in a cunning world. You will find a certain simplicity, purity, in a madman.
If you have watched mad people you will fall in love with them. They have a kind of togetherness. They are not divided, they are not split; they are one. Of course, they are one against reality, they are one in their dream world, they are one in their illusions, but they are one.
I have heard about a man who worked for many years in a drama company and his role was always Abraham Lincoln. After many years working as Abraham Lincoln, talking as Abraham Lincoln, wearing the clothes of Abraham Lincoln, slowly, slowly the man went mad. He started thinking that he WAS Abraham Lincoln. At first his family and friends thought that he was joking, kidding, but slowly, slowly it became clear to them that he was not joking. He had fallen into that trap. He believed it; because not only in the drama -- outside the drama he would wear the same clothes. He would have the same walking stick; he would walk the way Abraham Lincoln used to walk. He would

stutter the way Abraham Lincoln used to stutter. He remained Abraham Lincoln twenty-four hours a day. Friends persuaded him, tried to convince him that, "What are you doing?" But he was so convinced, he said, "What are you saying? I am Abraham Lincoln! " Finally, seeing there was no way, they took him to a psychiatrist. He tried all that he knew, but the man was utterly convinced.

Mad people are very together. You cannot create doubt in them -- doubt is part of the rational mind. Whatsoever they believe, they believe fanatically, so all mad people are fanatics and all fanatics are mad people. Remember that.

A fanatic is one who believes, "Only I am right, and everybody else is wrong." The fanatic is one who believes, "Whosoever believes in what I say is right, and whosoever thinks that I am wrong is wrong." There is no possibility of any communication with a fanatic; you cannot communicate. He thinks only in two ways: either you are a friend or an enemy. Whosoever believes the way you believe is the friend, and whosoever does not believe the way you believe is the enemy.

That's why I call Morarji Desai a fanatic. He thinks the whole country has to believe the way he believes -- that I have to believe in his ideology, only then can I be allowed to exist in this country. The fanatic can never be a democrat; the fanatic is always a fascist. The fanatic is mad.

All efforts failed. And the man was so convinced about his being Abraham Lincoln that slowly, slowly, day in, day out as the psychiatrist was trying, even the psychiatrist started being doubtful -- maybe he is. He also looked like Abraham Lincoln. For years he had been acting, and when

you act something for years, you become it. The lie repeated again and again becomes a truth.

When the psychiatrist also started becoming suspicious, that "Who knows? You may be right. We all may be wrong; that is also a possibility," he tried one thing. There is now a machine in America; it is called a lie detector. It is used in the courts. He brought a lie detector; it detects whether people are lying or not. It is a simple device. The person is not aware that he is standing or sitting on the lie detector; it is hidden underneath. It is something like a cardiogram, it goes on making a graph of his heartbeats. When he is speaking the truth there is a harmony in the graph, and whenever he speaks a lie the harmony is broken.

So first a few questions have to be asked about which he cannot lie, about which there is no possibility of lying, so we know the graph is going harmoniously. The man was asked, "Look at the clock. What does the clock say?" And he said, "Fifteen to ten." A letter was given to him and he was told, "Read this letter," and he read the letter. Now the graph was there going on harmoniously. And a few more questions to be absolutely certain -- "How many people are present in the room?" He said "Seven." "What color is the curtain?" He said "Green." Things like that, about which he could not lie, there was no possibility.

And then he was asked, "Are you Abraham Lincoln?" He was getting tired. Every day for years people had been persuading him that he was not. So just to get rid of the whole thing, he said, "No, I am not," but the lie detector said that he was lying!

The conviction had gone so deep that he was only lying just to convince people, to get rid of these foolish people. He said, "No, I am not," but he knew he was.

Madness has a consistency, a togetherness. There is no doubt in it; it is utter belief. And the same is the case with the other madness. A man goes above reason, beyond reason, becomes utterly conscious, superconscious. In the first madness, the one part that was conscious becomes dissolved into the nine parts that were unconscious. In this other madness, the nine parts that were not conscious start moving upwards and all come to the light, above the surface. The whole mind becomes conscious.

That is the meaning of the word "Buddha", becoming absolutely conscious. Now this man will also look mad, because he will be consistent, utterly consistent. He will be together, more together than any madman can ever be. He will be absolutely integrated. He will be an individual, literally an individual -- it means indivisible. He will not have any split at all.

So both look alike: the madman believes, and the Buddha trusts. And trust and belief look alike. The madman is one, utterly unconscious; the Buddha is also one, utterly conscious. And oneness looks alike. The madman has dropped reason, reasoning, mind; Buddha has also dropped reasoning, rationality, mind. That is similar; and yet they are poles apart. One has fallen below humanity, and the other has risen above humanity.

Modern psychology will remain incomplete unless it starts studying Buddhas. It will remain incomplete, its vision will remain incomplete, partial; and a partial vision is very dangerous. A partial truth is very dangerous, more

dangerous than a lie, because it gives you the feeling that you are right.
Modern psychology has to take a quantum leap. It has to become the psychology of the Buddhas. It will have to go deep into Sufism, into Hasidism, into Zen, into Tantra, into Yoga, into Tao. Only then will it really be psychology. The word "psychology" means the science of the soul. It is not yet psychology; it is not yet the science of the soul.
These are the two possibilities: you can go below yourself, you can go above yourself.
Become mad like Buddha, Bahaudin, Mohammed, Christ. Become mad like me. And that madness has immense beauty, because all that is beautiful is born out of that madness, and all that is poetic flows out of that madness. The greatest experiences of life, the greatest ecstasies of life, are born out of that madness.
Initiating you into sannyas, I am really initiating you into that kind of madness. This place belongs to mad people.

The last question:

Question 5
OSHO, WHO IS A MASOCHIST AND WHO IS A SADIST?

I have heard this definition of a masochist and a sadist:

A masochist says: "Beat me, whip me, put me in chains."
A sadist says: "No, I won't."

The Secret

Chapter #21

Chapter title: **The Secret**

31 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

AYAZ WAS THE BOON COMPANION AND SLAVE OF THE GREAT CONQUEROR MAHMUD, THE IDOL BREAKER, MONARCH OF GHAZNA. HE HAD FIRST COME TO THE COURT AS A BEGGARLY SLAVE, AND MAHMUD HAD MADE HIM HIS ADVISER AND FRIEND.

THE OTHER COURTIERS WERE JEALOUS OF AYAZ AND OBSERVED HIS EVERY MOVEMENT, INTENDING TO DENOUNCE HIM FOR SOME SHORTCOMING, THUS ENCOMPASSING HIS DOWNFALL.

ONE DAY THESE JEALOUS ONES WENT TO MAHMUD AND SAID, "SHADOW OF ALLAH UPON EARTH! KNOW THAT, INDEFATIGABLE AS ALWAYS IN YOUR SERVICE, WE HAVE BEEN KEEPING YOUR SLAVE AYAZ UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY. WE HAVE COME NOW TO REPORT THAT EVERY DAY AS SOON AS HE LEAVES THE COURT, AYAZ GOES INTO A SMALL ROOM WHERE NOBODY ELSE IS EVER ALLOWED. HE SPENDS SOME TIME THERE, AND THEN GOES TO HIS OWN QUARTERS. WE FEAR THAT THIS HABIT OF HIS MAY BE CONNECTED WITH A GUILTY SECRET: PERHAPS HE CONSORTS WITH PLOTTERS, EVEN,

WHO HAVE DESIGNS UPON YOUR MAJESTY'S LIFE."

FOR A LONG TIME MAHMUD REFUSED TO HEAR ANYTHING AGAINST AYAZ. BUT THE MYSTERY OF THE LOCKED ROOM PREYED UPON HIS MIND UNTIL HE FELT THAT HE HAD TO QUESTION AYAZ.

ONE DAY, WHEN AYAZ WAS COMING, OUT OF HIS PRIVATE CHAMBAR, MAHMUD, SURROUNDED BY COURTIERS, APPEARED AND DEMANDED TO BE SHOWN INTO THE ROOM.

"NO," SAID AYAZ.

"IF YOU DO NOT ALLOW ME TO ENTER THE ROOM, ALL MY CONFIDENCE IN YOU AS TRUSTWORTHY AND LOYAL WILL HAVE EVAPORATED, AND WE CAN NEVER THENCEFORWARD BE ON THE SAME TERMS. TAKE YOUR CHOICE," SAID THE FIERCE CONQUEROR.

AYAZ WEPT, AND THEN HE THREW OPEN THE DOOR OF THE ROOM AND ALLOWED MAHMUD AND HIS STAFF TO ENTER. THE ROOM WAS EMPTY OF ALL FURNITURE. ALL THAT IT CONTAINED WAS A HOOK IN THE WALL. ON THE HOOK HUNG A TATTERED AND PATCHED CLOAK, A STAFF, AND A BEGGING, BOWL.

THE KING AND HIS COURT WERE UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DISCOVERY.

WHEN MAHMUD DEMANDED AN EXPLANATION, AYAZ SAID, "MAHMUD, FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN

YOUR SLAVE, YOUR FRIEND, AND COUNSELOR. I HAVE TRIED NEVER TO FORGET MY ORIGINS, AND FOR THIS REASON I HAVE COME HERE EVERY DAY TO REMIND MYSELF OF WHAT I WAS. I BELONG TO YOU, AND ALL THAT BELONGS TO ME ARE MY RAGS, MY STICK, MY BOWL, AND MY WANDERING OVER THE FACE OF THE EARTH."

LA ILLAHA ILL ALLAH -- there is no God but God. There is no goal but the goal. And the goal is not separate from the source; the source and the goal are the same phenomenon. This is one of the most fundamental things to be understood: to reach the goal one has to reach the source. The alpha is the omega.

If you go on trying to reach the goal you will remain in an eternal wandering and you will never come home. If you start searching for the source you will not only find the source, but you will have also found the goal. When the source is found the circle is complete.

God is not where we are going; God is from where we are coming. And our eyes are fixed on distant stars. We go on looking ahead. We are oriented towards the distant and faraway, and all those goals that we create are our own mind projections. The real goal is from where we are coming. It is in our very nature, it is in our very being, it is the very ground of our existence.

Hui Hai once went to visit the great Master Ma Tzu. The Master asked him, "Why do you come here?"

Hui Hai replied, "I come seeking enlightenment."

The Master said, "Why should you leave your home to wander about and neglect your own precious treasure?

There is nothing I can give you. Why do you seek enlightenment from me?
The visitor pressed him for the truth, "But what is my treasure?"
The Master answered, "It is he who has just asked the question. It contains everything and lacks nothing. There is no need to seek it outside yourself."
Seeking presupposes that it is far away. Seeking has taken it for granted that it is not now-here, that it is not in you, that it is not you. Seeking has already supposed that it is different, separate from you and somewhere else, and it has to be sought to be found.
This presupposition creates the misery for the seeker. The seeker lives in misery and frustration because the seeker has started on a wrong journey. The seeker is never going to find God, because God is not the sought but the seeker himself.
The only religious question worth asking is "Who am I?" That means diving deep within your own consciousness, coming closer and closer to your center. And when you have reached, penetrated the center like an arrow, one is surprised that nothing was ever lacking, nothing was ever missed, that you had not left your home, that you were already there, but your eyes were wandering far away. Only your eyes were wandering far away; you were rooted in your home. But your mind, your dreams, your eyes, your ideas, they had left you, and they were roaming all over the world.
Ma Tzu is right. He says, "Why do you come here? What is the point of coming here? Why did you leave your home?"

These statements are not ordinary statements; they are very symbolic. The home does not mean just the ordinary home. He means God. Ma Tzu is saying, "Why have you left your source? Why this unnecessary wandering? All that you need is already provided for. You have the treasure within you. Why do you come here?"

Hui Hai replied, "I come seeking enlightenment."

Now, that is the fundamental error of all seekers. Enlightenment cannot be sought, and if you seek it you will never find it. Enlightenment is when there is no seeking. Enlightenment is when there is no desiring, not even the desire for enlightenment. Enlightenment is when you are still, calm, quiet, and there is no mind, no desire, nowhere to go, when you are suddenly here and now. That very moment is enlightenment: light explodes in you -- you become light.

Hui Hai said, "I come seeking enlightenment." And everybody is seeking, in different names. You may call it bliss, you may call it God, you may call it enlightenment, you may call it truth, love, beauty; it doesn't matter what you call it. But everybody is seeking something. All are seekers in the world; the world is full of seekers.

And remember, the man who is seeking money and power is not different from the seeker who is running after God. It is the same seeking. The object of the seeking makes no difference in the nature of seeking; the quality of the seeking is the same.

What is that quality? It is tension between that which you are and that which you would like to be. A wants to be B -- this is seeking. The poor want to be rich; the unenlightened want to be enlightened; the ugly person wants to become

beautiful; the unknown person wants to become famous. It is the same seeking. Seeking means discontentment with that which you are.

Then what is non-seeking? Non-seeking is: A is perfectly happy in being A and has no desire to be B.

Contentment is the beginning of enlightenment.

Contentment is the seed which becomes enlightenment.

The seeker is discontented, tense, worried. Continuously he is going to face frustration because whatsoever he is going to do is doomed to fail.

Remember it, because there are religions, priests, pedagogues who go on teaching people, "Don't seek worldly things; seek other-worldly things." They only change the object of seeking. They say, "Don't seek money, seek meditation." And it appears on the surface as if they are transforming your being. They are not. They are only giving you a new toy to play with. But the old seeking will continue; you will remain the same old person with the same old rotten mind, with the same old wandering, tensions, frustrations, worries. Nothing is going to change by that. That is not conversion.

Then what is conversion? Conversion is when you understand the nature of seeking, when you see the point that it is seeking that is debarring you from getting, that it is seeking that is the wall, that it is seeking that keeps you separate from the sought, that it is seeking itself that has to be dropped and nothing else. Seeking is worldly; non-seeking is other-worldly. When the seeker becomes a non-seeker he becomes religious.

But how to become a non-seeker? One can become a non-seeker only if this understanding arises: that rather than

going for some goal, the first and most necessary thing to know is "Who am I? From where do I come? What is my source?" If the wave looks for its source, it will find the ocean. And if man looks for his source, he will find God. We are waves in the ocean of God. If a leaf of a tree starts looking for its source it will find the roots of the tree. It will find the earth, it will find its very source. We are leaves of the tree of God, waves of the ocean of God.

But if the leaf starts looking outwards... and there is the beautiful moon hanging so close by, and it looks so enchanting, and the leaf becomes troubled, starts dreaming. And certainly the wave dreams of the moon. When the moon is full, the waves start rising high, higher and higher; a great longing arises to reach the moon.

You will be surprised to know, scientists have found that it is not only the waves that rise when the full moon is in the sky. Even the earth -- almost six inches whenever the moon is full -- even the earth starts rising six inches. It also tries hard to reach the moon. When the full moon is there, the earth forgets all its solidity, becomes a little liquid, behaves as if it is made of rubber, tries to reach the moon. And man is made eighty percent of water and twenty percent of earth. That's why the full moon has so much hypnotic power on man -- eighty percent ocean in him, twenty percent earth in him, and both start rising towards the moon.

The fact has been known down the ages that the moon drives people crazy. Hence the word "lunatic"; it means struck by the moon. Lunatic comes from the word luna, the moon. The moon is so close by, it attracts.

And there are many "moons" in life -- you are surrounded by many attractive goals. There is power, there is money, there is prestige, respectability, fame. And there are a thousand and one things. One is constantly pulled in this direction and that.

Life provides you with many goals, and there is only one goal: that goal is God.

But to call God the goal is very paradoxical because he is also the origin. And only the origin, the source, can be the goal because ultimately, when you have reached back home and the circle of your life is complete and perfect, there is fulfillment.

Ma Tzu is right. He says, "Why should you leave your home to wander about and neglect your own precious treasure? There is nothing I can give you. "

No Master can give you anything. Truth has never been given. It is not a thing to be given or taken. And you don't need it in the first place from anywhere else because you already have it there within you. You are it. The Master only makes you aware that the treasure is within you, the kingdom of God is within you. He provokes you, he shakes you and shocks you, so that you can become aware of who you are. The Master cannot give it to you. It is not a thing in the first place, and in the second place you don't need it. And the given truth will be borrowed, and the given can be taken away. The truth has to arise in you; only then it cannot be taken away.

Ma Tzu is really a great Master. He says, "There is nothing I can give you. Why do you seek enlightenment from me?" The visitor pressed him for the truth. "But what is my treasure?"

The Master answered, "It is he who has just asked the question."

Meditate over it. A tremendously significant statement: "It is he who has just asked the question." It is your consciousness that is your treasure. Diving deep into your consciousness you will touch the source, the rock bottom of your being.

And it is there where God is found, and enlightenment, and freedom, and love, and beauty, and bliss, and all that you have always wanted and was never happening. All suddenly happens simultaneously. The experience of the source is a multidimensional experience. Ma Tzu says, "It contains everything and lacks nothing" -- your consciousness -- "There is no need to seek it outside yourself."

Hui Hai later on became a Master in his own right, and a great Master too. This was the beginning -- this was the seduction from Ma Tzu. Listening to this, when Ma Tzu said, "It is the one who has just asked the question," a great trembling arose in Hui Hai, a great energy started moving. The frozenness disappeared, he melted. He bowed down to Ma Tzu, and in that very moment he had his first satori.

This is what I am trying to do here -- provoking you, seducing you into that which you already are, but you have forgotten about it. I am only reminding you of it.

Sufis say there are two things the whole of religion consists of. One is faqr: nobodiness, nothingness, egolessness, humbleness. In faqr, all those things are implied. The basic point is that you are not separate from existence. To think yourself separate from existence causes the phenomenon of the ego. And the ego gives you the idea that "I am

somebody", and then, "somebody special". And then you have to prove, then you have to compete, then you have to be ambitious and succeed. Then you have to leave your footprints on the sands of time; you have to leave your name in history. And then all kinds of desires start arising in you.

But the root of all desires is in the acceptance of a false idea, that "I am." When a person drops that idea, he is a fakir, he has attained to faqr. This is the real meaning of fakir. It does not mean just a beggar, it does not mean just poverty. The real poverty consists of egolessness. That's what Jesus means when he says, "Unless you are poor in spirit you will not attain to my kingdom of God"... poor in spirit.

It is very easy to renounce your wealth and become poor outwardly; it is very easy. But rather than helping you to become inwardly poor it may hinder, because the person who renounces becomes very egoistic. He starts thinking, "Look, I have renounced so much. I am no ordinary mortal. I am a great sage, a saint, a mahatma -- I have renounced all. "

And deep down in him he starts comparing himself with those who have not renounced. He becomes "holier-than-thou". He starts pretending that he is on a high pedestal, that everybody else is condemned, that everybody else is going to hell except him -- because he has renounced the world, the joys of the world, the things of the world. Rather than becoming inwardly poor he has become inwardly very rich. The ego is strengthened. The ego has become stronger; it is more solid than before. It is almost a rock.

That's why I don't say to my sannyasins: renounce the world. I say renounce the ego! Let the world be as it is. Who are you to renounce it? In the very idea of renouncing, you accept one thing, that it belongs to you. How can you renounce something which does not belong to you? See the simple point: nothing belongs to you.

You come into this world without a thing and you go from this world without a thing. You come empty-handed and you go empty-handed. Nothing belongs to you, so how can you renounce? Renunciation is possible only if possession is possible. Possession is just an illusion; you don't possess anything. Haw can you possess anything? Death will come and will separate you from all your possessions, and you will not be able to take a single thing with you.

The first illusion is of possession and the second illusion is of renunciation. And both are based in the same ego. First the ego tries to possess as much as it can -- the more it possesses, the more it is. Then comes a point when you have possessed so much that it loses all interest, it becomes boring.

That's why rich people look so bored; you will not find poor people so bored. Rich people are always bored, utterly bored. The richer they get, the more bored they are. From where comes the boredom? Their boredom is coming from their possessions. They have everything that they ever hoped for, dreamed of; now what else is there to do? All their hopes are fulfilled and nothing is fulfilled in their being. A great boredom starts settling. They have enjoyed all that the world can give, and all those joys have proved superficial, momentary. And they have done those things so many times, they have repeated all those things so many

times, that now there seems to be nothing new. They are constantly hankering for some new amusement, some new entertainment. They are utterly bored.

The poor person is not so bored. He still has many things to hope for. Tomorrow he is going to have a better house, the day after tomorrow a better car, and so on, so forth. He can hope; his eyes are full of hope. There are surprises still waiting for him in the future. For the rich man there is no future; for the poor man the whole future is there, he is excited.

For the rich man all is past, there is no future. In the future there is only death and nothing else; nothing else is going to happen to him. He has the biggest house, the most beautiful woman or man, all kinds of gadgets that technology can supply. What else is there? The future seems bleak -- only death somen, here, nothing else. In the dark night of the future only death is lurking.

The rich man becomes bored -- he is bored to death. He's afraid, he is in a panic. He cannot hope, and to be in a hopeless state is the most miserable state to be in.

Then he starts renouncing. That brings excitement again; the future becomes hopeful again. Now he thinks, "I will renounce all that I have. I will become the humblest person in the world, the most poor. I will become a great sage, and the world will know how much I have renounced -- nobody has renounced that much before. I will be the greatest saint in the world." Again there is hope. The ego has taken another life, another incarnation: now he starts renouncing, he goes on renouncing.

Just as there is no end to possessions, there seems to be no end to renunciation. He goes on renouncing -- clothes,

food, house everything -- companionship, friendship, relationship, people. He escapes to the Himalayan cave or goes deep into the forest or escapes into a monastery. He goes on renouncing, but one day again the end comes. He has renounced all and nothing is gained. He is bored again. Go into the monasteries and you will see the same boredom on the monks' facts as you will see on the rich people's faces. There is not any difference.

I don't tell my sannyasins to renounce the world. Through renunciation the ego survives again, and survives in a more subtle way, becomes more poisonous, because now it can pretend to be holy.

To be poor in spirit means to see the point that "I am not" -- "God is, I am not. The whole is, the part is not. The ocean is, the wave is not." This is inner poverty; this is faqr. Then you can be in the monastery or in the marketplace, it makes no difference. You know you are not, so whatsoever is-God's will: if he wants you to be in the monastery you are in the monastery, if he wants you to be in the marketplace you are in the marketplace. "Thy will be done" -- that is FAQR. "I have no will of my own, your will is all. I have no destination of my own; wherever you are going, I am simply coming with you. I will be your shadow; I will not be a separate entity in my own right."

And the second thing that Sufis say is a fundamental of religion is zikr, remembrance of God. God has not to be achieved; God has not to be discovered; God has not to be invented either. God has only to be remembered. We have only forgotten him. All that is needed is an awakening. That is called zikr.

And these two small words, faqr and zikr, are the very soul of Sufism. And this beautiful story is the story of these two words. These two words are two aspects of the same coin. If you remember God, you disappear; if you disappear, remembrance of God starts happening. Faqr brings zikr: the inner poverty, egolessness, brings remembrance of God. And ZIKR brings FAQR: remembrance of God makes you aware that you are not, only he is.

AYAZ WAS THE BOON COMPANION AND SLAVE OF THE GREAT CONQUEROR MAHMUD, THE IDOL BREAKER, MONARCH OF GHAZNA...

Meditate on each important word used in this parable. Islam does not believe in idols, but that has been misunderstood by the Mohammedans. It is one thing not to believe in idols, it is another thing to start destroying other people's idols. In fact, to destroy somebody's idol is a negative belief in the idol; otherwise why should you be concerned? It is none of your business.
Mahmud was a fanatic Mohammedan. He destroyed many temples of this country. His whole life's work was to destroy temples and idols, and he was thinking that he was doing a great service to God. That's how one can misunderstand great truths.
Mohammed is right when he says that there is no possibility of making an idol of God. Moses also says the same thing. There is no possibility of making any idol of God, because God is vast, immense. How can you make a representation of him? If you want to worship him, worship him as he is -- in the mountains, in the trees, in the stars, in

the clouds. He is all over. Only he is: La illaha ill Allah -- there is nobody except him.
There is no need to make a stone idol or a wooden image. It is pointless. And this truth is something of immense value, but Mohammedans missed the whole point. They started breaking other people's idols.
If God is everywhere, then he must be in the idols too. Now look at it from this other standpoint: if God is everywhere, then how can he not be in an idol? Then he is in a stone idol too. If he is in the ordinary rock, why is he not in a carved rock?
There is no need to destroy anybody's idol or anybody's temple.
And you still go on making temples. What is a mosque? A temple without any idol of God. But then the mosque itself becomes the idol! When people pass by the side of the mosque, they become very respectful. They bow down; it is no ordinary house. What is the difference between an ordinary house and a mosque? From where comes the extraordinariness of the mosque?
It has become an idol.
It has already become the house of God, it is already a temple; the mosque is just without an idol, but deep down it itself has become the idol.
Mahmud converted many temples into mosques. It is simple: destroy the idol, and the temple becomes a mosque. And he was thinking he was serving God.
Many times great truths, in the hands of foolish people, become dangerous. It is like a sword in the hands of a child. And that has been happening again and again. Great truths have fallen into the hands of stupid people, and then those

great truths have become the sources of much misery in the world.

And what is Kaaba, where Mohammedans go to from all over the world? It is a stone. In fact, no other stone has been worshiped so much as the stone of Kaaba. No other stone has been kissed so much as the stone of Kaaba! Millions and millions of people every year go on pouring into Kaaba, kissing the stone. If kissing makes something dirty, then that stone must have become the dirtiest, because millions of people must be transferring many kinds of infections through their kisses -- because in a single kiss at least one hundred thousand germs pass. Beware!

And what is all this nonsense of kissing a stone? It is the same old trip. You have broken idols; now you are worshiping a stone.

Man is so foolish that he goes on remaining the same although he goes on changing his labels. A Hindu becomes a Mohammedan, a Mohammedan becomes a Christian, a Christian becomes a Jew, a Jew becomes a Jaina; but no difference ever, just the label.

Understanding is not just a change of the label. It is a change of the heart; it is a change of vision and perspective.

AYAZ WAS THE BOON COMPANION AND SLAVE OF THE GREAT CONQUEROR MAHMUD, THE IDOL BREAKER, MONARCH OF GHAZNA. HE HAD FIRST COME TO THE COURT AS A BEGGARLY SLAVE, AND MAHMUD MADE HIM HIS ADVISER AND FRIEND.

This is the story of every person. When you enter into the world you enter as a beggarly slave. Why? Because a child comes into the world utterly helpless. The child cannot survive if he is not supported by others, if the parents and the family don't support the child. He comes as a beggar. He is continuously begging for food, for warmth, for care. And he is so helpless that he is a slave.

And because of this situation, parents, the society, the state, the church have exploited children down the ages. They give him food, they give him nourishment and support, but on conditions. They make many conditions on the child, and he has to accept those conditions because he is helpless. It is a question of survival. The child cannot say no. He will not be able to survive at all by saying no; he has to say yes. That is his slavery.

And we have not yet become so human, not yet so capable that we can avoid exploiting small children. Children are the most exploited people of the world. Just as there is now a great movement arising in the world, women's lib, someday children's lib will be needed.

Children have suffered tremendously; nobody else has suffered like that. And it is almost impossible to take them out of this structure because they are dependent, they are helpless.

And the parents think they love, but love is not love if it is conditional. The parents try to transform the child into a Christian or a Mohammedan or a Hindu.... This is a game of politics you are playing on your poor child. You condition his mind. You tell him what is right and what is wrong; you yourself don't know. You condition his mind about whether God exists or not; you yourself have not

inquired. You go on pouring all kinds of your rubbish knowledge into the child's head. Before he becomes aware, all these things will have taken root in him. They will create confusion in him, neurosis in him. He will suffer his whole life -- because of your so-called love.

It was not love in the first place. The child was helpless, and you enjoyed helping him because when you help somebody you feel great. The helpless person gives you, comparatively, the idea that you are strong.

That's why people love sympathizing. People love it very much. If you are in trouble, people love very much to sympathize with you because then they are higher and you are lower, then they are fortunate and you are unfortunate. They never come to participate in your joy. If you make a beautiful house, nobody comes to participate in your joy, to celebrate. But if your house is on file, acquaintances and non-acquaintances, all come to sympathize with you. Deep down they are enjoying it: you are in trouble and they are not in trouble. God has been good to them. Deep down they know why you have suffered: because of your sins, because of all the wrong thing that you have done -- this is exactly what should have happened to you, you deserved it. But on the surface they are sympathizing with you. And they had never participated in your joy; they were jealous.

When you are happy, people are jealous. And if people are jealous when you are happy, how can they be sympathizers when you are unhappy? That is very illogical; it makes no sense. The person who is jealous when you are happy will be happy when you are unhappy. That is logical.

But he will show sympathy. Deep down he will feel very happy, that now you are cut down to size, now you have

been forced to be in your place, now you know who you are. But on the surface they sympathize.

People enjoy children very much because they are helpless and they give you an idea that you are strong, powerful. And you do all kinds of power-trips with your children. You try to make them your imitators. You try to force your ideals on them. You try to make them replicas of you, and you know perfectly well that you are unhappy, miserable; still you go on making replicas of yourself! Hence the world remains in misery, because the parents create the children. They were miserable, they create miserable people again. Each father wants his son to be like him, and each mother wants her daughter to be like her.

This is how the pattern of misery continues. This is how there seems to be no possibility of making human beings happy.

Somewhere the continuity has to be broken. If the parents really love the child, one thing is certain: they will not help the child to be like themselves. They know perfectly well they have lived in misery, they have suffered enough. At least they will try in every way so that the child should not be like them, so that he never suffers, or at least he should try some other way of being. Who knows, he may not suffer. But one thing is certain: that he should not be like us. That must be the basic understanding of a really loving parent.

He will give his love, but he will not give his knowledge. He will give all care and caressing to the child, but he will not impose his ideology on him. He will not make him a Christian, Catholic, Protestant, Hindu, Mohammedan, communist, et cetera. He will lead the child to be himself.

He will share his experiences, but he will not enforce them. He will be friendly to the child. He will not play the game of power on the child.
But that's what is being done. That's why I say every child comes into the world as a beggarly slave.

AYAZ HAD FIRST COME TO THE COURT AS A BEGGARLY SLAVE, AND MAHMUD MADE HIM HIS ADVISER AND FRIEND.

We come into the world as an empty canvas, and then something is painted on us. We come utterly empty and blank, then something is written on us. We become something in the world; we come as nothings. We come as nobodies, then we become somebody.
That somebodiness is accidental. That somebodiness is not your essence, that is not your original face. That is only your personality, that is not your individuality. And personality is very deceptive; it deceives you. You start thinking that this is your individuality.
Remember the difference between the personality and the individuality. Personality is that which is conferred upon you by the society, by the people who bring you up. Individuality is that which you bring into the world with yourself. Individuality means your original face. Personality means the mask, the painted face.
Nobody comes as a Christian or a Hindu; hence the Christianity and Hinduism that are imposed upon you are part of your personality. They are not part of your essence, your essential core. Nobody comes into the world with adjectives, all adjectives are added to you.

People come into the world as beautiful empty zeros, and then everything is added. All that is added is not you, and you become too identified with it.
Remember again and again who you are, and don't be identified with that which has been added to you. Don't be identified with the persona, with the mask, with the idea implanted in you about yourself. This is the religious revolution: not to be identified with the personality, and continuously reminding yourself, "Who am I?"

... THE OTHER COURTIERS WERE JEALOUS OF AYAZ...

Naturally. That's how this world is. This whole world is political, and everybody is jealous of everybody else. And the more you succeed, the more enemies you will have in the world. The more famous you are, the more people will be against you. And this is an obvious thing: they also want to be famous, and they have failed, and you have attained. They will take revenge. They are angry at you.
They will rationalize their anger. They will find faults with you. If they cannot find, they will invent, because just to be in a rage with you, without any reason, will make their jealousy very apparent. They have to hide their jealousy. They have to give it a beautiful camouflage, at least a beautiful form on the outside.
... THE OTHER COURTIERS WERE JEALOUS OF AYAZ.... And it was the court of Mahmud. He himself was a very violent, stupid person, and there were many stupid people, violent, ambitious, in his court. His court must have reflected him.

And the politicians are the most jealous people because their whole life depends on being successful, famous, powerful. Their whole longing is to be more and more powerful. They are constantly at each other's throats.
You can go into any capital -- you can go to New Delhi -- and you can see how politicians are constantly at each other's throats. Politicians cannot be friends, they can only be enemies, because their goal is such that they are all competitors against each other. One person is going to become the prime minister of India -- and there are millions of politicians in India and they all want to become prime ministers. Naturally, it is going to be a cut-throat competition, utterly violent. And these politicians talk of non-violence and peace. It is impossible.
Unless politics becomes less and less powerful, war cannot be avoided. It is a natural outcome of the political game. Unless politics loses importance... It can lose importance. The only way out of the political trap is make people more and more free -- economically, politically, spiritually. Decentralize power.
But the whole trend is just going in the opposite direction. States are becoming more and more powerful, and they are hiding their power-greed, their lust for power, behind beautiful names. They call it "nationalization". Then it looks very good; nationalization is a good thing. But all that it means is more power to the state. Nationalize the banks, nationalize the industries, nationalize agriculture; so more and more power goes to the state. The state becomes the only owner, and when the whole economy is controlled by the state, then there is no freedom left.

And naturally the politician becomes more and more powerful as the state becomes more powerful. The prime minister, the president becomes powerful.
The only way to take away the power of the politicians is de-nationalize things. Give more and more things to people to do on their own. All nationalization should disappear. Even railways, the post office, and things like that should be run by people themselves; the government need not come in. Slowly, slowly power has to be withdrawn from politics; then the politician will automatically be neglected, he will lose importance.
America seems to be the only country where politicians are not so powerful as they are in other countries, and the reason is now there are so many corporations which have become almost as powerful as the state itself -- multimillionaire corporations, and their power is great. They have international power, intercontinental power. Spread the power to people, more and more. Slowly, slowly all work has to be withdrawn from politics. Only leave the essentials, and the essentials are not very many. There is only one hope for the world: if politics becomes less powerful. Then the world can live at peace; otherwise it is impossible. The whole foundation of politics is jealousy, greed, lust.
I have heard...

The old and retired politician from New Delhi was assigned the topic for an after dinner speech, "Honesty in Politics". When he was called upon he arose, bowed and said, "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Honesty in Politics -- there ain't any." And he sat down.

Politics cannot be honest. Greed, lust, how can they be honest? Politics cannot be peaceful. Ambitious people, how can they remain peaceful? If they remain peaceful they are losing time. They have to fight. They have to fight in every possible way. They can't lose any opportunity to fight. Any excuse to fight has to be used, and molehills have to be made into mountains, because it is through fighting that somebody becomes powerful.

The politician was homeward bound one night when he was waylaid by three thieves. He defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, and the struggle that followed was long and bloody. At length, however, he was overpowered. The thugs, anticipating a rich booty after the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, began to go through his pockets. They were baffled to find that the whole treasure which the politician had been defending at the hazard of his life was a bent sixpence.
"Only a sixpence!" exclaimed one of the disgusted rogues, nursing his bruises.
"Well, we are lucky at that," said another. "If he had had eighteen pence he would have killed all of us."

Politics is a violent struggle, and naturally the courtiers must have been very jealous. Suddenly, Ayaz became the most important person in the court.
And the reason why Ayaz became the most important person in the court was his simplicity, his non-politicalness, his nobodiness, his faqr. And somewhere deep down was zikr. He was a Sufi. He had a subtle radiance, almost

invisible, but it still affected people -- more so because it is invisible, so you cannot defend yourself.
Ayaz was a Sufi. He had wandered all over the earth as a poor man, "poor in spirit", constantly remembering his source. That's how he suddenly became so important in Mahmud's court. And he was a very cheerful person, always happy. He was like a rose flower. Just to be with him, just to be in his presence, would have made anybody cheerful. He had a vibe.

... THE OTHER COURTIERS WERE JEALOUS OF AYAZ AND OBSERVED HIS EVERY MOVEMENT, INTENDING TO DENOUNCE HIM FOR SOME SHORTCOMING, THUS ENCOMPASSING, HIS DOWNFALL...

That is the whole desire of the politicians: how to create downfalls for others so they can replace them.

... ONE DAY THESE JEALOUS ONES WENT TO MAHMUD AND SAID, "SHADOW OF ALLAH UPON EARTH!"...

The politician is always jealous of those who are in power -- and always a flatterer too. He has no self-respect; he cannot have. A man who has any self-respect and self-love will not go into politics. It is utterly degrading; it is humiliating.
Now, to call Mahmud "Shadow of Allah upon Earth" is ridiculous. Mahmud was one of the most murderous people who have lived on the earth. He belonged to the same

category, as Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah. He was one of the most murderous, violent persons.
India has known him very well. He attacked India about eighteen times in his life. He butchered, murdered, looted, raped. He has left many wounds in India.
To call such a man "Shadow of Allah upon Earth" is ridiculous, but that's how the politicians move upwards. Politicians are flatterers. They are always ready to bow down wherever they see power. Power simply hypnotizes them.

... KNOW THAT, INDEFATIGABLE AS ALWAYS IN YOUR SERVICE, WE HAVE BEEN KEEPING YOUR SLAVE AYAZ UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY. WE HAVE NOW TO REPORT THAT EVERY DAY AS SOON AS HE LEAVES THE COURT, AYAZ GOES INTO A SMALL ROOM WHERE NOBODY ELSE IS EVER ALLOWED...

Now, Sufis say that whenever you want to pray, pray alone, in utter privacy. Prayer should not be done loudly; you should not shout it. It is not a performance; there is no need to exhibit it to others. It should be done in utter silence, stillness, privacy, so nobody ever comes to know about it. Sufis say, "Even your wife should not know when you pray." They say, "In the middle of the night, when your wife has fallen asleep, sit silently in your bed and pray." Only God should know. You should not brag about it, you should keep it a secret.
And there is something more to it, the idea of keeping prayer secret. If you can keep something secret, it deepens

in you. The tendency of the mind is to tell everything. That is a way of throwing it out. That is a way of getting rid of it. It is a subtle vomiting. If you know something in which people will be interested or people may be curious about, you immediately start talking about it. It is very difficult for people to keep a secret, and if they are told to keep it a secret, it becomes even more difficult. It starts coming up again and again; it becomes a turmoil within them.

Sufis say if you can keep something a secret it goes deeper in you. Everything moves. Either it moves outwards or it moves inwards. If you don't allow it to move outwards, it will automatically move inwards. This is a fundamental rule. Nothing is static, everything is in movement, so be very mindful of it. If you want something to go deep in you, please, don't talk about it. If some spiritual experience happens to you, don't start talking about it. If it is very difficult for you, then go to your Master and relate it to him and forget all about it -- but don't talk about it.

If you talk, the ego enjoys talking about it. You start feeling as if you are becoming special. You had seen lights, kundalini rising, chakras opening, and all that jazz. And then you are rushing, trying to find people, whoever is wishing to be a victim. You catch hold of people and you start pouring your knowledge -- you don't bother whether they even want to listen to it or not -- but you are destroying something beautiful.

Things have to go deeper in you, and the only way to let them move deeper is not to let them move outwards. They have to move. If you don't give them an outlet for the outside, they will choose to move inwards. Just as a seed has to go deep into the earth to die there, in utter darkness

and privacy, so your prayer, the seed of prayer, has to go deep into your heart and die there.
The courtiers reported to Mahmud,... AYAZ GOES INTO A SMALL ROOM WHERE NOBODY ELSE IS EVER ALLOWED. HE SPENDS SOME TIME THERE, AND THEN GOES TO HIS OWN QUARTERS. WE FEAR THAT THIS HABIT OF HIS MAY BE CONNECTED WITH A GUILTY SECRET...

People who live a guilty life always think and project their guilt on others. Remember, when you say something about somebody else, the first thing to be thought and pondered over is that it may be a truth about yourself and not about the other. The person who is really interested in self-knowledge will always ponder over the fact: "What I am saying about the other, is it truly about the other, or is it just a projection of me and shows something about me and not about the other?" And you will be surprised: out of a hundred cases, ninety-nine percent you will find to be your own mind.
But the mind is very cunning -- it projects. It always uses a kind of transference.
For example, if you are sexually repressed and you see a couple hugging, caressing each other, you immediately jump at them and you start talking of morality, culture, society, and all that, and you start saying, "This is not right." But watch. Have a little insight in your own being as to what really is happening. You have a repressed sexuality. Seeing them in a deep, loving embrace, your sexuality that is repressed starts surfacing. It becomes stirred, and you become afraid of it.

Rather than accepting the fear of it, rather than looking into and watching it, rather than doing something about it, you become angry. Fear becomes anger when transferred; fear takes the form of anger. You become angry at the couple, and they are not doing anything to you!

There is a beautiful story. Indians need to be reminded of it. It happened...

Buddha was meditating underneath a tree. It was a full moon night, and a few young people from the city close by had come to the forest to have a night of delights. They had brought much wine and a beautiful prostitute with them. Just very close to where Buddha was meditating, they started drinking and eating and dancing, and they stripped the woman naked. And they must have been doing nasty things to the woman because they were all drunk. Seeing them all drunk, the woman escaped.

Only in the middle of the night, when it started becoming a little cooler, they came to their senses a little bit and became aware that the woman was not there, so they started searching for the woman. She must have been frightened by them because she had not even taken her clothes; she had simply escaped, naked.

They searched. They could not find the woman, but they found Buddha. He was meditating under a tree. They asked him, "Have you seen a naked woman, a very beautiful woman? You must have seen her," they said, "because this is the only way for her to go to the city; there is no other way."

Buddha said, "Somebody did pass, but it is very difficult for me to say to you whether the person who passed was a man or a woman. It has been long, long that I have dropped

being interested in the bodies, man or woman. That desire has disappeared in me, so it is difficult.
"If you had told me before, I would have been more alert! But I am sorry. Somebody has passed, but it is difficult for me to tell whether the person was young, old, beautiful, ugly, because these are no more my concerns.
"This too is difficult for me to tell, whether the person was naked or clothed, because that too is no more my concern."
What is Buddha saying? Buddha is saying now nothing is repressed in him, all repressions have been dissolved. Buddha is saying he no more thinks in terms of man and woman, beautiful and ugly, he no more thinks in terms of nakedness or clothes. Those words have become irrelevant. He has again become a small child, innocent.
This story has to be reminded to the Indians, particularly those Indians who think that it is their duty to "save Indian culture". They don't know anything about Indian culture. This is Indian culture: Buddha's statement and state is Indian culture.
But this always happens: you go on projecting and transferring your own ideas upon others.
Now, these people think there must be some guilty secret, otherwise why should he hide it? Why does he never allow anybody to enter the room? You always think the way you are. You cannot understand beyond yourself; anything that is beyond yourself becomes incomprehensible to you.
Ayaz must have been incomprehensible because he was not a politician, he was a Sufi. He was not allowing anybody in the room because it was a private phenomenon, it was his meditation.

"... PERHAPS," SAID THE COURTIERS, "HE CONSORTS WITH PLOTTERS, EVEN, WHO HAVE DESIGNS UPON YOUR MAJESTY'S LIFE."

Now these must have been their ideas that they were projecting on poor Ayaz.

FOR A LONG, TIME MAHMUD REFUSED TO HEAR ANYTHING AGAINST AYAZ.

This is rare. This does not show anything about Mahmud; this simply shows something about Ayaz. His presence must have been of tremendous power. Otherwise, a man like Mahmud, a murderer, must have immediately become afraid when he was told that "There may be some plot even against your life." The people who are murderers are always afraid of being murdered.
Adolf Hitler was very much afraid, Nadir Shah was very much afraid, Genghis Khan was very much afraid, and Mahmud must have been very muck afraid. When you kill so many people, naturally the fear arises, any day you can be killed. Kings always remain in fear of being killed.
So this does not show anything about Mahmud. It simply shows that even a man like Mahmud could not become suspicious; the trust that Ayaz's presence must have been creating was really powerful.
Otherwise people become very much interested in such things. And when there is something like a secret, a guarded secret, it creates curiosity.

If you tell a man there are three hundred billion stars in the universe, he will believe you. But if you tell him a bench has just been painted, he has to touch it to be sure.
People are foolish like that. Big things they may believe because they are too big, and to inquire into them will be a great effort. "Three hundred billion stars." People say, "Maybe. Who cares? Three hundred or four hundred or six hundred, let them be." But if you find a notice that the bench has been freshly painted, great curiosity arises. You would like to touch it and see.

Now, **The Secret** chamber was in the king's palace. Ayaz was going there every day. It would have been perfectly logical, simple, understandable, if Mahmud had gone the first day he was told about **The Secret**. But Sufis have their own magnetism, as all people who meditate have. He must have been under Ayaz's great influence.

... FOR A LONG TIME MAHMUD REFUSED TO HEAR ANRTHING AGAINST AYAZ. BUT THE MYSTERY OF THE LOCKED ROOM PREYED UPON HIS MIND UNTIL HE FELT THAT HE HAD TO QUESTION AYAZ.
ONE DAY, WHEN AYAZ WAS COMING OUT OF HIS PRIVATE CHAMBER, MAHMUD, SURROUNDED BY COURTIERS, APPEARED AND DEMANDED TO BE SHOWN INTO THE ROOM.
"NO," SAID AYAZ.

Now this no has to be understood; it is of tremendous value. It is not negative. Ayaz is saying it in tremendous trust. He has loved Mahmud, he has served Mahmud, he has given all that he can give to Mahmud: he has the right to say no.

And he is not a politician; otherwise he would have said yes. Politicians are yea-sayers. Whenever there is somebody powerful like Mahmud, they will always say, "Yes, sir." It is only men like Ayaz who can say no to Mahmud, knowing perfectly well that the man is dangerous. But he relied on the love that he had been showering on him.

And be wanted to understand whether his no could be accepted or not. He had always been open, trusting, available to Mahmud. He had never said no at any time before this time. Now his whole life's intimacy... could not one no be understood by love, by friendship? If it cannot be understood, then that friendship is not of any worth, it is meaningless.

Yes is impotent if no cannot be said. Yes is potent only when you leave open the option that no can also be said. If you love somebody you don't expect that yes should always be said. If you love somebody you give freedom to say yes or no. You respect, you don't expect. Whatsoever comes from the other side is respected; even a no is respected. Mahmud had loved the man, he would have simply dropped the idea. Love can trust even a no.

Hate cannot even trust a yes.

"NO," said Ayaz. His no was sincere, authentic. Yes would have been just a hypocrisy, a pretension. He really wanted his prayer to be a secret, he wanted his zikr to be a secret.

He did not want to declare to the world that he was a Sufi. He wanted that to be only something between him and his God. And Mahmud was not more important than that.

..."IF YOU DO NOT ALLOW ME TO ENTER THE ROOM, ALL MY CONFIDENCE IN YOU AS TRUSTWORTHY AND LOYAL WILL HAVE EVAPORATED, AND WE CAN NEVER THENCEFORWARD BE ON THE SAME TERMS. TAKE YOUR CHOICE," SAID THE FIERCE CONQUEROR.

But people like Mahmud don't know what love is or what friendship is. Their love is conditional, and a conditional love is not love at all. Their love is full of ifs and buts. Mahmud said, "IF YOU DO NOT ALLOW ME TO ENTER THE ROOM... then all is finished." Whenever you make a condition you destroy love. Remember it: never make conditions on love. Let your love be unconditional, and never force the other to fulfill your expectations. Let your love be a sharing of freedom, in freedom.
Real lovers, real friends, make each other free. The more they love, the more freedom arises. Unreal lovers, pretenders, have a thousand and one ifs and buts surrounding their love. Their conditions have to be fulfilled; only then can they be loving. But this is not love at all. Love knows no conditions.

AYAZ WEPT...

Why did Ayaz weep? He wept because he had loved. He Wept because he had really showered all his friendship. He wept because he saw that from the other side the response had not come. He wept because Mahmud had missed one friend, one real friend. Mahmud had lost a lover. He wept because he saw that Mahmud had no heart.
Ayaz Wept, seeing the murder of love.

... AND THEN HE THREW OPEN THE DOOR OF THE ROOM AND ALLOWED MAHMUD AND HIS STAFF TO ENTER.
THE ROOM WAS EMPTY OF ALL FURNITURE. ALL THAT IT CONTAINED WAS A HOOK IN THE WALL. ON THE HOOK HUNG A TATTERED AND PATCHED CLOAK, A STAFF, AND A BEGGING BOWL.

These are the symbols of a Sufi. When he had come to Mahmud, all that he had were these symbols. He had kept them in this secret place. Twenty-three hours a day he was in the court, a worldly man, surrounded by all kinds of foolish politicians; for one hour he used to disappear into his world. For one hour he used to forget all the court and the palace and the nonsense of it. For one hour he was again a Sufi wanderer, in faqr, in inner poverty, in zikr, in inner remembrance.
That was his temple, and that was his way of reminding himself of who he was.

... THE KING AND HIS COURT WERE UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DISCOVERY.

WHEN MAHMUD DEMANDED AN EXPLANATION, AYAZ SAID, "MAHMUD, FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN YOUR SLAVE, YOUR FRIEND, AND COUNSELOR. I HAVE TRIED NEVER TO FORGET MY ORIGINS, AND FOR THIS REASON I HAVE COME HERE EVERY DAY TO REMIND MYSELF OF WHAT I WAS. I BELONG TO YOU, AND ALL THAT BELONGS TO ME IS MY RAGS, MY STICK, MY BOWL, AND MY WANDERING OVER THE FACE OF THE EARTH."

This is a parable -- the parable of remembering your origin, the parable of remembering your original face, the parable of remembering your essence and not the personality. This is a beautiful story, but you will have to decode it.
The conclusion of the story is that when you come into the world, you come as a clean slate, as a pure virgin emptiness, and then things are added to you and you become lost in those thing that are added. You become identified with the knowledge that you accumulate, the wealth that you gather, the respect that you command, the fame that spreads. You become more and more identified with all that happens after birth, and you completely forget who you were before the birth.
The Zen people say, "Remember who you were when your parents were not born" -- not even you, but when your parents were not born. Remember who you were: that is your original face. And to see it is to be free from all dreaming and all desiring. And to see it is the goal of all religion.
And to see it is to see God! because God is not the goal, but the source.

La illaha ill Allah -- there is no God but God. There is no goal but the goal. And the paradox is that the goal is in the source. You have it already within you. It is there, vibrating, pulsating in your being. Don't go anywhere. Move into privacy, into secrecy, into your own innermost chamber. Don't talk about it. Let it be a secret. If it becomes unbearable, talk to yoUr Master; otherwise keep it a secret.

Let **The Secret** go deeper and deeper into the soil of your heart. Let it reach to the very core. Only when it reaches to the core, one becomes aflame.

Then only God is: La illaha ill Allah!